

Nos. XXX. & XXXI.]

[July & August, 1875.



MOOKERJEE'S



MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES
OF

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE,

INCLUDING CHIEFLY

History and Antiquities, Geography and Travels,
Bibliography and Oriental Literature, Jurisprudence and
Commerce, &c.

EDITED BY

SAMBHU CHANDRA MOOKERJEE.

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(Mukhopādhyāya.)

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PUBLICATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

A NATIVE MEMORIAL OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT.

The Prince in India, and to India.

BY AN INDIAN.

A DESCRIPTION AND A COMMENTARY,

WITH AN ENQUIRY INTO THE POLITICAL USES OF PRINCES AND PAGEANTS, THE NATURE AND CONDITIONS OF LOYALTY, PARTICULARLY THE LOYALTY OF THE INDIANS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Prince in India and to India, by an Indian, is not an unpleasant book to read. With many satirical hits at the unfortunate Englishman who never fails to be the butt for the shafts of every Bengali archer, to whom he has unwarily imparted his own vernacular, and though somewhat marred by the incurable diffuseness of the Bengali, it shows throughout a truly wonderful command of the English language. The writer is justifiably severe on the miserable *fiascos*, which, as he truly says, we invariably make when we attempt anything in the way of a pageant, and he waxes eloquent over the good effects, which are likely to flow from the Prince's visit to India—effects, we fancy, he must before this have been constrained to confess were mere dreams of the imagination—and holds that the visit of the Queen herself is now all that is required to make India enthusiastically loyal. But the main current of thought which runs through the book, is that of complaint that the Englishman does not associate more cordially with his Eastern fellow-subject, and more particularly with the Bengali. There are the two well-known pictures drawn in vivid contrast of light and shade, like one of Lord Macaulay's historical portraits—the native, on the one side, a being of the tenderest sensibilities and most gushing emotions; on the other, the

haughty and malignant Englishman. "Our heart," says the writer, "is soft, alas! too soft; the least breath touches it." This heart has retained all "its original purity, its tenderness and constancy." It is remarkable for heroism; it is a mere infant when confronted with the trials and the dangers of the world. If there is a difference between the Bengali and other men, it is, the writer believes, that his guileless nature "can too little resist the wiles and snares of the tempter." His affectionateness in every sphere of life is "a disease." All he cares for—this shrinking sensitive type of humanity—is love and sympathy. The Bengali being a creature thus formed to love and be beloved, but it being indubitable, as the writer admits, that he does not love the Englishman, what is the inevitable conclusion? Why, that the whole blame of this unsatisfactory state of things rests with its full weight upon the Englishman. "India requires only to be known to be loved. The feeling of repulsion towards her is born of prejudice and malicious report." The Bengali has thrown the priceless treasure of his affections at the feet of the Englishman, and that ill-disposed person has spurned them from him. Englishmen are by this time tolerably familiar with these tirades against them. It is rarely that we take up a native newspaper without meeting something in the same vein; and it may therefore be as well to say a few words on the subject from the other side. * * * * *

—*Extract from an Editorial Notice in "The Indian Observer," (Calcutta).*

MR. MUKHOPADHYAYA is, no doubt, a prolific author; this can be seen at the first glance from the prodigious length and breadth of the title of his book. He tells us, in his title-page, that he is the author of no fewer than the following publications. "The Career of an Indian Princess"—"Mr. Wilson, Lord Canning, and the Income Tax," "The Causes of the Mutiny, by a Native of Bengal," etc. As usual he has treated his readers to a preface of some unusual length, wherein we are respectfully informed, that he has "endeavoured to do what hardly any Englishman, as such, (?) of whatever talents or genius, can do." Mr. Mukhopadhyaya says, that "Indian writers should not sacrifice any true Asiatic vision *they might see* (!) any glow and enthusiasm for color, sound, and *scent* (!) at the shrine of English repugnance to passion and ornament." In short, he wants to establish a school of Anglo-Indian writers of his own, and he thinks that "it will be more profitable to mankind (!) and more creditable to England, to be the mother, *proximate or ultimate* (?) of several English literatures." (!)—Thus we may expect in time, should our Baboo succeed in his efforts, to see spring up around us, a Bengalee-English literature, a Rajpoot-English literature, a Madrassce-English literature, &c., &c.

Of the practical working of Mr. Mukhopadhyaya's plan, we have some brilliant illustrations in the above-quoted passages. There is another example of the new Bengalee-English style. After having stated that he expects, from the date of H. R. Highness' visit to India, "a visible improvement in the tone of the Government, and of English, and, ultimately, Anglo-Indian Society, towards the hundreds of millions of Asiatics subject to England," he goes on to say—"I believe in the reality of *tone*; (the italic here is the author's own) in the existence of an atmosphere either suffocating or refreshing. *Tone* may exasperate, atmosphere may conciliate. Always important, in our case tone is all-important; for, after all that is urged regarding the success or unpopularity of British rule in India, the worst, the chief, almost the sole blister is caused by—a tone." Medical men of Calcutta, there is something for you to learn!—"This tone" our author continues, "may be regulated at will by the Royal Family, the natural heads of English Society. Misfortunes may be borne—not the cold shoulder, or look of contempt."—Physiologists, doubtless, will make a note of this, *viz*, that the cold shoulder may not be borne!

We are as yet at the sixth page of the preface only; shall we go on quoting till the last? No. The author was cautious enough to *reserve all rights*, and we are not sure if the rights of quotation might not be included in this reserve. We close at this point, and wish the book as large a circulation as it deserves.—

The Indian Daily News, (Calcutta.)

THE PRINCE IN INDIA, AND TO INDIA.—By Sambu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. (Trübner).—We should say that this was an interesting revelation of thoughts and feelings that prevailed among the natives of India, if we felt sure that an

Oriental ever does reveal his thoughts and feelings. Some expressions, however, are, we may feel tolerably certain, genuine enough. Our author says :—

"I do not expect, as the immediate effect of the late visit of the Prince, any sudden or sweeping reforms in administration; these may come in due course; all I anticipate—and this I have a right to expect—is a visible improvement in the tone of the Government, and of English, and ultimately Anglo-Indian, society towards the hundreds of millions of Asiatics subject to England. We believe in the reality of *tone*, in the existence of an atmosphere either suffocating or refreshing. Tone may exasperate; atmosphere may conciliate. Always important, in our case tone is all-important, for after all that is urged regarding the ill-success or unpopularity of British rule in India, the worst, the chief, almost the sole blister is caused by—a tone."

Another fault of ours, about the reality of which we may be pretty certain, is that we are not *magnificent* enough. There ought, thinks our author, to have been other great ceremonials to welcome the Prince and give him an imperial prestige than the one which accompanied his investiture with the Order of the Star of India. "I think," he adds significantly, "Indian money would have been better spent in such a valuable *Tamasha* than in fêting the Sultan in London." Generally the author's exposition of native feeling is profoundly interesting and expressed with great force. We may add that he shows as keen an understanding of our own politics, when his subject happens to bring him into contact with them, as could any writer of our own.—*The Spectator*, (London.)

As the author of the book with this title himself deems it right to mention that part of the matter therein contained, though only a fractional part, appeared when the Duke was with us in articles in the *Hindoo Patriot*, the work of reviewing his production in these columns proves more than an ordinarily delicate affair. It looks *prima facie* as an attempt to puff our own ware, something like the Calcutta mango-hawker in the present season volunteering to criticise his own fruits for the delectation and instruction of his customers. But in spite of this disadvantage, we must, in the discharge of our journalistic duties, try to be as impartial as our peculiar situation will permit. It may, however, be some relief to the reader to know that the present writer, though yielding to none in the appreciation of the merits of the book, and they are neither trite nor few, ventures to differ from the author in many of his views and opinions***** We are of opinion that if the Calcutta Publishers would be as fortunate in bringing out books as superior in matter and style as Messrs. Berigny & Co. have succeeded in this instance, they would be no unworthy rivals of the best English and American firms. As an average specimen of our author's manner we quote the penultimate paragraph of his interesting production :—[*Extract*.]

The author is no novice in the walks of Anglo-Indian literature. His present performance fully sustains his justly earned reputation for a vigorous and critical style of composition. If our educated countrymen were only to follow the example set by Babu Sambhu Chandra and take up like interesting questions of a political and social character and handle them as ably as he has done his theme, the English people in England would have no excuse to plead for their ignorance of the feelings and opinions of the vast millions of their Indian fellow-subjects on matters of vital importance to the well-being of the two countries. Providence has so mysteriously brought together for the benefit of them both. At least this is the only means we have for counteracting the evil effects of one-sided representations of Indian affairs which interested and shortsighted people are so apt to make. Let us not neglect to make the most of it. Babu Sambhu Chandra, in the way he has treated his subject, has attained a measure of success not yet surpassed by any Indo-English author.—*From "The Hindoo Patriot,"* (Calcutta).

A HINDOO'S VIEW OF "THE PRINCE IN INDIA."
—MESSRS. BERIGNY & Co., Calcutta, have published, a little after date, but none the worse on that account, a sketch from the pen of Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, of the Prince of Edinburgh's doings in Calcutta, and of all that was done in giving him welcome. The author writes very well, with a few natural slips, here and there; as for instance, when he tells of "pale-faced British noblemen, ruddy young English gentlemen, brawny British navvies," &c., "forming the specialty of the landing of the Prince." Of course by navvies he meant sailors, and not, as the term is understood in England, the rough brawny

fellows who make railways, and few of whom have ever been seen in India. The story is one of fine writing, far too fine, indeed, for English taste, and on that account we fear destined to go a very little way towards reaching the points which the author has principally in view. The great point, and it is a point wonderfully in favour among a great many people, is that England has not yet found a way to attract Hindoo loyalty to the throne; in fact, has not yet found the way to establishing the throne in India. First it was John Company, whose existence the Hindoo people never yet rightly understood, but whom most of them believed to be a remarkable individual who had reigned, not to speak of living, a hundred years, but who was no more to the nation than a mere myth, except on those occasions when he was represented by the tax-gatherer, or by the man in red. Next came the Queen, but still no royalty. Our author thinks that if Lord Canning had had his way he "would have brought the Queen here to assume the Government of her Indian dominions, making her speak her own proclamations, give her own gifts, make her own Knights, content himself to act as Grand Vizier. Well, think of the impression of such an Act!—how had the weight of each word, every gift, every honour, been augmented—how intensely real had the Transfer been, and beyond all cavil—how much more had England's power been felt throughout the country—how towards the pacification of the country it had been as a dozen more victories!" We wonder what the Queen will think, if ever she sees this magnificent appeal to her to do her duty as a Sovereign. Fancy the Queen, who has only been once, since her marriage, East of Temple Bar in her own capital, and never in all her life in Bethnal Green or Poplar, coming out to India to satisfy Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya's idea of the real pageantry of Royal rule. No, we fear that if our Hindoo friends want pageantry of that kind, they are looking to the wrong quarter for it, and have a little less chance of finding it in England, a Monarchy, than they would in America, a Republic. The Queen has done a great deal to lay pageantry to one side, and her people have helped her far more than they imagine. Why, even the Lord Mayor's old ginger-bread coach has gone, and the opening of the Houses of Parliament themselves, is far less a pageant than a grim state-ceremonial, which might answer for a Republic.

There is something though, and something important too, in what our author says on the sheer inaptitude of England for producing a real pageant. He literally pours waggish loads of sarcasm upon us for our reception of Prince Alfred.

The streets were thinly lined with troops, who were almost out of sight; the procession was abominable; the Prince whom so many people had assembled to see was received in the dark; the illumination itself was a pure absurdity, when it might have been elegant. We had not the sense or grace, or wit to produce one original motto. All we could say was "Welcome," "V. R.," "God save the Queen," "God save the Duke," and so on. Not a spark of originality or poetry, not a spark even of original fun enlivened the dreary proceedings. "It was a blessing the Prince belonged to the navy, so that it easily occurred to the Calcutta dullards to put up anchors, and 'Welcome to our Sailor Prince,' else there would have been a worse monotony. The clubs were utterly barren. The Dutts of Wellington Square again saved the reputation of the city by a single example of originality. Their motto in gas was worthy of a Vedic bard: it was in the famous line—goodness knows what it is—in Bengali; but it is a line, which "for compressing, in a few words, a world of meaning," is unrivalled. Then there was a round of dinners, balls, morning and evening parties, reviews and exhibitions, soliders' games, seamen's games, fetes, soirees, receptions, and so on. There our author stops, declining to give an account of any, and on the very wise ground that a description of eating or dancing can never compare with the interest of the original acts; an opinion with which we cordially concur. He hits us hard, also, on the Fancy Ball at Government House, the fewness of the natives present, and the absurdity of making nearly all the characters Western. Yes, now, that was a clear mistake, and one that we ought to be all the better for having had pointed out to us. It was natural, perhaps, that Europeans should like to revive old scenes, but the writer of this sketch is none the less correct in showing us how appropriate would have been the introduction in an Eastern land of a few Eastern characters. He speaks of the modern Fancy Ball as a pretty

thing, of which Europeans may well be proud. But it was all marred in this case by the evident want of sympathy of the stronger for the weaker race. The investiture and field days alone, he thinks, were magnificent, and did a great deal to redeem the character of the dull Britisher for producing that grandest of all state ceremonies—a state show.

There is a great deal of truth mixed up with a great deal more of rhapsody in this little book. We believe, with our author, that pageantry is necessary; and we question whether it will ever be otherwise in Eastern nations. The Western intellect, practical, staid, and mechanical, is apt to look upon it as mere child's play, but the Western intellect is sometimes wrong in judging of a poetic, impulsive, Eastern people. The curious feature in this little book is the glimpse it gives us of the difference in estimating the nature and value of pageants of Eastern and Western nations. Europeans thought that the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh was a wonderful success even as a pageant. They knew at all events that they had done their best, but here comes an Eastern writer to tell us that it is all a mistake. We produced a picture, it is true, but merely a pre-Raphaelite one. We had all the colours, the design, the elements for a complete picture, but we knew not how to fill it up. We wanted the nicety of touch, the light and shade, the wonderful power of perspective—the flesh and blood in fact, the poetry and romance—the fairy-land of an Eastern pageant. In the case of the illumination, our author admits that we did a great deal. We surpassed ourselves in magnificence. All that he contends for is, that in surpassing ourselves we did very little, and in point of fact what we thought so fine was hardly worth talking about. We must turn over a new leaf. When the finances admit of it we must sink a million or two in building a respectable Government House; a place, you know, worth looking at, and not one inferior to dozens built by private persons.

A more uncompromising piece of criticism was never offered to the public; and now having heard the whole of our satirist's bitter satire, let us give him a little bit of advice in return. We acknowledge our inaptitude, our clumsiness, our sheer incapacity for pageantry. We never were able to make a good show in our own land or any other. The best thing of the kind that we have produced through all the ages, and the only thing that endures, is "Punch and Judy." When we attempt anything higher we fail; "Punch and Judy" never fails. Boys and girls, old men and old women, gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, throughout all the centuries of English history have laughed at "Punch and Judy." Clearly, we do not possess the faculty for pageants. Our Music Halls are not to be compared with those of the French; our processions are always laughed at, even by those who take part in them. But when our author tells us that the power to produce a pageant is one of the chief things required in India, we tell him that, with all respect for pageants, and all proper admission of their value, we dispute his views. We think that if the English race in India can comprehend what is involved in raising the condition of the lowest classes of the people, in developing the resources of the country, in educating the people to understand rightly their own history and the history of mankind, the story of English rule in India will be a nobler one than even that of the race of Baber to which our author appeals. A king, we are told, is wanted in India, and that "no succession of Cornwallises or Bentincks" will compensate for the want of him. The opinion is worth remembering, but we fear that as Englishmen we should have to keep to the Cornwallises and Bentincks. We fear that one of the worst days that ever came to British rule in India would be the day on which the Duke of Edinburgh was made Viceroy. Our pro-Consuls have for the most part been tried men; men with a weight of responsibility, much heavier than most people imagine, and the absence of which would not be compensated for by the mere fact of a Royal Prince with pageants and pageantry being called to the high office of Viceroy of India. We accept the lesson of our critic: we hope that he in return will accept ours, which is worth quite as much as his to India.—*The Friend of India*.

LORD SALISBURY has found an unexpected supporter of his argument that this country is not fitted for representative institutions in Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, who has just published a Memorial of the Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to India, under the title given above. He says that his countrymen

can understand no form of Government except that of a King. He has endeavored to explain to hundreds of his countrymen what a republic and a federal republic were, but they almost refused to believe him. "A Government without a King seems to them a contradiction." It was this innate feeling of loyalty in the myriads of India which made the visit of the Duke to this country of so much importance, as giving the people outward and visible sign that a royal family really did exist. Of course, it would have been better, says the Baboo, if the Queen or the Prince of Wales had come, but as they did not, the Duke "personified the State. He was the master of the British world—the genius of England—Britania (sic) herself." This may appear high-flown language to Europeans, who, we are told, are "accustomed to self-restraint in language and fancy," but it is writ with a purpose. The Baboo thinks that such an important event will be better understood and appreciated by the natives if described in the high-flown language of Eastern hyperbole. "Why," he asks, "should Indian writers sacrifice any true Asiatic vision they might see, any glow and enthusiasm for color, sound, and scent, at the shrine of English repugnance to passion and ornament?" And readers will find that our author makes no such sacrifice. The writing, as our American cousins would say, is "very tall" indeed, and is worth reading as a "curiosity of literature." The parts relating to the Duke's visit are confined to his reception at Calcutta, and the native fête at the Seven Tanks, from the latter of which we extract the following as a favorable specimen of our author's style:—[*Extract.*]—*Notice in the local columns of "The Englishman."*

"THE PRINCE IN INDIA AND TO INDIA, BY AN INDIAN: A MEMORIAL OF THE VISIT OF HIS HIGHNESS TO INDIA."—This work may fairly claim a place among the indigenous products of this country, being as local in its colouring as any tale picture ever painted. To choose a title is notoriously difficult, and the author of the work before us, Baboo Sambu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, wrestled for a long time before he attained the victory, but he got a title at last—and thinks it a good one. So do we, and we congratulate the Baboo on the happy thought which prompted him. * * * * * It was, we think, the Ettrick Shepherd who said that the proper method for reviewing a book is not to try to balance your wits against those of the writer, but by well selected quotations to give a miniature of his production. We will try to follow his advice. [*Analysis and Extracts.*]

But we have space for no more. The above, we hope, will give a fair idea of the work, one which is, seriously speaking, worth reading, inasmuch as it is by far the most native of the native productions we have lately seen. The following is a passage from the Ode of Welcome to the Duke as sketched out by the author, and worked up into shape by his friend Baboo Dinobundhoo Mitter.—*From a Leading Article in "The Pioneer," (Allahabad.)*

THE INDIAN OBSERVER ON THE DUKE'S VISIT.—The *Indian Observer* lately had what it scarcely ever has—an article written in singularly bad taste. It prefaced some very sensible remarks upon the Panjab system of raising forced benevolences for ostentation or for charity by a tirade against the Home Government for letting the Duke of Edinburgh go forth on his travels without paying for the hospitality which he was likely to receive. Our contemporary assessed the sum thus due to the Viceroy at 8 to 10 per cent. of his income, and bewailed the expenses which the Lieutenant-Governor and other officials and native chiefs underwent for balls and dinners. The Prince's tour appeared to the *Indian Observer* as another gigantic extortion practised by the Home Government on the long-suffering people and Government of India. We think such a view very far from the truth. So long as monarchy remains an English institution, the hospitality most pleasing to Englishmen will be hospitality shown to a member of the reigning family. Looking at the subject in the meanest light, the light in which the writer in our contemporary seems to regard it, the hosts of the Prince received a greater return in social gratification from his visit than they ever obtained from an equal amount of money spent in entertaining. But we totally refuse to consider the Prince's tour in this aspect, and we commend to "*Indian Observers*"

attention a book recently put forth by an Indian author,* which we briefly noticed in our Local columns at the time, but which will well repay perusal by Englishmen who wish to know how such subjects strike the native mind. "The nice English distinction between a private and a public capacity," our author well says, "no more strikes the wisest of Asiatics than the difference between the national treasury and the royal coffers, or between the legislature and the executive." Whatever may be the rumours about the Prince's conduct elsewhere, his behaviour in India, and especially to the natives, was beyond exception, and it seems to have left behind a feeling that the trouble they took to welcome him was well spent. His farewell letter to Lord Mayo may or may not have been written by himself, but its effect on the Indian mind was precisely the same. Europeans as a rule take native courtesy as a matter of course, and think that the slightest acknowledgment suffices in return. It was, therefore, a new sensation to the Hindus to find that a Prince of the Blood absolutely thought their hospitality worth remembering after he had left India, and worth recording in a quasi-public missive to the head of the Government: "If the letter which His Royal Highness has sent to the Viceroy from the Colombo Roads reviewing his Indian visit and tour does not itself constitute repayment for his hearty reception throughout the length and breadth of the land, it at least means an earnest of such repayment. To each and all, with infinite good feeling and taste and judgment, from the Viceroy and Chiefs, whose guest he was, to the groups of villagers who greeted him in his strayings into the most sequestered, out-of-the-way paths, to individuals and corporations, princes and peasantry,—many of the greater cities and some of the chiefs by name or pointed allusion, yet so skilfully as not to raise an invidious distinction sure to defeat his purpose—the good Duke expresses his acknowledgements. He is grateful to the whole country for putting forth all its bloom to welcome him—a bloom which he is right in treating as the expression of its heart."

The writer's language may be occasionally a little too oriental and exuberant, but we have seldom seen several of the great Anglo Indian questions of the day treated with a truer conception of the real facts. The charge of want of loyalty and gratitude, so commonly brought against the Bengali, seems to rankle in our author's mind, and brings forth a variety of counter-accusations against ourselves. "I wonder whether the complainants," he says, "ever took the trouble to account for the absence of such qualities in the Bengali mind. Effect is but cause in a different shape—there must be adequate cause for every effect, and even the absence of loyalty may be traced to other causes, perhaps less flattering to the national vanity of the complainants, than any supposed inherent moral incapacity of the defendants. * * * It is more likely, when ingratitude is charged, that there has been no claim on the gratitude of the person condemned, or that there is a difference between the two parties in their respective modes of expressing feeling, and, consequently, an inability in each to comprehend it when obscured by symbols foreign to him. What right has any one to feel disappointed when he has no excuse for hope? Before you complain of being not loved, be sure that, in the first place, you are lovable. * * * The general rule stands unchallenged, that love begets love; love in the one—love (in response) in the other. As love, so gratitude—with this difference, that gratitude is a more limited sentiment in return for a more precise offering, and that, owing to this very limitation, it admits of none of the exceptions or operations of cross-laws which hamper and confuse the theory of love. If love is at all possible without reciprocity, gratitude is not: reciprocity is of the essence of it. Gratitude in its nature is essentially a response."

The Bengalis have lately received, and deserved, a severe castigation from the Indian Press for their foolish self-praise, yet this is no reason why we should refuse to look on our own faults as reflected in a Bengali mirror.

—From a Leading Article in "The Englishman," (Calcutta.)

* The Prince in India and to India. By Babu Sambhu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. Berigny and Co., Calcutta, 1871.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA. By SAMBHU CHANDRA MUKHOPADHYAYA (London: Trubner and Co.).—A curious narrative (with comments from the educated Hindoo aspect) of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to India. Its interest centres in the view it gives of native loyalty—a sentiment peculiarly attaching to a Royal person, and incapable of exercise towards the reputed "John Company" or any lesser luminary—a sentiment, moreover, connected in the native mind with the idea of worship to a deity. Such being the case, the Prince's visit in 1869 possessed in native eyes an importance which we fail to realize. "That which was considered by the Prince himself, England, and the world, as simply a pleasure trip, was really a great political event." The practical inference seems to be, the Government of India by a Prince of the blood, as an effectual remedy for the disloyalty which has lately been bruited about. Many of the author's statements sound to unimpassioned Englishmen strangely enthusiastic. But, in so far as he expresses a phase of the native mind, it were well to give some heed to his deductions.—*The Record* (London.)

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE FIRST EDITION.

"Mr. Mill asserts in his *Subjection of Women* that in India women have, on the whole, proved themselves greater administrators than men, and it is undoubtedly true that in our time the most distinguished and most successful native rulers have belonged to the sex which Mr. Mill describes as subjugated. The mother of Dhuleep Singh

The Begum of Oudh The Ranee of Jhansie

None among these, however, had so strong a character as the Mussulman lady who died last October, and who for twenty-one years governed Bhopal with the wit and the success of a great statesman, or displayed her capacity for sensible, straight forward rule. Her State was not very large, not very much bigger than the Eastern Counties, and her revenue did not exceed that of the Duke of Devonshire, but still she was one of the true governing class of earth, and the facts of her career may interest our readers as well as any parochial matter. They have been recalled to our recollection by a short biography just received, in which a Kulin Brahmin of Bengal contrives in his admiration of her to insinuate some strongly depreciatory but not very unjust remarks upon our rule

The author . . . is a shrewd, hard-hitting critic, with no slight political ability. This, for instance, is a nearly perfect answer to Mr. Mill, much better because simpler than our own, which was that Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee says . . .

He seems, too, thoroughly aware of the specialty of his heroine, her consciousness of masculine ability, for he quotes two or three times her * * * *

her native apologist explains by a suggestion which strikes us as

singularly shrewd. She had always, he says . . . No one, we believe, either European or native, ever came in contact with her without a conviction that, had her sphere been but a little larger, she might have founded a dynasty or built up an empire. Her history is quoted by her native biographer as a proof that "that utter disqualifier in Asia" her sex, can be overcome by rare personal qualities . . . —*From a Leading Article in THE SPECTATOR, London.*

"This short—too short—little memoir . . . We have said "too short," because the very eventful life of her whom the writer styles "the best by far of all the native sovereigns of India of our time, the ablest, wisest, most enlightened and most fortunate," affords, . . . because also, to judge from this little specimen—the author, with sufficient data before him, is capable of producing a very good biography. The following is a fair example of the author's manner:—[Here extract] The writer speaks of . . . The government, "with," as the writer expresses it, [Quotations and extract] . . . Her rule is thus characterized by Mr. S. C. Mukhopadhyaya:—[extract] . . .

"In conclusion, this excellent little Biography is of especial interest to persons who study the relations of the British government with the Independent Powers." —*From a Leading Review in THE ASIATIC, London, February 23, 1870.*

Mr. Wilson, Lord Canning, and the Income Tax.

BY

SAMBHU CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet that has recently appeared against the Income Tax. The writer is a gentleman formerly connected with this paper. He has carried into the present publication more than the habitual ascerbity of tone which neutralizes the effects of an otherwise powerful style. * * * * * The writer, mixing as he does with the best part of Native Society, ought to have known that a word against Lord Canning at the present time would be endorsed by no Bengali. * * * * *

—We regret the more this abusive tone of the paper, as its argumentative portions display real ability, and might have done good service in these times. The idea so prominently brought forward by the writer, namely, that the imposition of the Income Tax will in effect be in dissonance with the purposes of the Queen's Proclamation, and will be construed by the people of India as a bold breach of its mandates, needs to be hammered into the heads of sundry men whom ignorance of this truth is leading to much mischief-committing. Let any one of the supporters of Mr. Wilson's Income Tax Scheme take up the first native he meets, and ask him whether the Queen's or the Company's Government was the better, the reply if sincere, will be in favor of the Company. The writer points this out with pretty good force; but the "original sin" of scurrility has neutralized the soundness of the later and main argument, and deprived the writer of the power to do that good which he undoubtedly could have wrought, as in fact by the better portions of the pamphlet it would have achieved.—*Review by the late Hurris Chunder Mookerjee, in THE HINDOO PATRIOT, Calcutta, June 16, 1860.*

In the Press, Price Rs. 2.

(REPRINTED, WITH ADDITIONS.)

WHERE SHALL THE BABU GO?

A PROBLEM IN NATURAL HISTORY AND PRACTICAL
ADMINISTRATION.

ANGLO-INDIAN OPINION ON THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE.

"Where shall the Babu go?" Why, the question is easily answered by one word.—*Indian, Charivari.*

BABOO OPINION.

THE CIVIL DISABILITIES OF THE BABU.—We believe no question at present is so important, viewed in its effects on the education and improvement of the country, than the one which seeks to determine the true *habitat* of the Babu and his rights under the British rule. "Where shall the Babu go? A Problem in Natural History and Practical Administration" forms the heading of an excellent paper in the last double number of *Mookerjee's Magazine*. If it has been put forward as a specimen of Babu literature, we have no hesitation in declaring that, except perhaps some of the productions of Dr. Hunter, no Anglo-Indian composition has been so uniformly finished, the wit so uniformly sustained, and the treatment of the subject itself so brilliant and masterly. We propose to consider some of the points raised in this paper.

No lie is more sedulously preached, no apology more constantly put forward, to justify instances of the grossest partiality and even of persecution, than this against which *Mookerjee* inveighs with indignation, and against which every right-thinking Native is in duty bound to protest.

—*Hálisahar Pattriká.*

89491
MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

July & August, 1875.

FORT RHOTAS:

A NARRATIVE OF AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE.

TO STUART COLVIN BAYLEY, Esq., C. S.,

Commissioner of the Patna Division,

THE FOLLOWING SHORT NARRATIVE

OF A

VERY INTERESTING PORTION OF THE COUNTRY UNDER HIS RULE

is respectfully inscribed.

WE stole one "Halcyon day of leisure" in the middle of January last to pay a visit to the far-famed Fort of Rhotas. What with horses and country tats of peculiar trap; color and shape, in our party,—a huge elephant, followed by a camel decked with a garland of bells to keep the other heavy beast a-going, the journey was not altogether unpleasant. It was amusing to see the slender, crooked, long-necked and long-legged brute with its ringing wreath, jolting and scaring away its heavy pioneer, which from time to time, turned its fan-like ears from side to side to steal a glance at the jingling monster and hurry off as fast as its heavy legs would permit it. We enjoyed the freaks of this animal trail, until we found ourselves far off from our camp in the rear. Afar, in front, we perceived in dim shades of white the blue range of hills rearing their towering heads, as if to welcome the guests that we were going. A mile and a half more, and we discerned, beneath the foot of the blue range, a broad brown line of sand, studded with dark bushes and shrubs. "That is the bed of the Sone!" cried our respectable white-bearded guide.

Looking on attentively, as we proceeded, on each line of blue and green over a variegated field, we found our-

selves on the bank of the gigantic Sone, reminding us of its ancient name, the *Hiranya-báhu** or the "Arm of Gold." We moved on, wading through sand and sand, until we reached the main stream, where boats and boatmen were in waiting to cross us over.

The Ferry was easy. There was hardly a breath of winter air to ruffle the bluish expanse of water rolling along the edge of still more blue hills. The *chakrabâks*—the golden geese—were swimming in couples, gabbling to each other in voice of alarm as wood or oar knocked the shining waters. Our companions were not above mischief. Powder was burned and shot sent, more than once, after these innocent pairs, careless of the advice—

"Spare yon emmet, rich with hoarded grain,
He lives with pleasure, as he dies with pain."

Off the bullets went, and off the game, we are glad to write, uninjured as the air.

A few minutes' cruising brought us to the opposite water-bank. The river-bank was farther off, lined with slender as well as shady trees, through which the laughing white teeth—the front pillars—of a few bungalows higher up on the land, were peeping. We rode this distance. The hospitable doors of one of these bungalows opened to receive us. Arrived there, we found ourselves encircled by a ringlet of hills on all sides but the east. The house has lawns and gardens where the lover of solitude needs not be impatient for busier scenes. Books have been collected by hundreds, if not thousands, and a garden has been reared, where loadfuls of roses were blooming in the depth of the winter. The whole place looked romantic, speaking a good deal in favor of that taste and Anglo-Saxon energy which has really opened "a paradise in the wild." Walking in the compound we saw in the dusk of the evening the pet deer come from the wood to partake of their daily dole of grain offered by the hospitality of the owner of the house. This is really the "Hermitage of Akberpur," as we named it!

* The Erranoboas of the Greeks.

We halted for the night at this hermitage. Next morning we had to travel only a mile, before the ascent to the fortress commenced.

Fort Rhotas stands on an eminence 1,350 feet above the Sone, and, therefore, upwards of 1,485 feet above the level of the sea. The upper half of the chain is steep. It is one of the last and distant spurs of the double-ridged Vind'hya through which two of the gigantic rivers of India cut their course.

The ascent by the Ghát we went up is rather difficult. We climbed along slopes and precipices, and up hills higher up, until we reached the top, whence the broad Sone appeared but an humbler stream. The plateau is accessible by five passes. The imperial or Ráj-ghát, we understood, is easier, but the one we tried lay nearer to our way. On the southern and eastern sides the lofty belt overhangs the plain; towards the south-west the tableland appears to extend easily to the Caimur Range. We entered this elevated plain through a rectangular stone-gate of humble dimensions. Beyond this gate is a wall, or rather a pile of stones raised, we learnt, during the Sepoy Mutiny to block up the passage. A little to the west is one of those precipitous peaks which, like others on the hill, is capped by irregular bastions. Although the bastions are not flanked by walls, their precipitous sides can hardly be taken by a regular siege. A few steps higher up we found ourselves on an extensive tableland, which appeared more an undulated plain than the top of a hill range. We moved however to its eastern edge, commanding the scene over the Sone, and stood on the ruins of a colonnade crowned with a dome. This was probably one of the outposts to watch the lowlands on the approach of an enemy.

We had still to walk more than a mile to the south-west before we came to the walls of the Fort. The gate—a big rectangular opening—was lined on either side by heavy walls continued through woods and stones. On entering the gate we came to an open space adorned with a respectable cistern or tank partly covered with the leaves of the lotus. This reservoir, although dug

we should suppose more than a thousand feet above the Sone, retains clean and pleasant water all the year round. It is evidently the work of a Hindu. A long shaft of stone—the *Lât*—stands in the middle. It is known as “Kamalamani ká'Tâlâb” or the Tank of Kamalamani. Kamalamani is the fabled Queen of Rahita. She is believed to have been a slender and light-footed lady beneath whose weight the lotus leaf was not known to sink. She used to sit (so runs the tradition) on the leaves, with a golden vessel in hand, for the purposes of her daily ablutions.

Past this tank, we came to a running stream, humble but perennial, which runs over the head of the hill to its sides, and probably ultimately into the Sone beneath.

A leap over this line of water brought us to the limits of the inner Fort. Its high walls, gates, stately terraces and shooting minarets, although in ruins, yet present an imposing scene. Walking through a spacious court-yard we came to the gate of Râjâ Mân Singh, a solid work of sandstone almost in a complete state of repair. Over this gate we found an inscription in the *Devanâgara* character, which we intend to notice elsewhere.

The gate is made of grey granitic sandstone. It is a high solid chamber surmounted with a Saracenic arch, opening to the west and south, the other two sides being completely walled up. The carvings of its two high balconies, and the two interesting figures of elephants decorated with the Howda, chains and trappings, cut nearly in demi-relief, show how the art of statuary had been brought to a comparatively high state of improvement.

The gate of Mân Singh leads to the first apartment known as the Dewân-mahal. Beyond this, is the Sishamahal, and the innermost of all is the apartment of the females or the Rang-mahal, all two-storied buildings fronting rectangular court-yards. These massive structures, from their height, elaborate accommodations, balconies, pinnacles, raised seats high above the highest summit of the hill, look really royal. They are all built of slates and stone carvings, the materials used being

of the superb structure and its generally good state of preservation plainly indicate that the ancient palace of the Hindu Rajas must have been thoroughly repaired to suit the convenience and the taste of the Mahomedan conquerors.

The Dewán-mahal has a palatial hall. The upper story of the Sisha-mahal or Crystal Palace has only the pillars standing, the intermediate glasses and mirrors having of course yielded to the decay of time.

The Ranga Mahal has one hall (with an anti-chamber) roofed with a succession of bell-shaped arches. Tradition assigns this room as the resting place of Raja Mân Singh. It has now been put into a state of tolerable repair by the same European gentleman who holds the lease of the hill and the plain below. A few furniture have been put up to accommodate travellers, although much of the decorations, besides many volumes of books, we understood, were destroyed by the mutineers in 1857.

We breakfasted on one of these turrets and mused with melancholy pleasure over the extensive prospect lying around.

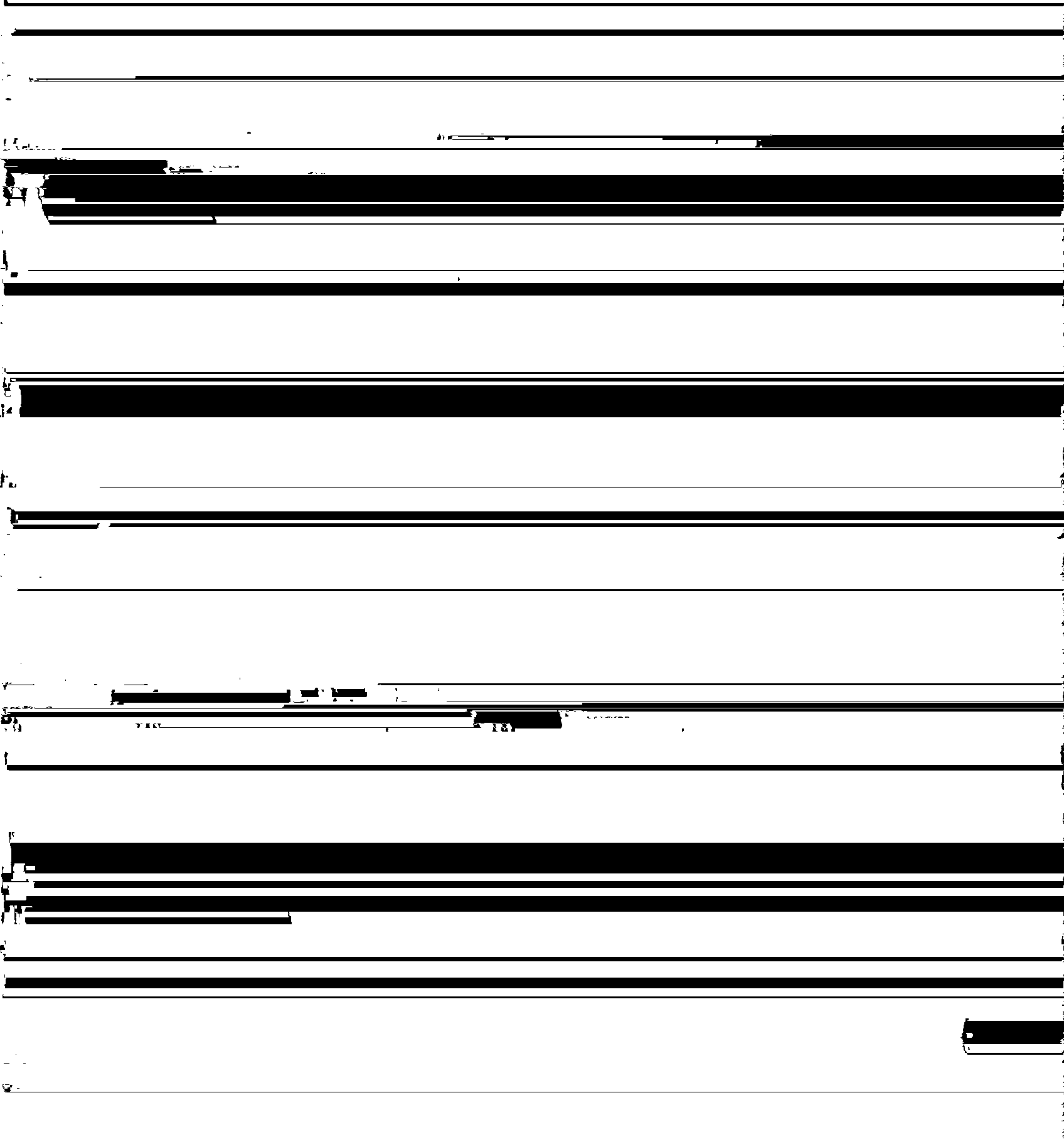
Like most fortified places in the country, Rhotas has its history to tell of the Hindu, Mahomedan and British periods. To begin at the beginning—Tradition ascribes the foundation of this Fortress to Rahidás or Rahita, the son of Rájá Harish Chandra of Oudh. Without apology we venture to transcribe the following Vedic anecdote of the Prince.

The *Aitareya Brâhmana* says, that “Rájá Harish Chandra of Oudh, not having any sons, offered to “sacrifice his first-born to Varuna in case the God “granted him his prayer for progeny, that a son, Rahita, “was born to him, but the king managed to delay the “sacrifice, that at last when, his son arriving at years of “discretion, Harish Chandra broke his mind to him, “Rahita declined the honor, and left home, *roaming “for years in forests.*”*

* See No. xvii, vol. III, of this *Magazine*, p. 135.

This story has been much more mystified in the *Rámáyana*. But in reciting the vicissitudes of his life the poem narrates that during his father's residence at Benares, the Prince with his mother was sold in slavery to a Bráhmaṇ. The chief service done by the Prince to the Bráhmaṇ was to cull flowers and fruits from the jungle. At this early date the kingdom of Magadha had not a name, and probably Rahita was the first Aryan settler in the western plateau of the Sone. Beyond the name and the monumental ruin known as "*Rahidás-ká-chowri*," there remains nothing to tell of the Founder. The 'chowri,' however, demands more than a passing notice. It is said to have contained the ashes of Rahita in a golden urn. It is built on a pinnacle below whose foot, far below, the broad Sone takes a turn to the north and enters the plain of Behar. Two of its slopes are exposed to the gaze of the country, and are approachable only by a flight of 86 steps from the adjacent summits. It was on this commanding spot, it is said, that Rahita used to take his accustomed seat to contemplate the expanse below, studded with hills and dales, and cut by streams extending as far as the eye could reach. Here, as his beloved spot, even after their "wonted fires" had ceased, were his ashes appropriately deposited.

The steps leading to this structure must be 30 feet wide, built of sand-stone, easy to ascend, and neat. There appears to have been a porch attached to this monument. It is now a perfect wreck—large fragments of pillars and capitals lying at the top of the staircase. The monument itself, however, is a solid building which has outlived the ravages of time. Its style is unique. It is a fine specimen of Hindu art, chiselled out of heavy blocks of dark blue stone, probably the chlorite. The edifice is rectangular and is capped by a dome. The dome, as appears from the interior, is not supported by an arch. It is a succession of figures, varying from the octagon to the square, made of stone-beams. The sides of each stone-figure rest on the angles of the one immediately under it—each figure getting smaller topwards until it ends almost in a point, the decorations of which



Sing, it was restored to its former chief of the family of the *Gherwer* Rajputs. This chief* deduced his origin from Jay Chand, who reigned at Kanauj, and was dethroned during Timur's invasion.

Down to the reign of Humayun, Fort Rhotas appears to have retained its ancient independence, being still owned by a Hindu chieftain—Raja Chintaman.† In respect of its subsequent reduction by Shêr Sur Afghan, it has been observed that, what open force found impossible, was achieved by treachery. Shêr Khan sent through a Brahmin a message to the Raja to prevail upon him to receive his family and treasure, with a few attendants, into the place, that he himself might proceed unencumbered to Bengal. This mercenary had recourse to one of those stratagems which in a superstitious age always succeeded. He threatened to put an end to his life, should the Raja decline to entertain his proposal. In an evil moment the Raja consented. Men and arms were sent concealed in covered chairs, pretended to convey the ladies of Shêr's family. When the chairs reached the house appointed, "the wolves rushed out among the sheep and began to dye the fold with their blood." They easily mastered the garrison, and admitted Shêr, compelling the Raja to fly into the woods.

During the Mogul period Rhotas regained much of its importance. Rebels as well as rulers used the stronghold as a place of retreat or defence. This was the great point which Shêr Khan made the base of his ambitious operations against the throne of Delhi. Issued from this retreat, he seized, one after another, all the towns and places of strength on the Ganges, till he came upon Humayun between Patna and Benares, and finally treacherously surprized the royal camp, compelling the

* H. T. Colebrooke's Journey to Nagpur.

† The *Siyar al Matâkharin*. Major Stewart gives the name of the Raja as Berkis which we do not know to be borne by any Hindu in this country. From a Sanad, dated 1178 H. or 1764 A. C. and lately filed in a case under the Land Acquisition Act, it appears that down to the reign of Shah Alam II. Rhotas was administered by a Governor, a Hindu Raja (Shah Mal) residing at Tilowthi, exercising jurisdiction on both sides of the Sone, and who granted the Sanad in question for lands situated in the Gya District. The Raja's great-grandson by adoption is still alive and lives on the rents of resumed jaghirs.

emperor. "to leap on horse-back and plunge into the stream."* At length, after his brief reign, when the Pathan was killed at Kalinjar, his remains were brought back to his nativity Sasseram, where his tomb† still stands. The places of his rise and fall do not measure a great distance between them.

Rhotas was one of the twelve Subas or Divisions of the empire administered by a Governor. Twenty-four miles of the country on the plateau was under cultivation. Sugar-cane, pomegranates and even grapes are said to have been raised at one time. Nor is it difficult to imagine how the mountain top was once turned into a smiling orchard, water being procurable at the depth of ten to twelve feet only.‡

The Territory administered by the Governor of this Mountain Fortress was 240 miles long, extending from the Teliagari Pass to the Karamnasa. Its northern limit was the Sumâli range north of Tirhut and its southern boundary was that dwarfish chain of hills extending from the western extremity of Bengal to the Province of Allahabad. Altogether 24,44,120 Beegahs of land, are said to have been under cultivation, yielding a Revenue of 17,26,81,774 Dâms|| or Co.'s Rupees 45,86,859 only. The

* The *Siyar al Mutâkharin*, a narrative written, after the battle of Plassey by Nawab Gholam Hossein of Hosseinabad, has a curious story, that the Emperor was helped by a *Bhisti* or water-carrier with his leather-bag (as an air bladder) to cross over. Reaching the opposite bank the Emperor wanted to reward the *Bhisti*, but the man would be satisfied with nothing less than the occupation of the throne of Delhi for a day. When Humâyun regained the empire, he seated the *Bhisti* or *Sakkâ* on the throne for a day. During this brief period the *Sakkâ* made coin, cut out of his bag, current. Hence the saying "*Sakkâ ne siccâ chamrâ ke chalayâ.*"

† "From midst a limpid pool, superbly high,
The massy dome obtrudes into the sky :
Upon the banks more humble tombs abound,
Of faithful servants, who their chief surround,
The Monarch still seems grandeur to dispense,
And even in death maintains pre-eminence."

Asiatic Miscellany.

‡ This is the account given in the *Siyar ul Mutâkharin*. At present the soil appears barren and the forest poor.

|| The value of a Dâm was fixed by Raja Todar Mal at one-fortieth part of a Sicca Rupee. 17,26,81,774 Dâms would thus be 43,17,044 Sicca Rupees or 45,86,859 Co.'s Rupees. The Land Revenue of the Patna Division including that of the Districts of Monghyr and Bhagulpore amounts at present to Rupees 92,52,804, which in a rough calculation is more than double the sum collected by the Moguls from Suba Behar.

Governor had also 11,415 horsemen, 4,49,350 footmen and messengers, and 100 boats at his disposal.

During the subsequent struggles which brought Akbar down to Patna to quell the revolt of Dáud Khan, the situation of Rhotas does not appear to have attracted attention. Raja Mán Singh, however, having completely crushed the Pathans in Orissa, returned to this mountain retreat, using it as his place of repose. His Rang Mahal is adapted to the abode of women. The inscription on the gate mentions his name.

This inscription bears incontestably the date, *sambat* 1658, and indicates that the palace and the gate were built 277 years ago, or in 1597 after Christ. It would thus appear that Rájá Mán Sing visited the Fort, and built his palace after he had finally subdued the Pathans in Orissa. The date (1589 A. C.) given by Major Stewart in his History of Bengal for the erection of the Palace, is thus open to doubt.

After the lapse of one-fourth of a century from the above date, we find Rhotas again the retreat of Royalty. When Prince Shah Jehan, as a rebel against his father, obtained possession of Bengal and Behar, Syad Mabá-rak, the Governor of Rhotas, "came and delivered to him the keys of that impregnable Fortress." The Prince sent off his *harem* and children to Fort Rhotas, preparing himself for the ensuing campaign. During the time that this portion of the royal family remained at Rhotas, Prince Morád was born. Subsequently, when Shah Jehan was defeated on the Ganges, he was prevailed upon to quit the field and return to Rhotas. It was here that the Prince wrote the penitential letter which reconciled him to his father, and Rhotas became restored to royal authority.

It seems unlucky, at this distance of time, that the unfortunate Prince, Shujá, never thought of Rhotas which would have afforded him a more welcome retreat, and probably obviated his disgrace and sad end at the hands of a cruel Arrakan chief.

We do not hear of Rhotas again until the year 1764. When, therefore, in the month of October of that year, Mír

A Narrative of an Antiquarian Ramble.

Kasim was finally routed at Buxar; we owe it to a contemporary writer* to record that the dethroned Nawab Nazim of Bengal, disappearing from History like the rebel of Jagdispur in 1858, took refuge in these hills, disguised as a Faqir and dressed in coarse hempen clothes.

Mir Kâsim, however, took care to send his Begum, the daughter of Mir Jafer, to the Fortress, entrusting her person and the remains of her property to his servant Soliman. Soon after his arrival, Soliman entered into an intrigue with Yakub Khan, the keeper of the Fort, in order to annex Rhotas to the territory of Shuja-ud-daula, Nawâb of Oudh. Soliman also invited the assistance of Rehim Khan, the Hâqim of Sasseram, and Raja Shahmal of Tilowthi, the "manager"† of Rhotas. Shuja-ud-daula himself was but too willing to include Rhotas in the map of Oudh. Impregnable by siege, the fortress, at this moment of anarchy, afforded facilities for an easy conquest to any adventurer who could first hoist his flag on its walls. Shuja-ud-daula was, however, frustrated in his designs by the interference of Gholam Hossein,‡ then living at Hossienabad, six miles only from the Fort, across the Sone. From the narrative left by Gholam Hossein himself, we learn, that he had been always a friend to the English, and he accordingly wrote to Raja Shahmal, that it would be proper to surrender the Fort to no other Power. Shahmal having consented, under certain conditions, these were drawn out and sent up by Gholam Hossein to Major Munro, then commanding the British forces at Patna. The Major immediately ordered Captain Gordon, then encamped at Tikâri, to move on with a regiment to Rhotas.

* *Siyar al Mutâkharin* by Nawab Gholam Hossein of Hosseinabad, formerly in the Aurangabad, now included in the Palamow, Sub-division.

† Probably the Revenue officer.

‡ Gholam Hossein is the author of the *Siyar-al-mâtakharin*. He was the son of Nawab Hedayit Ali of Hosseinabad. As a cousin to Zyn-ud-deen, the father of Sârcj-ud-daulâ and Governor of Behar, Hedayit Ali was during Ali Verdi Khan's reign appointed Hâkim and Foujdâr of Hosseinabad. A large jagheer was given to him, and he was appointed specially to over-awe Raja Sundar Rây of Tikâri, whose domains extended to the Hills. The author of the *Siyar-al-Matakhari* was, of course, a different person from the Gholam Hossein who wrote the *Riyâz-Assalâteen*, and who resided at Malda.

On his approach the Fort was surrendered without the necessity, it appears, of firing a single shot.

On the principle probably that what is easily got is not valued, the Fortress, since the establishment of the British Power, has been much neglected. Sir Frederick Halliday was the only Governor who was curious enough to pay a visit to the Fort, during his princely tour through Behar in the month of January, 1855. One of the munshis who accompanied his camp, informs us that the Lieutenant-Governor took great interest in examining the architectural ruins and taking copies of inscriptions which could be found on them. He was assisted by competent men, and the archives of the Government may probably show what use was ultimately made of the information that was collected. A proposal was made to him to repair some of the more valuable monuments, but it was given up on monetary considerations only.

During the late Sepoy Revolt, we find Rhotas the estate of Amar Singh, expressly preserved as his game ground. The rebels, as was expected, did not neglect to possess and hold the post until a sham siege had to be laid, and the Sepoys overawed to retire. The forest adjoining the Fort is said to have been the death-bed of Koer Singh, who, after the fatal bullet he received in the passage of the Ganges, and lost all, came here to bequeath what remained—his good and trusty sword only—to his brother Amar Singh, with a dying mandate to hold it on to the last.

Sirkar Rhotas was confiscated like all other property belonging to the rebel, and its possession maintained with guns and troops for nearly one year. After that period the force was withdrawn, and the wilderness allowed once more to recover her primeval domain around.

“States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die.”

On our return journey we met some of the aborigines. On enquiry we were told that they were the descendants of the *Koles*, who came from the South, or, the tableland of Chota Nagpoor. We talked with them for a time. Not a word of dissatisfaction escaped them, and what

with their sneering mien and frequent grins, they appeared to be a contented lot, thinking with the Hermit—

“Man wants but little, nor that little long.”

In respect of their information that their fathers came from the South, we did not believe that it was correct. According to local tradition, the wave of migration took the opposite course. The story of the “Kól-Ráj” is still distinctly kept alive in these parts. It is said that the whole country from the hills (now forming the boundary of the Gya and the Palamow districts) and the Ganges was held by the Kóle-kharwars, whom a race of Chowhân, Rajputs drove from the open plains. The chief of these Rajputs was Bhikam Deo* the founder of the Pawi family. A tree is still known near the Pawi hill (4 miles south-west of Aurangabad) where the decisive battle between the Aryans and the aborigines is said to have been fought. There are still two high mounds,—one in a wild part of the country on the banks of the Buttwana, and the other on the Sone—which are pointed out as the remains of the forts of Kól chiefs. On the first of these, is an existing shrine which is somewhat dreaded and where prayers are offered to avert the malignant influence of the Demon. The Demon worship of the aborigines has been plainly handed down to the subsequent settlers.

C. S. B.

December, 1874.

[We are sure the reader will feel thankful to our friend for his interesting account of a famous spot, but neglected by our antiquarians. The crumbling remains and fast disappearing traditions of Rhotas much needed such a chronicler, before it was too late. We feel called upon to add only a note or two. Our Rambler adopts the current story of the treachery of Shér Sháh in gaining possession of the Fort, quoting the *Siyar ul Mutuakhkharin* and Stewart's *Bengal*. Whatever the value of the first-named work as a narrative of events contemporary with the author, it is no authority on the past. The second, founded as it is on a compilation by Mr. George Udney's Munshi, is

* The more respectable families of Chowhan Rajputs, the Zemindars of Paw Faldaha, Mail, and Chandra-garh trace their descent from Bhikam Deo.

even less authoritative. Both the Gholam Hosseins, however, evidently draw from the standard History of Mahammad Kásim Ferishtah. Where Ferishtah got his account from, it is not so easy to say, but not yet altogether impossible to perceive. He gives the name of the owner of Rhotas as Raja Birkis. The *Akbarnáma*, and the *Kholásat al Tawárikh*, say it was one Raja Chintáman,—according to the latter a Brahman. These contradictions, however, in our view, find their reconciliation in the statement of the *Nisábnámah* that Chintáman, though a Brahman, was only the Raja's minister. The Raja's full name is given as Hari Kishen Birkis. All the Authorities, in spite of some discrepancies, agree pretty nearly in the main incidents of the treachery. The ability and craftiness of the diplomat Shêr employed are mentioned by all, but not his Brahmanhood. Ferishtah says the agent went with some presents to the Raja. Others, that the agent by means of valuable gifts brought over the Raja's favorite Ráni and his minister to his side to persuade the Raja. All are silent on the *dharná* by which, according to "C. S. B.," Shêr's Brahman envoy bullied the simple Rajput into compliance with the object of his mission. We are curious to learn "C. S. B.'s" authority. The number of horse and foot maintained by, or at the disposal of, the Governor of Rhotas is evidently a fable.]—EDITOR.

HERCULES FURENS.

I

“DIE, murderous dog!” and Lycus lies,
 Bereft of life, in his own palace hall,
 And Thebes and Megara are both avenged!
 But why distraught thy scowling eyes?
 Why do thy breathings so heavily fall?
 Why is thy face, Oh Hercules! so changed?

II

Woe, woe, for Thebes! 'Tis Juno's wrath
 That Madness sends to Alcmena's son,
 Now raving for Eurystheus still unslain,
 Oh Megara! avoid his path!
 Speed forth, ye children, from the house and run:
 He hunter-like pursues; your flight is vain!

III

“'Twas I the dog of Lerna slew,
 “The Nemean lion, the Erymanthean boar,
 “And in their mountain homes the centaurs free;
 “And shall my avenging hands spare you,
 “Eurystheus' brood? No, with your gore
 “You must repay his bitter hate for me?”

IV

Hold madman; 'tis thy own blood flows,
 And not Eurystheus' brood you murder so;
 Thy own sweet children cling in fear for life!
 They cling in vain! His frenzied blows
 The suppliants strike; first fall the elder two,
 And then the youngest and his own loved wife.

V

With horror mute Amphitryon stands
Deep-rooted, for his feet refuse to fly,
While like a frightened horse his son comes round
Minerva sees, and in her hands
A rock upheaves, which tearing through the sky
The mad man strikes, and pins him to the ground.

VI

Supine the vanquished hero lies !
Oh goddess dread ! his murd'rous raving stay,
From Juno's dreadful ire one victim save !
The prayer is heard ; his weary eyes
In sleep are closed, and Madness chased away
To utter darkness flies, from breast so brave.

THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

BY A MADRAS GRADUATE.

WHO are the Nobles of Southern India ? That is the point which first meets one who turns his attention to this subject. Are they our Zemindars and Poligars, the holders of settled and unsettled Poliams, or have we no Landed Aristocracy at all ? We shall not, in the space of this brief article, enter into the large discussion, whether a Nobility or an Aristocracy is absolutely necessary for the well-being and progress of a nation. That is the controversy at issue between England and America, and sometime or other we may be sure the problem will have to be solved by us. For, unless the British are prepared to govern us for ever through Civilian Magistrate-Collectors and Judges, and make laws for us by means of European Boards, the day will come when the question of a House of Lords or no House of Lords for this great country will have to undergo discussion. The question will come in the train of the general subject of Representative Government for the Indian Empire. We hope the day for *that* will not be very long in coming. It is not difficult to foresee the solution. India cannot, as regards the governing machinery, always remain different to other countries. Before long a popular element must be introduced in the legislature. Probably the first step towards that consummation will be the nomination of a large number of the most powerful or most influential Barons to a consultative assembly and, afterwards, the creation of a yet more dignified Senate. Then, when all the other Presidencies may be prepared to present our rulers with a tolerably enlightened aristocracy, Bombay with its powerful Sirdars and Chiefs, and Bengal with its educated Rajas,—what will benighted Madras do ? A landed Nobility, or, indeed, any Nobility, cannot be created in a day, or even in a single generation, but must be the work of ages. Which class of Madrasedes

will be called to adorn the Upper House? Our Maharajas and Rajas *de facto*—that is, our territorial Princes and Chiefs, not the beggarly lickspittles and bribing Oswals and Babus decorated with titles which for them have no meaning—our Maharajas and Rajas, according to some, should be our great Dukes and Marquesses, but, unless the British Government means at some future time to give up its non-annexation policy, or so long as our Chiefs remain the actual rulers of Provinces and Districts, they cannot properly find time to perform the legislative and administrative functions, that belong to members of Parliament. Till such time as the whole of India is directly and administratively absorbed in the Empire, they cannot be the true representatives of the wealth and greatness of British India, whose subjects they are not, and whose laws will not bind them. The only alternative, in such a case, that seems to remain will be that of inviting our landed gentry to that position, and unless, before they are actually so invited, this portion of Her Majesty's subjects advance in the march of civilization, so as to render themselves competent thereto, our poor Presidency must, we fear, submit to the mortification of being almost unrepresented in the Upper House.

The Zemindars and Poligars, therefore, as the people likely to bear the burden of high legislative and administrative functions when the time should come for India to have the blessing of a Parliament, demand our attention. That time, it is true, seems now so distant and depends upon so many contingencies, that we may well be accused of building castles in the air. But, under any circumstances, the class of middle-men between the Government and the masses is too important to need any apology for directing public attention to our Zemindars and our landed gentry. The several Governments of India have often declared themselves very much interested in promoting their enlightenment and progress. Lord Northbrook, our present Viceroy, is reported to intend making it a condition of selection for a covenanted appointment under the Parliamentary Statute of 1870 authorizing the Government to bestow such appointments upon Natives

without requiring them to pass competitive examinations in England, that the applicant or nominee should belong to an aristocratic family. The solicitude which the Government in India and Her Majesty's Government have often expressed for the improvement of our landed classes, whose present political degradation they have often contemplated with sorrow, will fully justify us in saying a few words of the Southern Zemindar, with a view to invite a strong public opinion, and, if possible, draw the attention of Government, to this important subject.

The Ryotwari tenure in the Presidency of Madras has been an obstacle in the way of the formation of a wealthy class of landholders.

The Ryotwari Tenure and its Tendencies.

The absence of clear definition of the rights in the soil of the Ryotwari landlord, or, as called by some Judges and Jurists, the "ryotwari tenant," the temporary nature of the settlement of the Land Revenue—liable as it is to innumerable fluctuations at the will of the ruling authorities—the pest of surveys and resettlements—entailing upon the landholder all the expense and trouble of providing for their cost and materials, and the no less expense and trouble of providing also for the comfort and convenience of the demarkation, the survey, and the settlement officers, and their voracious subordinates,—all these are enough to make the holders of ryotwari lands well nigh despair of peace or rest. A landholder can hardly feel any security, who is treated by the Government, now as a landlord, and now as a tenant at will,—whose tenure is, in the opinion of one eminent Judge, permanent tenancy,—the purely proprietary rights to the soil, such as the right to waste lands and jungles, being vested in another body of persons,—and, in the opinion of another judicial authority, hardly anything more than a tenancy from year to year,—as implied by the Patta and the Muchilka, that is the agreements exchanged annually between the Government as landlord and the ryotwari tenant. But this is hardly the place to discuss the subject in full. We must refer those of our readers who may be desirous of more information to the columns of the last year's *Madras*

Jurist wherein this important question has been ably discussed, and to the published Reports of the Madras High Court, which, however, will only show the amount of confusion that exists on the subject. In passing, we may remark that the momentous matter of the limits of the Government right to interfere in the distribution of water for the irrigation of ryotwari land,—a practical point that affects not only the well-being but the very life of all ryotwari landholders,—has not been satisfactorily disposed of, as yet, either by the Executive Superior Authorities,—who are entirely under the guidance of their arbitrary and capricious Subordinates,—or by the Courts of Justice. We have diverted to this subject, however, only to show that the ryotwari system, far from being favorable to the growth of a landed aristocracy, has been entirely in the way of such a growth. It is an important fact to bear in mind, in considering our present subject, that our ryotwari proprietors or tenants belong generally to the intelligent classes, the Brahmans and the higher Sudras,—and we shall be very near the truth when we say, that the majority of them live from hand to mouth. An owner of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres in the district of Tanjore, the most flourishing district as it is generally supposed in Southern India, watered by the river Cauvery, every drop of whose precious liquid is utilized by the fortunate inhabitants of the Delta,—an owner of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres here, is accounted a rich man. But this is not the sort of person that is ever likely to become a great landed aristocrat. In an essay on the Nobility of Southern India, therefore, the ryotwari holder is entitled to more than a passing notice and a passing regret.

Nor is the Zemindary tenure itself, prevailing as it does to a small extent, without its complications. The Zemindar, the Poligar and the Mittadar are almost always employed as synonymous terms at present, and the distinct meaning which no doubt attached to each, previous to the establishment of the British Supremacy, has been lost in the confusion that followed this great

The Zemindary
Tenure and its Complications.

event. But, even now, he only is styled by the lawyer, a "zemindar," who is in possession of a poliam, the Government due upon which has been permanently settled, and has been confirmed by a document called the Sanad Istemrar executed on behalf of Government. All other poliams are either permanently settled, but without Sanads or any kinds of express agreements between the State and the Poligar,—the nature of the tenure and the rights of the State and of the landholder being decided by Courts of Justice by inferences drawn from the old records of Government,—everything, until such a decision is pronounced continuing of course, uncertain; or they are settled only for the life of the holder, or are resumable at the pleasure of Government. Poliams to a very large number, coming under the second of the three division, are usually conferred upon heirs and representatives, almost as a matter of course; so much so that the limitation rather helps than restricts the free enjoyment of the estate by the family. For, debts contracted by a Poligar on the security of the zemin can be decreed against it only during his life-time.

Again, the law of alienation in regard to permanently settled zemins or poliams is by no means well understood, or certain. The several judgments of the Courts on the subject, none of them as far as we can see directly deciding the question as yet, only add to the prevailing confusion. The zemindar, equally with the money-lender, is in an unenviable position. The dictum that ancient zemins are governed by the law relating to Regalities, which has been broadly laid down in regard to these Estates, simply fosters litigation by inducing people to try their fortune at law, by raising the question of fact, whether a particular Estate is an unpartible one. Nor is it very difficult, by historic evidence to prove that the present Mál Tondanoor is only a portion of the old Tondanoor zemin, which, possibly, several generations back, had been divided between rival brothers. As long as this is a question of fact, men fond of litigation are not found wanting to promote law-suits. And if, in one out

The Laws of alienation and succession.

of a number of such cases, the creditor comes off successful, others in a similar position pursue the same game with the more alacrity and greater zeal. Thus the law, which is intended to be a shield to the zemindar against the extortions of unscrupulous creditors, proves wellnigh his ruin—plunging him into life-long litigation, to support which he is obliged to fall into the very hands, from which the lawgiver professed to save him. There can be no doubt that a law that interfered to save a man from his debts would be a misdirected and a pernicious law, and if it were the object of the Legislature to save ancient aristocratic houses from the contingency of the family estate being frittered away by the prodigality of any one of its members, the provision which might be of use for the purpose, would require the debtor to provide himself with proofs of the just application of his loan. This, no doubt, seems to be the opinion of eminent Judges, even now, but a right opinion of stray administrators of justice is not enough to meet the evil. The opinion ought to be made law; the law must be expressed in unambiguous words, and the number of estates or class of families to be subject to its operation should be clearly and precisely defined. The want of such clear and authoritative expositions of the law has led to tremendous confusion and endless troubles to the moneyed and the landed classes. It is surely not very much to the interest of the landholder to be uncertain of his rights as against the State or against his heirs and successors. As regards poliams settled for life, though the power of the poligars in possession in the matter of alienation is pretty certain, yet the doubt after death as to the liability of the property, the uncertainty as to the succession—especially where no male heir may be left by deceasing owners—and the uncertain and contestable character of the settlement itself, involve the zemin in as much litigation as falls to the lot of other descriptions of estates. Thus it will be seen that the zemindary tenure in this part of India is hardly more favorable to the development of a wealthy landed class. The zemindar is exposed to so many dangers from all quarters, and from causes over

which he has no control, that it will be altogether unjust to accuse him alone for his backwardness and his poverty.

Out of these causes, one that is fraught with the greatest mischief, which has placed not only the zemindar's property, but also his life and liberty, oftentimes in jeopardy, has its origin, again, in the glorious uncertainty of our law of Land Tenures. The Madras Rent Act intended to be an act for facilitating the levy of rent by the landlords from their tenants, has probably given more cause of annoyance to the zemindar, the Collector and the Judge, than any legislative measure has ever given in a civilized country. The tenants on zemindari estates had, even before that enactment was brought into operation, been already endeavouring to impart some variety to the zemindar's otherwise dull and monotonous life. It was an ordinary thing for them to force him in person into the Civil Courts in rent suits. Not content with that, they often bullied him into appearance before Revenue Officers of the lowest description, in miscellaneous revenue proceedings, where, as a matter of notoriety the measure of gold and silver was the measure of justice,—a fact, though, by which the zemindar did not ultimately benefit,—or where the word of a Native Christian street-preacher was not only the Gospel of Jesus but the judgment of the Revenue Court itself. As if he was not sufficiently humiliated, the zemindar was not unfrequently, even dragged before magisterial authorities, and subjected to all the indignity which is in store for a respectable Native in British Indian criminal courts,—all because he had refused to grant a permanent patta or lease to a black sheep, newly admitted into the fold of Jesus. Out of such scrapes, the zemindar, it is true, generally escaped with his liberty. In some cases, however, the fear of provoking a deluded Missionary Saheb has overcome the temptation of the omnipotent rupee. But imagine the immense sums of money expended, legally and illegally, by the untutored Native nobleman, who would rather give up his all in the shape of property, than be scathed in dignity or reputation. What was all this the result of, but the uncertainty of

The relation between Landlord and Tenant.

the law laying down the relations between landlord and tenant? The zemindar has had one notion of his rights, and the ryot has had a very different one; and rather than reconcile their differences, there are never wanting active agents to foment discord between those who should be at peace, as if love of property alone were not a sufficient inducement to uncompromising litigation. So they have fought out their claims—landlord and tenant—through the three Courts. These Courts look to individual cases, and individual judges often hold contradictory opinions on the general questions; while a sort of half-inconsistent, half-understandable rules are found scattered in the Reports of rent cases in the *Madras Jurist* or the *Revenue Register*. Collectors and even Judges have, oftentimes, ranged themselves on the one side, or the other; and the one side or the other has been dominant in particular districts or portions of districts; until, by the advent of a new local officer the fortunes of landlords and tenants might change. The litigation is yearly renewed. No zemindar or poligar can attach for arrears of rent, or bring an action before a Court of Justice, without exchanging pattas and muchilkas—annual agreements—with his tenants, who, of course, in the majority of cases, refuse to come to terms. Then follows for enforcing a patta, the action under the Rent Act, in which the jurisdiction of the Revenue Court is not well defined. The Act, indeed, gives a wide latitude to the carrying out of the whims of the Collector, in his wise discretion. Besides, one would think the office of the Assistant or Deputy Collector not a likely place where questions about the nature and conditions of tenancy might be understood in all their complicated detail. But so it is; the Rent Recovery Act has confirmed in these authorities, the miscellaneous powers often arbitrarily exercised by the subordinate Revenue Officers anterior to that enactment, and, what is more, has declared, that no Civil Court to which appeals lie in certain cases against decisions of Collectors, shall be at liberty to set such decrees aside on the ground of irregularities in the mode of trial and procedure. This gave rise to a very re-

markable—and, if it was not for the consequence to the parties concerned, funny—paper-war between a Sub-Collector and a Judge in a district in the south of the Presidency. In that quarrel, the Judge maintained that he had authority to entertain an appeal against the Collector's decision, and to make a certain order therein, and the Collector maintained the contrary, and insisted upon a reference to the High Court. The Collector came off with substantial victory, though the Judge had the somewhat poor satisfaction of a light wiggling to his antagonist administered by the High Court. Now, the character of the

The Rent Recovery Act.

Rent Recovery Act is such that no one is sure to which classes it is intended to apply. The ryotwari holder, himself often declared to be no more than a tenant from year to year, has, at times, been forced into the jaws of the most exacting Sections in the Rent Recovery Act. The writer knows a Sub-Collector who actually compelled a ryotwari holder to issue pattas to his undertenants. Perhaps, he erred with his eyes open, but there is room in the Act for all sorts of honest errors, and the South Indian landlord has not much reason to thank the legislature that passed it. The baneful operation of this Act, and the reduced and unenviable condition of the zemindars and poligars of the South, were recently made clear to the Board of Revenue in a Report by an experienced Collector, Mr. R. K. Puckete, but the Board and the Government shut their eyes to the real facts, dismissing the subject with the remark that they believed the Collector's picture to be overdrawn.

The above, of course, is not meant for a description of the South Indian Law of Land Tenures. It is intended rather to give some idea of the confusion and uncertainty that prevail on the subject of the rights and relations of the different classes of landlords and cultivators. It will, it is hoped, at least show to the lay Public, that, with so many causes actually provoking him to constant and interminable litigation, and with so many temptations thrown in his way, it is no wonder, that the zemindar has often been a sinner. Litigation means expense and a ready

purse, and how can the zemindar or poligar afford his costs, while at constant war with his ryots? He is compelled by the force of circumstances to resort to the moneylender. Then begin the well-known feats of the Soucar and ultimately eat up the *zemin*.

How many zemins have thus been lost! How many,

The State of
Zemins.

alas! are likely to be, living as they already do, a precarious and hollow life!

The cases of Rámnand and Shivagangá, tottering to their fall,—the one already immersed in an ocean of debts, and the other famous for more than half a century for disputed adoptions and disputed successions,—both ranking the biggest in the Madras Presidency,—are these sad instances not enough? If this is the fate of the Setupatis,—minor Rajahs have entirely lost not only the substance, but also the semblance of wealth and greatness. Reduced literally to beggary, they are living a *sanyási* life, like the once powerful zemindar of Chohkampatti, not unknown even to History. The famous case of Shivagiri, the very embodiment of all the confusion of our zemin laws,—who is there that does not know it? We may at once say that the fate of all our present zemindars is doomed, unless the English law of entails—the application of which to the Maravar zemindars, the learned Justice Holloway once very appropriately remarked to be a grotesque absurdity—come in to their aid; but it is very doubtful, indeed, whether it will.

It is, however, meet, before going further, that we should determine whether it should. This leads us to turn from the zemindary to the zemindar himself, that we may, by understanding him, form our opinion as to the utility of preserving his greatness, at the expense, it may be, of other interests and other classes.

The zemindars of Southern India, including under the term that portion of British India which lies to the south of the Krishna, belong in part to the Maravar, and in part to the Naik, race. Their estates are situated in the upland regions;—the courses of large and living rivers being generally occupied by the Brahmans and the high caste

A description of
the Zemindar.

Sudras, who are all of them ryotwari proprietors. It is a significant fact to be kept in mind, and a fact valuable to the ethnologist, that the Brahmans have always chosen the cool shade of the valleys, and the rich alluvial soil of the Deltas, in the course of their migration from the north to the south. They are found congregated with their high caste Sudra followers on the banks of the Godavari, the Pennayar, the Palar, the Cauvery, and the Tambarapurni. Nowhere else do we meet them,—neither in the rich cotton soil of Bellary or Tinevelly, nor in the palmyra and cocoanut regions adjoining the Bay of Bengal. These rough regions, which are exposed to constant drought, and are unsuited to the residence of an exceedingly religious, an ease-loving, and an intellectual race, have been abandoned to the hardy tribes of the Kallar, the Maravar and the Naik. Not one zemindary will be found in Southern India on the borders of any of the great rivers, and the only sources of irrigation for zemindary lands have ever been jungle streams, and wells. Yet the yield of zemindary lands has been as rich and plentiful, as even that of the rich fields of the Delta. While these latter wet lands, gradually exhausted by the unskilful agriculture of our husbandmen and landholders, have been divided into small, almost infinitesimal bits, the zemindars' estates have maintained their large extent. The constant disputes between the zemindar and the ryot, however, have been very unfavorable to the cultivation of this extensive area, and very large tracts of virgin soil, which, if brought to cultivation, may still yield the zemindar and the ryot enough to pay off at least a part of their liabilities, are left altogether waste and unprofitable.

It is not very necessary here, to consider what was the position of the zemindar previous to the establishment of the British Government, or what were his rights in the soil, or how those rights originated or were acquired. It may turn out, when we give some attention to the subject, that the pretensions of the zemindar to actual sovereignty over his people before the East Indian Company reduced him to subjection, are unfounded. The zemindars were, most probably, under Hindu or Mussulman rulers,

only head-watchmen, preservers of the public peace,—more of police than magisterial officers. How, from such a position, they could raise themselves to the station in which the Company found them, it is easy to guess. But the British Government having decided at the time of the settlement that the zemindars and poligars were the proprietors of their respective estates, it is at this moment for practical purposes bootless to pursue the previous history of zemins.

It is, however, a fact much to be regretted, that the landed nobility of Southern India has not been drawn from intelligent classes. No body can be blamed for this, neither the zemindar, nor the Government. It is a very significant fact, as indicating the unintellectual character of the zemin races, that not one zemindar has yet thought seriously of giving anything like education to his children. The two years of the *pial* school-master's teaching, which itself is much less than ordinary boys receive within the same time, is thought to consummate the education of a zemindar's heirs apparent. In addition, one or two zemindars have also thought it fit to grant a few Rupees to a university undergraduate, without meaning more than to please the Collector who recommended the expenditure. Young zemindars and old zemindars, unable to do the most ordinary mathematical calculations—those of division and multiplication—have come within the writer's notice. A more sorry spectacle can hardly be conceived than that of a nobleman worth about £10,000 a year being unable to read and write his own tongue with anything like correctness or fluency.

The attempts made to educate young zemindars, who may have had the fortune of coming under the supervision of the Court of Wards, have also failed. There must be somebody to blame for this result. The Collector and the school-master accuse the relations of the youth as solely responsible for the spoiling him, and the relations do not care to retort. The difficulties in the way of a liberal education of a zemindari youth are no doubt considerable, still we think they are by no means insurmountable; and probably the Court of Wards cannot be acquitted of all blame in the matter.

The biography of a zemindar is soon written. When once the writer asked an esteemed friend of his, where a zemindar just fresh from the school might be introduced, the friend replied that he understood the zemindars generally transferred themselves from the school to the hot-house. This, of course, is the simple truth. The young students are allowed to associate with all sorts of bad characters. The zemindar children think it beneath their dignity to go out of the palace on any account, except in procession, or for purposes of pleasure. Even during the period they are at school, or, more properly, under training, the minions of the palace, usually the illegitimate descendants of former zemindars, introduce them to objectionable places of entertainment. The vice, thus early imbibed so easily, continues through the zemindar's whole life, even to the day on which he is borne to the grave, which is oftentimes early enough; so much vice cannot be without making its effects on the body felt. To support the extravagance of such a life, the zemindar, often while a mere heir-apparent, makes the acquaintance of the Soucar or the Chetty, an acquaintance which grows up to intimacy; and what between the blood-sucker of a creditor or creditors, the frauds of agents, and his own vices, the young gentleman becomes a bankrupt in health and wealth.

The management of the zemin keeps pace with the general conduct of the zemindar. Under-paid and unscrupulous servants, many of them basely stooping to minister to their master's pleasures, and nearly all carrying on a close private correspondence with his creditors, while they lull him into the belief that they alone are interested in him, are appointed and commissioned to carry on the work of cultivation, supervision and litigation. The result need not be described; and shall we wonder, that zemin after zemin is sold in Court or Revenue action, for debts or arrears of the Government demand? The chief causes which have brought about the condition in which we find the zemindar may thus be summarised—1st, the deplorable fact that the zemindar does not belong to an intelligent race; 2ndly, the bad



example of his fore-fathers and of his neighbours ; and 3rdly, the involved condition in which he finds his possessions, when he comes of age and to the management of their property,—this last condition itself being chiefly induced by the uncertainty of the law, the results of which we have described in the previous pages.

For the first two of these causes, the zemindar has to thank himself, at least, has no right to blame any body. One would even be inclined to say on account of the first cause, the sooner zemins change owners, the better. But the third of these causes has laid the Government under obligations to the zemindar, and on this ground we contend that the Government are bound to make one grand attempt to save him. Those who have already lost their estates, have of course lost them for ever ; but for the rest, the Government are bound to interfere and set things right as much as they can.

The Government can interfere in two ways ; 1st, by legislation, and, 2ndly, by taking into their own hands the administration of zemin estates, for a time, until the same may be relieved of their liabilities. The second course can only be taken with the consent of zemindars, unless the Government legislate for that too. The Law of Land Tenures must be precisely defined, as also the Laws of succession and alienation, as applies to zemindaries. By this means alone the Nobility of Southern India, or rather the remaining families can hope to be saved. Of course, the Government can interfere only once, and if the zemindar lapse again into his former position, as we hope he will not—though it is not improbable he may—he must be left to his fate. This one effort to save him is due to him in strict justice, and if he use the opportunity offered, taking care to move along with the times, a splendid career awaits him in the future. But if the Government remain apathetic, or rich in word and idle in action, as heretofore, the doom of the southern zemindar is sealed. May God help him !

The duties of the Government.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

I

“ALAS for me! Oh sire unkind!
“How shall I move thy heart of stone?
“Had I Orpheus’ voice of fire
“Thou might’st have listen’d to my moan.

II

“Persuasion’s voice thou heedest not;
“What have I then but tears to show?
“Unapt in words, my wail receive;
“Oh father! see me suppliant bow.

III

“Take not from me the life you gave;
“’Tis sweet, Oh king! to see the light!
“Oh send me not so unprepared,
“So early, to the realms of night.

IV

“Remember, sire, I was the first
“To hail thee by a father’s name;
“That oft, with kisses on my lips,
“Thou’st prest me to repeat the claim.

V

“Dandling thy child thou oft hast said
“A worthy mate thou would’st give to me;
“I never dreamt that thou did’st mean
“That Pluto should that husband be.

VI

“What have I done to lose thy love?
“Why should my life for Helen’s pay?
“If angry gods a victim want
“Why not thy hands on Hermione lay?

VII

“The Grecian ships off Chalcis lie ;
 “The gods deny a favouring gale ;
 “Let Menelaus the victim find
 “That fain must help the chiefs to sail.

VIII

“Plead, mother, plead ! cry, brother, cry !
 “He lists not to my plaint of woe :
 “Ulysses comes to tear me hence ;
 “With that fell man let me not go.

IX

“Achilles self hath sued in vain,
 “My father holds his purpose stern ;
 “Who then shall help me in my need ?
 “To whom shall I for mercy turn ?

X

“Diana ! listen to my prayer ;
 “Before my time I’m loathe to go ;
 “My heart appalled backward shrinks
 “From horrors of the realms below.

XI

“Raise, maidens, raise the pæan aloft ;
 “The gods may grant what men deny ;
 “Hear, goddess ! for my tender years ;
 “List, virgin queen, a virgin’s cry.”

XII

The cry was heard, the virgin saved ;
 A roaming stag did her replace ;
 The Greek ships proudly onward passed—
 But of the girl they found no trace.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

I

THE priestess arose from her sleep disturb'd,
For strange was the vision she saw ;
She thought she had wander'd to Argos again,
And stood in its palace with awe.

II

And the earth beneath her shook violently,
And she ran in fear from the gate,
When the roof of the building fell inwards below,
And nothing was left of its state.

III

No, nothing was left, but one pillar alone,
That seem'd to stream with golden hair ;
When the scene was changed to the Seythian land,
And a victim awaited her there.

IV

A victim sure before the temple stands,
And yellow are the locks that flow ;
A Greek cast on that inhospitable shore :
A Greek ! Why starts the priestess so ?

V

“ Oh Greek ! thy forfeit life I'll give to thee
“ If thou wilt news of Argos say,——
“ How fares Agamemnon, Atreus' son ?
“ And how his queen, Clytemnestra gay ?”

VI

“ Cease, woman, cease ! thy bloody knife prepare :
“ I do not ask my life of thee ;
“ But put not questions which my vitals tear ;
“ Erinnyes yet remembers me !”

VII

“ What then art thou to Agamemnon ? say ;
“ My heart misgives, I fain would know :

Iphigenia in Tauris.

"Hast thou e'er heard the prince Orestes' name?"

"To me, oh Greek! some pity show."

VIII

"Why wilt thou ask what does not thee concern?"

"The king was by his own wife slain;

"That wife before Orestes' dagger fell:

"For peace Orestes seeks in vain!"

IX

"Oh horrid doom! then where's Orestes now?"

"Canst thou to him my tale relate?"

"Say, that his sister Iphigenia lives,

"By Dian rescued from her fate!"

X

"Lives she! ah where? say priestess, I beseech;

"In me the wretch Orestes see!

"Do I in thee Iphigenia find?"

"Wilt thou a sister be to me?"

XI

"Oh dearest brother! take me to thy arms,

"Let us two mix our groans and tears,

"And I from Erinnyes will rescue thee,

"Or Dian's self will chase thy fears."

XII

A greater, see, from Heaven descends, Pallas!

Before whose glance the Furies quake;

"Orestes, with Iphigenia hie away,

"And with ye Dian's image take.

XIII

"Near Heaven-built Athens build her there a shrine,

"Upon the rock called Aloë;

"Your trials then shall cease, no furies more

"In frenzied fits you e'er will see."

S.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHEWS HOW ROGUERY SUCCEEDS, AND ENCOURAGES THE ROGUE TO PROJECT MORE DARING VILLAINY. WOMAN'S JEALOUSY DISTORTS THE PRECEDING SCENE AND MAGNIFIES PROSPECTIVE DANGERS, BUT IS NOT SUPERIOR TO A PEARL NECKLACE. THE LOVER DESCENDS TO BE A FORGER.

PREO Nath continued:—"The triumph of Dwarik was almost complete. He had outwitted Mukhoda and effected the expulsion of Chunder. He had not only attempted the gratification of his passion at the expense of his rival's reputation but had also, what he most valued, won the confidence and regard of his intended victim. For Bhooboneshoree, far from suspecting his roguery, thought she was entirely indebted to his chivalrous efforts for the miraculous escape she had made. There were no bounds to her gratitude. She seemed to accept his homage, and submitted to his attentions with the best grace in the world. Nay, she felt even a sort of attachment for him, and instead of shunning, would occasionally court his company. True, she often deprecated the intensity of his homage, and upbraided him whenever his attentions exceeded the bounds of decorum, observing that she was prepared to accept both so long as they were consistent with a brother's love towards an affectionate sister. But her remonstrances were conveyed in such a kind and tender manner, that they served rather to inflame his passion and make him more and more confident of ultimate success. He thought he had made an impression on her heart, and his love had met with a reponse in her breast. That she did not make the confession in words, or even grant him the private interview

he had solicited so long, was due, he thought, to the circumstance of her being under the roof of her grandfather, which imposed some sort of restraint, and made her dread an exposure. Naturally he was not unwilling to see what time and perseverance would effect. But his suit was exposed to such risks and interruptions from the jealousy and violent temper of his wife, that he at last conceived the diabolical project of carrying off Bhooboneshoree from her grandfather's house by stratagem. He trusted to his fertile brain so to contrive the means that when the dreadful fact came to be known, suspicion would once more fall upon his rival, and not upon himself.

"To ensure this object, Dwarik thought it necessary at first to conciliate his wife. And indeed at no other time of their conjugal life, was there a greater danger of an open rupture. When Kadumbinee became aware of her husband's adventure in Chunder's private room, her rage knew no bounds. She characterized the whole of the proceedings as extremely absurd, and called all persons who had participated in it a set of egregious fools. The conduct of Bhooboneshoree and Dwarik appeared to her especially deserving of censure. She had never, she said, heard of such behaviour in her life. She well knew from the first, that no evil could arise out of Kusam's misunderstanding with her husband. It was simply a lovers' quarrel, to commence in tears and to end in joy. She admired the magnanimous conduct of Chunder, worthy of a young man of chivalrous spirit. Finding his wife intractable, he had taken his sword into her chamber that he might hold out threats of committing suicide unless she broke her vow. Such examples were eminently worthy of imitation. What Mukhoda said she had heard from her hiding place, were the pure inventions of a fevered imagination. No man in real life was ever known to indulge in a soliloquy,—to utter his private thoughts to himself—though poets and novelists might, for their own purposes, represent people as doing so. But even if Chunder did utter any thing,

nothing else. Mukhoda was a fool to ask Bhooboneshoree to go into Chunder's private room; Bhooboneshoree was the greater fool to comply with such a request; and her husband.... Here she struck her head with both hands, and cried as if she had just become a widow. Whenever she detected her husband in a *tete a tete* with Bhooboneshoree, she said she had heard them consulting how to run away from the house. If they laughed, she said they looked upon their plan as about to be accomplished. If they looked grave, she said they were talking of the obstacles that lay in their way. She would dog their steps night and day, and lie concealed in their neighbourhood to hear or see what they said or did. Indeed, she would never let them alone, but whether they would meet or not meet speak, or not speak, she would represent them as plotting their flight from the house.

"All this was extremely disagreeable to Bhooboneshoree, and no less so to Dwarik. The latter had, however, anticipated such contingencies, and was quite prepared for any obstacles to which his daring project was liable. To silence his wife and, at the same time, to allay her jealousy, he presented her with the splendid necklace without waiting for the private interview which he had hoped to exact by means of it from Bhooboneshoree. Thanks to his wits, he shortly expected to have as many private interviews with her as he could possibly desire. Why should he then delay the presentation of the necklace when such presentation would conciliate his wife, and enable him to mature his plans against its fair donor, without the risk of failure or exposure.

"For the successful accomplishment of his daring project, it was, however, necessary to embark in it with the utmost expedition, or before the love which his present had awakened in his wife's breast had time to cool, and give place to fresh jealousies and suspicions. For this purpose he intercepted Merno's letter to her father, asking his permission to take Bhooboneshoree home on the 13th Agran—a day to which he could take no exception, it being considered the most propitious in the month; and substituted in its place a forged note, in which after

accusing him of falsehood and subterfuges, she was made to announce to him her determination to storm his castle and free her daughter by the might of her puissant arm. While Dwarik sent this communication by a special messenger, he bribed the bearer who had brought Merno's note to carry back a missive to the effect that Bhooboneshoree would positively start for her father's house on the 20th. As Merno and her father never wrote letters with their own hand, Dwarik well knew that his forgery would escape undetected.

While these letters were on their way, we will observe the effect that Dwarik's present produced on his wife.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSION ABOUT THE NATURE, ORIGIN AND ULTIMATE CAUSE OF FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

"THE rich present," continued Preo Nath, "served to heighten Kadumbinee's regard for her husband and expiate many of his crimes. Throwing the ornament round her pretty neck, and carefully spreading it over her magnificent bust, she sat the Queen of Beauty among her sisters and cousins, who looked at her with envy and admiration.

" 'She must have performed many austerities in a previous birth,' said Shosheemukhee, 'to obtain such a husband in this. His liberality is only equalled by his beauty. If he were required to invest the whole of his fortune in jewellery, he would do it to please his wife. Indeed, what is the use of a husband if we are to go without these adornments while he is alive. In making jewellery he does not spend, but saves money. My maternal grandfather who was very fond of his wife, gave her twenty seers in gold and silver to wear. She could hardly walk on account of their weight. She had to bore three holes in her nose and eight in her ear. Her nose-ring was so heavy that it gradually widened the hole from which it hung, and one day, while she was quarrell-

ing with a neighbour and shaking it to give weight to her words, it dropped the ground, cutting its way clean through the flesh. A second hole was excavated higher up. My grandfather wanted to make the ring less heavy. But my grandmother could not bear the idea of separating the precious stones which greatly added to its weight. It would, she said, be depriving the ornament of its soul. The ornament at last cut its way through the second hole also. As the breath from a ringless nose is injurious to the husband, she was obliged to wear it on the other nose. Her speech could not afterwards be distinctly understood owing to the nasal sound of her voice. Her ears had scarcely a place which was not bored, the fashion of wearing an artificial gold ear not being then in vogue. The lady who first invented the gold ear, deserves immortality.'

" 'It was invented,' said Mukhoda, 'by the wife of a *Sonàrbania*—a class to which we are indebted for many other useful pieces of ornament. The mode of wearing them is now however quite changed. We, the degenerate descendants of a noble race, use silver and gold and gems only in name. We scarcely *feel* that we wear any on our persons. My maternal aunt's anklets weighed three seers. Her wristlet was composed of two seers of *genuine* gold, not the worthless mixture which now goes under that name. It is said that once she was serving food to her father-in-law, and as she was going away, the massive gold chain with keys, which hung from her waist down to her knees, waved in the air, and striking the old man on the head, felled him senseless on the floor where he had been sitting.'

" 'That reminds me of my mother-in-law,' said Chitra. 'She used to wear bracelets, the weight of which I do not exactly know. But as she was the wife of the richest man in the village, she must have had the heaviest. During the unconsciousness of sleep, the ornament struck against the head of her child, two months old, and the poor thing died the next day.'

" 'Such accidents,' said Shookhoda, 'cannot be guarded against. Why, it was only the other day, our youngest

aunt's wristlet drew blood from our uncle's head. He insisted on selling it, and applying the proceeds to defray the cost of a suit, he was then carrying on with another zemindar.'

"A look of horror and detestation at the uncle's brutality was expressed in every countenance.

"That is the reason," said Monomohinee 'why aunt leaves all ornaments aside when going to bed. There are men with peculiar tastes who find fault with personal jewellery. Any accident that occurs is trumpeted to the world, and poor women are abused as being unnecessarily fond of trinkets. I heard my sister-in-law say that her mother, who was a capital swimmer, was drowned in the river. While she was struggling, to keep herself above the water, two or three ladies hastened to her aid, but before they could arrive, she sank never to rise again. All the males united in ascribing the accident to the weight of the silver and gold on her with which she had gone to bathe, and which, they said, made her sink so fast. They even pretended to have heard her curse her fineries as drawing her downwards. But the ladies who were present, unanimously declared that she complained of her own weight,—though she looked rather lean.'

"Chitra, who was married in the vicinity of Calcutta, said 'Cousins ! you scarcely see any jewellery in this part of the world. In Calcutta and its neighbourhood, the ladies are adorned like *Apsáris*. Even the most ugly look beautiful from the profusion of their decorations. A man, who has annual income of three hundred Rupees, presents his wife with ornaments worth at least two hundred a year. No matter whether he can maintain himself or not with the remaining hundred. He must manage any how,—starving himself and children if he likes. All the ornaments above the feet must be of gold. No matter, whether or not he can educate his children, support his parents, celebrate his father's *Shrádh*, get no more than one meal a day, or has a decent hut to shelter him ; he must supply his wife with enough jewellery,—mind, all gold jewellery, with the exception of those on the feet.'

“Mukhoda heaved a sigh and said, ‘that is a happy country, where the worth of women is understood. In our previous birth, we must have committed many sins to be born in these parts. But, cousin! how do the Calcutta women enforce their right?’

“‘Why,’ replied Chitra, ‘it has become a fashion, you know. If the husband is unable to supply his wife with all the requisite paraphernalia, the latter would not show herself at the banquets and parties of ladies, and the man would thereby lose his position in society. So the poorest families must have each one full set at least of these personal decorations to enable one of the women in the house to attend the invitations of neighbours. The jewellery they wear is always of the most select. They have six and sometimes eight pieces of anklets, which, when walking, make an exquisite sound. Then their nose-ring reaches below the chin, so as to allow food to be thrust into the mouth without the fingers touching the ring. When they speak, they wave the nose-ring in a beautiful fashion. They wear their robes exquisitely fine that the whole body and the ornaments—which are of course worn next to the skin, under the dress—are seen through it. When they come out bathing, you can hardly make out whether they have any dress on their persons. The young ladies have nothing to do whatever, but to dress themselves and bind the hair the whole day through. They are not even allowed to enter the cook-house for fear of their colour being spoiled.’

“‘But cousin,’ asked Shosheemukhee, ‘who cooks for them? Of course they must eat to live.’

“‘In all rich families,’ replied Chitra, ‘there are Brahmin cooks employed. But in others, the widows and old women must cook and perform all other servile occupations.’

“All the young ladies heaved a profound sigh that their lot was not cast in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. But their third aunt, who heard the preceding speech, exclaimed that the sooner Calcutta and its neighbourhood were sunk in the bosom of the sea, the better it would be.

“The young ladies did not mind this interruption, and Shosheemukhee said—‘It is education that has improved the tone of Calcutta society. They have understood the value of women and the value of female ornaments. The rest of the country is immersed in total darkness.’

“The ladies now proceeded to examine Kadumbinee’s necklace. They praised the pearls, praised the stones, praised the pendants, praised the maker. Kadumbinee informed them how Hemunto had moved heaven and earth to obtain the necklace; how a young man had observed that her breast was not fitted for the display of so splendid an ornament, and how all had joined in recommending it as proper for herself. Radhica who knew the whole secret, left the place as she had sworn not to give it out. Chitra observed that the pearls were as large as those on Bhooboneshoree’s necklace. At this Kadumbinee flared up, and said that Chitra must have lost her eyes, as there could be no comparison between the two. Bhooboneshoree, who just arrived at the place, followed by Radhica whom she had met in the passage was asked by all to produce her necklace. She excused herself, and casting a glance at Kadumbinee’s necklace, said that it was as superior to her own as she was herself inferior to Kadumbinee in every grace. Kadumbinee appeared pleased, and invited her to come near to examine the ornament. She approached accordingly, and after intently gazing at it for a minute, kissed the two largest pearls that hung near her cousin’s heart. Radhica who was examining her face all the time, went away to hide a tear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHOWS HOW THE OLD GENTLEMAN CAN FIGHT WITH HIS FOE, AND HOW HIS WEAPONS INSTEAD OF INFLECTING AN INJURY, GET THEMSELVES INJURED. SHOWS ALSO HOW THE FORGED LETTER TURNS OTHER HEADS THAN HIS, AND HOW A DAUGHTER’S VISIT IS VIEWED BY THE INMATES OF HER FATHER’S HOUSE.—GENERAL REFLECTIONS ABOUT THE CONDITION OF HINDU WOMEN.

“THE day after the incidents mentioned in the preceding chapter, the old man was thunderstruck to learn,

from the forged letter already alluded to, that his own daughter was about to storm his castle. His rage knew no bounds. Seized with a sudden fit of frenzy, he thought he saw her in front advancing to take away Bhooboneshoree. He, therefore, hurled his thunderbolts at the head of the imaginary foe.

“ ‘You accursed witch!’ cried he, ‘this will smash your head!’—and at the same instant a heavy Lota from his hand was seen flying towards the wall. It struck against the door, and fell fractured to the ground. Bhooboneshoree, who was deeply engaged in sewing a night-cap for the old man, started in astonishment and cast her eyes in every direction to ascertain against whom his anger was directed. But he caught hold of one of her hands, and sent his Hooka whizzing in the air, saying ‘you bleed, but this shaft will pierce your heart!’ The Hooka was of course broken into a thousand fragments. Bhooboneshoree was so much frightened that for a moment she lost her power of speech. She thought her grandfather had gone mad. She tried to rise that she might call for help, but he caught her hand more tightly, as if he was afraid that his antagonist, though bleeding from the head, and heart-pierced by his thunderbolts, was still capable of bearing away the prize for which they fought. Before she could open her lips, the Hooka-stand was hurled at the head of the imaginary foe. Bhooboneshoree gazed confounded at his maniac looks fixed on the impalpable air, his whole frame quivering with ungovernable passion, and his left hand grasping her arm with a strength which it was never known to display. Having now no doubt that he had suddenly lost his reason, she burst into tears.

“ In an instant the old man’s passion disappeared and reason recovered its sway. Stroking her head and back very affectionately, he bewailed his hard fate, in having hurt a lovely rose which should be touched with the tenderest care; for he was evidently under the impression that in his maniacal fury, he had inflicted some injury upon her soft and tender limbs. It was some minutes before she could find language to assure

him that she was not at all hurt. She only wished to know what had in a moment ruffled his temper, although there was apparently no external cause for it.

“‘Oh it was nothing, you need not hear it, my child!’ said he, while he cast suspicious looks upon the obnoxious letter lying at his feet. Bhooboneshoree snatched up the letter. It was written in a large hand, as if with special regard to his old eyes. As she read he attentively watched her face. She understood the old man’s emotions, and was extremely touched at his affection for her. But she did not quite understand the meaning of his seeming combat and the exclamations he made use of during its progress. As, however, her doubts regarding the loss of his reason were now dispelled, and she was overjoyed at the news of her mother’s unexpected journey, she forgot to insist upon a full and satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

“‘Unable to contain her joy, she said ‘Grandfather ! how happy we shall be. I shall behold my beloved mother at the feet of her revered father,—a sight which I have not witnessed since the days of my infancy. How delightful it will be to behold such a sight!’—and her eyes filled with tears.

“‘Yes, yes,’ said the old man, ‘no doubt it will be a very happy day. But it will be much better if she stays where she is, considering the confusion her absence will create. Your step-mother, you know, will avail of this opportunity to alienate your father’s affections from her.

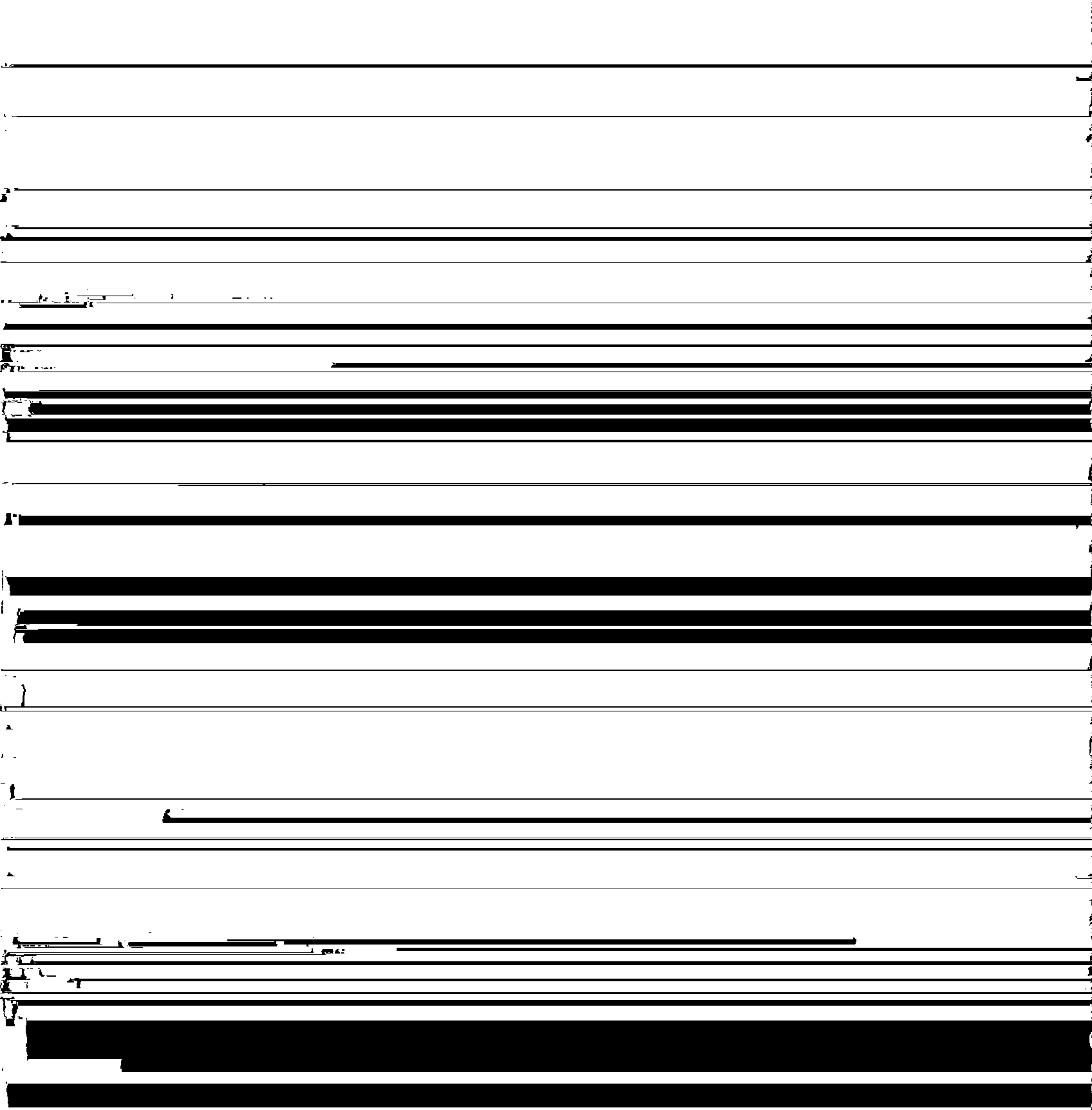
“Bhooboneshoree thought her father’s affections had long since been alienated from her mother. Suspecting that the latter’s disrespectful letter had something to do with the old man’s unwillingness to receive a visit from his daughter, she said :—‘The happiness of an interview at your house, grandfather, will be so great that we should overlook all other considerations. . You have not seen my beloved mother and myself together since my infancy. Besides, she must be very anxious to behold your dear old face, and to receive your foot on her head, as she wrote sometime ago.’

“Here Bhooboneshoree alluded to the letter composed by herself which she had made her mother send in her own name. The old man finding no means of avoiding an encounter with his daughter, thought it proper to change his tactics.

“‘O ! I know, she is a very dutiful daughter. I love her more than my own life. I am not sure whether seeing her after so long a separation, I shall be able to part with her so soon. As a dutiful child, she can not of course leave me as long as I wish her to stay.

“Bhooboneshoree doubted whether her mother’s jealousy of her step-mother, would allow her to comply with the old man’s wishes. She did not however give expression to her doubts, but suddenly asked her grandfather’s permission to retire, inventing several excuses for the purpose. He was not however unwilling to part, having some plan to mature for the discomfiture of his daughter.

“The reason why Bhooboneshoree was so anxious to retire very early that morning, was to spread the joyful tidings of her mother’s expected arrival. She flew from room to room, and poured the news to every ear, not excepting the children and maid-servants whom she met in her progress. The children and servants to whom she was a mother, were almost in ecstasies at the news. So was Radhica. Some of the other young ladies, as well as her two eldest aunts also sympathised with her. If they were not all eager to see her mother, they were glad for her sake,—for the happiness which she expected from the interview. But the rest, both young and old, regarded the promised visit rather as a curse than a blessing. As soon as Bhooboneshoree’s back was turned, they wondered why her mother should come at all. . She was coming, they said, to carry away every thing from her father’s to her husband’s house, her ostensible object to take back her daughter being a pretext. She had already robbed her father of everything valuable, and her last swoop, they said, would hardly leave them rags to cover their naked bodies. Some even proceeded to take the household furnitures in their chests from fear of her greedy eyes falling upon them.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HINDU'S ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF EARLY MARRIAGE.—PREPARATIONS MADE IN A RICH HINDU'S HOUSE ON THE OCCASION OF A MARRIAGE.—SHEWS HOW WOMEN ENFORCE THEIR RIGHTS.—A SECOND ARCHIMEDES EXPERIMENTS ON GOLD AND DISCOVERS PROPERTIES IN THE METAL WITH REFERENCE TO THE HUMAN BODY.—SHEWS HOW WOMEN MANAGE TO ENRICH GOLDSMITHS AT THEIR HUSBANDS' EXPENSE, AND HOW GOLDSMITHS REPAY THE OBLIGATION BY MAKING ORNAMENTS MORE DURABLE.—A GOLDSMITH'S DILEMMA.

“WHEN Bhooboneshoree was spreading the joyful tidings of her mother's expected arrival which excited such different feelings in different hearts, her grandfather was no less busy in communicating the news of the approaching marriage of his great-grand-child, Jógendro Mohinee, the daughter of Mukhoda, a girl of 6 years of age. The nuptial was to come off on the 20th of the month, but as yet the bridegroom had not been selected. This sudden and unexpected piece of intelligence excited considerable surprise among the young and old. They did not know that the octogenarian had hit upon this plan in order to accomplish the discomfiture of his daughter Merno. When asked what had made him come to so sudden a resolution, he said :—

“‘Don't you see I am a very old man, and cannot expect to survive long. I am naturally anxious to witness the marriage of my great-grand-child before I die. Besides Jogen has arrived at her marriageable age, for she will come to her seventh year in Aghran. What will people say when they learn that so rich a family like ours keep daughters unmarried up to the age of seven. The Shastras attach great merit to marriages at an early age, just as they consider penance necessary for marriages after the age of puberty.’

“The arguments appeared unexceptionable to his auditors. But it was pointed out to him that there was not sufficient time to obtain a desirable bridegroom and to make the necessary preparations for the marriage.

“‘What cannot money,’ said he, ‘do during the reign of the East India Company? If there be no great difficulty in getting a horse or an elephant, there can be none

in obtaining a good bridegroom. You know Ravana's dying injunction that effect should be given to good thoughts without loss of time, but bad thoughts should always be delayed in their execution. I must therefore have Jogen's marriage on the 29th of this month, such an event in Pous being out of the question. Who knows whether I shall survive another month ?

"Thus the old man silenced all the objections, either by wise precepts or by quotations from the Shastras. He then despatched *Ghotocks* or match-makers in all directions in quest of a desirable bridegroom, and at the same time made preparations for solemnising the nuptial on a grand scale.

"There is a Bengali saying that a hundred thousand words are necessary to conclude a marriage negotiation. But Jogen's great-grand-father accomplished impossibilities by the might of gold. For in three days, news was brought that a proper bridegroom had been found, even two thousand words not being required to settle all the preliminaries of the marriage ; for his parents had, in consideration of two thousand rupees, given their ready acquiescence in everything which the rich old man dictated.

"The whole house now resembled a bee-hive. Every one was busy with something or other, and all was bustle and animation. The women worked day and night in order to get things ready for reception of the party expected to accompany the bridegroom. The servants were continually moving to and fro, intent on availing of such an auspicious opportunity to enrich themselves at the expense of their master, rather than to increase his store with the fruits of their labor. The court-yards were cleared of grass ; the walls were white-washed ; the glass shades, and chandeliers were exposed to view ; and no cost was spared to lend to the house a grand and imposing appearance. The uncle's voice became hoarse with directing the servants in their duty ; the old man being tired of abusing his old ancestors and descendants over and over, refreshed himself with tracing the accursed genealogy of the new family which were soon to be united to

his own ; the aunts were weary with sitting at debates and consultations regarding the forms and ceremonies to be observed at the marriage ; the young ladies were busy painting seats for the bridegroom, and devising practical jokes at his expense ; the little boys and girls were engaged in manufacturing instruments of torture for the culprit who was coming to take Jogen away. Sham proposed that at least three elephants and twenty horses should be sent to escort the bridegroom's party from a distance of 4 miles from the house. Dinoo would not be satisfied unless two Delhi songstresses and six Calcutta dancing girls were engaged for the occasion. Issur said he would hardly be able to shew his face in court unless all the Amlahs, Pleaders, and Mooktears at the Sudder Station as well as at Sub-Divisions were invited, and each presented with a Shawl. The old women were of opinion that each family in the village be presented with a silver cup and a brass jar, together with a fair allowance of sweetmeats and other eatables. The little boys and girls were anxious for a grand display of fireworks, such as had never been witnessed in the village. The family priest declared it absolutely necessary, having regard to the dignity of the family and to what a rival zemindar had lately done on a similar occasion, to send letters of invitation to all learned Pandits as far up as Benares, and pay them presents varying from Rs. 20 to 100 each, exclusive of *bona fide* travelling expenses. The *Ghataks* recounted the family history of the great *Koolin* houses in Bengal, and demanded that the representative of each should be invited to be present at the nuptials and handsomely paid for the honor they would thus do them. The old man satisfied every one of these parties, and was as impartial in his abuse as in the distribution of his favors.

“ People of every profession and calling in the village derived some advantage or other from the approaching marriage. But it was the goldsmiths that were the greatest gainers. They had scarcely a moment to spare but labored day and night in working for the ladies. For all the women became mad after jewellery. Shamasoondry insisted on having a ear-ring in the

newest fashion in order to enable her to honor the marriage. Chatura declined to sleep in her own room unless a massive chain of twelve wreaths graced her waist. Shoshee Mukhee threatened to starve herself till eight silver anklets in the Calcutta fashion adorned her pretty feet. Chitra's husband coming to see her after a year, was surprised to find that, though lying in his bed, she would not open her lips. Not knowing the offence he had given, he kissed those lips to see if they would enlighten him on the point.—but they remained as closed as ever. He next pressed the feet to try if that would open the mouth; but he was as unsuccessful as before. He then caught hold of the ankle, and asked if any ornament there would buy his forgiveness; but there was no answer. Gradually he rose to the waist, and wished to propitiate it with a chain; but still the lips remained closed. The persevering husband successively tried at the different parts of her arm, gliding his hand from her fingers to the shoulder joint, but could derive no light whatever. But when he experimented on the neck, there was a sigh. This increased in intensity as he proceeded to accost the nose. When his hand came in contact with her ear, the lips opened and said 'go away,—don't you annoy me in that way.'

"Now I have found it, I have found it," said the philosopher, and like his brother of Syracuse, was about to rush out into the streets naked in the excess of his joy; but the subject on which he experimented damped his ardour by adding 'I want none of your ear-rings. Let me sleep quietly, and you may go about your business.'

"My soul!" exclaimed the enraptured husband on the eve of a great discovery, 'let me not burst in ignorance! You want some ornament of the ear,—there is no doubt about it. You see the night is waning, the moon is returning to her rest, the *Kokila* is announcing the approach of day, but I, your Chátaka, remain thirsty through the live-long night.'

"I do not," replied the offended beauty, 'want any ornament for the ear, I say. But why should you not

allow me sleep. Indeed, I am very sleepy, not to say I have already so many ornaments for the ear'—and she tried to compose herself to sleep.

“‘If you do not require any ornament for the ear,’ said the husband, elated with his success, ‘you probably want a gold chain with pearls to encircle your head. Now, tell me, is it not so?’

“Chitra laughed as if she felt ticklish, and said ‘such vexation I have never experienced in my life. If nothing else will rid me of this annoyance the whole night through,—when I especially feel so sleepy,—I will accept the ornament you name. So come and let us sleep.’

“She then kissed his lips, saying ‘I cannot stop your mouth else.’ But instead of sleeping, the couple passed the remainder of the night discussing the description of the ornament and expressing their ardent love for each other, which seemed to increase with the length and weight of the chain.

“This thirst for ornaments was not confined to the ladies of the house, but extended to the whole village. Hemumboree thrice demolished some of her valuable ornaments for the pleasure of having them made anew. As often as they were recast, the goldsmith, actuated by the best of motives and with a praiseworthy love for self, substituted large quantities of silver or copper in place of gold, with a view no doubt, of making the ornaments more durable. But at the third time he hardly knew what to do: for if he put any more alloy, he could not preserve the colour of gold; and if he were not to mix any, it would be committing a sin against his trade. How he got rid of the dilemma at last is not known.

“Other rich ladies had no less kindness for the smiths. Some found fault with their ornaments for not being according to the newest fashion. If their husbands demurred to get them mended, they broke the ornaments, as if by accident, and cried till they obtained fresh ones to their liking. The usual complaint was, that the ornaments were too light to be felt. But as they in-

creased in bulk, they lost in quantity, owing to the commendable desire of the smiths to make them more durable. This desire was so violent that although the poor husband, at the command of his wife, sat the whole day and watched the progress of the ornament, yet the smith, by some magic process, subtracted the genuine gold and slipped some alloy into it. So the wife gained nothing, while the additional gold and the wages for workmanship were clear loss to the husband. If any smith succeeded in introducing any improvement in an ornament the news flew like lightning, and the village-women broke their trinkets in order to have them made according to his pattern. On a sudden, he became an universal favorite, and all the women were almost mad to see him as if he was the greatest genius of the age. For these ladies who are so shy in showing their faces to gentlemen like ourselves, are always accessible to smiths. But you know these things, Doctor, so well by personal experience, that it is unnecessary for me to dilate on the subject."

PANDIT JIBANANDA'S PUBLICATIONS.

"In Europe it is not easy to find a publisher for any extensive Sanskrit texts, and therefore it is creditable to Calcutta to hear that Pandit Jibánanda Vidyáságara, B.A., of the Calcutta University and son of the well-known Pandit Táránátha Tarkaváchaspati, has just issued a list of seventy-three Sanskrit publications, large and small, issuing from his press alone."—London Correspondent of the *Bengallee*.—February 14, 1874.

PANDIT Táránátha is a man whose abilities we acknowledge, and whose erudition we honor. Pandit Jibánanda is one for whom we cherish no individual ill-feeling. It is on public grounds alone that we have thought it advisable to gauge the merits of the multitudinous publications which are under-bidding the Sanskrit publishers of Europe to such an extent that an authority like Max-Müller is led to make the remark that in a few years it will be simply impossible to print any Sanskrit texts at Europe in the Devanagari character. The question to which we address ourselves to-day is whether the quality of these publications bears any fair proportion to the quantity which is so striking to the imagination. Three-score ten and-three! A goodly number for a single printer and publisher. But unfortunately Pandit Jibánanda owns no press, and before we close this paper we shall have reason to qualify the greater part of the praise which the London Correspondent of the *Bengallee* is so lavish in bestowing.

Pandit Jibánanda, it must be admitted, makes the most of his father, his University-degree, and his *alma mater*. Indeed the fact of his being a B. A. put forth in abbreviations (without reference to any institution for education or examination) in the Sanskrit title-pages and in the body of his works wherever opportunity has offered, must have a bewildering effect on indigenous Pandits, yet undefiled by contact with the languages of *Yavanas* or acquaintance with *mlechha* ways. They understand the

word "Vidyāsāgara" to mean *Ocean of Learning*, and they know it to be a high academic title much prized because formerly very sparingly and judiciously bestowed, but now one indiscriminately held, sometimes indeed received from the heads of recognized Sanskrit academies or accepted leaders of society, but oftener given away by irresponsible men in the way of favoritism, and not unfrequently simply self-assumed by impudence. But what are they to make out of the gibberish in Sanskrit of the "B.A.-titled Jibananda Vidyasagar"? They must naturally ask themselves whether Jibananda Vidyasagar by itself or Jibananda Vidyāsāgara with the addition of the mysterious symbol (for it is not a Sanskrit, or Prakrit or Pali word) "B. A." would be the superior being? Whether the symbol qualifies Vidyasagara for the better or the worse? For any satisfactory answer they will ask in vain. For their comprehension our publisher might as well have called himself Mumbo Jumbo. They could not make sure whether "Vidyasagara with the title of B. A." has any connection with what they ordinarily comprehend by the word "Vidyasagar" without cabalistic addition; whether, that is the addition does not for them vitiate the meaning and force of the indogenous academic title Vidyasagara. Jibananda, to repeat, makes the most of his surroundings. The name of Professor Tarkavachaspati is put at the head of a list of publications about half of which bear on their title-pages the name of Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B. A., whose address is given thus — "To be had from Pandit Jibananda, Vidyasagara B. A., Govt. Sanskrit College, Calcutta." Now the fact of the matter is that Vidyasagar, B. A., is not principal, professor, student, clerk, duffry or durwan of that institution. The only foundation on which his claim rests is the fact that he was some years ago a not very shining lad in that College.

Turning to the list of works and publications printed on the cover of Professor Tarkavachaspati's Lexicon, Part III, we see that of the number seventy-three, the magical properties of which had entranced the Correspondent, full thirty-six are expressly mentioned as "by"

or "edited by" Professor Taranatha Tarkavachaspati. Their names are as follows :—

Ashubodham Vyākaranam, Dhāturupādārsha, Śabda-stoma Mahānīhi, Siddhānta Kaumudī, Siddhānta vindusāra Tūlādānādīpaddhati, Gayāśhrāddhādīpaddhati, Śabdārtharatna, Vākyamanjari, Vṛttaratnākara and Chhandomanjari, Venisamhāra, Mudrārākshasa, Ratnāvalī, Mālavikāgnimitra, Dhananjaya Vijaya, Sāṅkhyatattva Kaumudī, Vaiśākaraṇa Bhūṣana Sāra, Lilāvātī, Vijaganita, Śiṣhupālabadha, Kīrātārjunīya, Kumāra Sambhava, Purva Khanda, Ditto, Uṭṭera Khanda, Panini's Sūtras, Vachaspatya, Kādambarī, Rājaprasasti, Sarvadarśapasaṅgraha, Bhāminivilāsa, Hitopadeśa, Bhāṣāpariccheda and Siddhānta Muktvāṇī, Bahuvivāhabāda, Dashakumāracharita, Paribhāshendusekhara, Kavikalpadruma, Līnganushāṣhanā, and Gāyatrī. On the merits of these works and publications we may devote a paper on some future occasion, but so far it is certain that Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B.A., Government Sanskrit College, son of the well-known Pandit Taranatha Tarkavachaspati, can build no claim to fame or admiration on grounds like these.

The last six books of the list of seventy-three "works, and publications" have no name attached to them, viz., *Purnaprajnadārshanam Chन्द्रasākhara chimpu kāvyam, Sāmavedasya Mantra brāhmanam, Aranya Samhitā, Viddhasatbhāṣikā and Kārandabyūha.* Nevertheless as the list is headed "the following is the list of Professor Tarkavachaspati's works and publications," they might easily pass off as that scholar's publications, his only connection with them being that the wholesale and retail dealer in books,* his son has purchased them wholesale from P. Satyavrata Samasrami. These six works have been and were being published in the *Pratnakamranandini*, a monthly journal devoted to Sanskrit literature. As the publication was not a financial success, the editor Satyavrata Samasrami disposed of at a reduced price, these six works which appeared in his Magazine.

* We are not quite certain whether he pays his trade license.

and of which he had struck off several hundred copies each for future sale. The poor editor made the reservation, well knowing his man, that the intellectual proprietorship should still remain his. How sacredly the promise has been kept is patent from the laudations which Vidyasagar, B. A., is receiving on all sides for his "seventy-three" publications which include these last six works.

Jibananda's claim must therefore be limited to seventy-three minus forty-two or to thirty-one works only. Of these the greatest ~~part~~ are shameless unacknowledged bare reprints of previous editions. Cheapness seems to be the only aim in all, at the sacrifice of taste, appearance and correctness. The "editorial" task is the most mechanical in the world being often a slavish comparison of the proof-sheets with the original edition. The drudgery is as often performed by the printers as the "editor" himself. With the means at his command Pandit Jibananda might have exercised an immense influence for good on the study of Sanskrit literature. Had he sought the assistance of men well qualified for the task, had he thought more of restoring the corrupt texts of many of our current Sanskrit books, by an industrious collation of manuscripts from different parts of India, had he made the task more a labor of love than a financial speculation to be bolstered up by the worst tricks of advertisements, he would have undoubtedly earned for himself the gratitude of all future laborers in the same field. As it is, he has perpetuated and disseminated the more widely, vital errors, driving out at the same time more correct, and therefore comparatively dearer editions from the field.

The *Anumānachintamani* by Gangeshopādhyāya with the commentary of Raghunāth Siromani, entitled the *Anumānadīdhiti*, being the text and commentary of the chapter on Anumāna or inference in the *Tatvachintāmani*, as "edited" by Pandit Jibānanda Vidyāsagar, B. A., is a mere reprint of the edition published by Madanamohana Tarkālankara, twenty-five years ago, under the patronage of Babu Russomcy Dutt, Secretary to the Government

Sanskrit College, Calcutta. Our editor has either not the ability or the leisure to arrange text and commentary on the same page, but prints both separately as is the case with Madanamohan's edition. In the plenitude of his wise economy, Jibánanda never wastes paper on a preface, and the novice, on coming up with any of his numerous reprints, will readily imagine that he is the person who first edited it from MSS. We are credibly informed that in the records of the Government Sanscrit College Library, a copy of this very edition of Madanamohan is written off as "spoiled" by the great publisher of Sanscrit Texts. There is a misprint in the first edition, p. 12, line 17, which is repeated in page 17, line 9, of the faithful reprint.

The Unnádi Sūtras, with the commentary of Ujjvaladatta, have been beautifully edited by Dr. Aufrecht, with a valuable index. A copy of this work belonging to the library of the Sanscrit College was taken out by Pandit Jibánanda and returned, we are informed, "spoiled." He was called upon to replace it, by the College authorities but has not as yet done so. As might be expected his so-called edition is an unacknowledged reprint of Dr. Aufrecht *minus* the most valuable index.

The *Medinikosha*, a dictionary of homonymous words, was edited by the Calcutta Pandits about 1807, under the orders and patronage of Colebrooke. It was subsequently carefully re-edited by Somnāth Makhopādhyāya in 1869. The literary merit of Jibánanda's reprint is therefore an inappreciable quantity. Babu Somnāth, when conscientiously editing the *Medinikosha*, consulted four manuscripts and the previously printed copy, and has noticed the different readings which he found, giving also occasionally the meaning of difficult words occurring in the text. Pandit Jibánanda gives his edition to the world three years after, a mere reprint of Somnath's text *minus* the preface, the various readings and the commentary. The misprints of Somnāth's text pointed out in the *errata* seem to have been corrected in the later reprint, though it has its own typographical mistakes which Pandit Jibananda does not think worthy of being pointed out in a list of *corrigenda*.

We must take leave here to point out an error into which Jibānanda's betters had fallen. When he tells us in his Sanskrit title-page of the *Medini* by *Medinikāra*,* he talks nonsense. We may speak of the *Medini-kosha* as we do of the *Amera-kosha*, after its author, but that does not change the true name of the book. The name of the book is *Nanārtha sabda-kosha*, as the author tells us himself in the third sloka of his work.

यूष्माचार्यकृतोर्वीक्ष्य शब्दशास्त्रं निरूप्य च ।

नानार्थशब्दकोषोऽयं लिङ्गशब्देन कथ्यते ॥

The name of the author is not मेदिनीकार but मेदिनीकर the particle कर being the Vaidya patronymic. In the sixth sloka of the poetical preface to his work the author declares—

मेदिनीकरेण कोषो प्राणकरस्तु नारचितः ।

The *Panchatantra* has been edited in Germany by Kosegarten so far back as 1847, and again at Poonah in Samvat 1925, with foot-notes and various readings.

The Pandit's edition of this work has cost him no literary labor and can in consequence bring him no literary fame. He has not added positively a single iota to our knowledge of the contents of the book or its author, nor has he elucidated the meaning of a single allusion or difficult passage. To collate MSS. when he has printed materials conveniently at hand is an extravagance to which he never commits himself.

The *Vidvanmodatarangini* existed in a printed form before 1861, being referred to by the Rev. K. M. Bannerjee in his *Dialogues on Hindu Philosophy*. This edition was, the reverend author tells us, "very imperfect and inaccurate." The book was printed subsequently by Satyavrata Sāmasrami in the *Pratnakamranandini*; it is this edition which Jibānanda has pirated.

The *Mādhavachāmpu*, like the preceding work, was pub-

* मेदिनी । श्रीमन्ने दिनीकार प्रणीता वि, ए उपाधिधारिणा श्रीजीवानन्द-
व्याविसागर भट्टाचार्येण संस्कृतः ।

lished first in the *Pratnakamranandini*, whence Jibánanda has reprinted it without any acknowledgment.

The fate of these two publications no doubt induced poor Satyavrata to dispose of, at a nominal price, the other six publications, conduct about which we have already dragged to light.

The text of the *Ritusamhára*, a poem on the seasons by Kalidasa, was published by Sir William Jones in 1792 from a comparison of four MSS. ; “where they differed, the clearest and most natural reading has constantly had the preference.” It was again printed in Leipsic thirty-four years ago by Bohlen who collated the MSS. in the libraries of London and Paris. The poem was included in Dr. Hæberlin’s *Anthology* or *Kavyasangraha*, published in 1847. There have been, besides, several editions in the Bengali character. The edition of *Ritusamhara* by Jibánanda Vidyasagar, B. A., has some novel traits wanting in his other publications. He tells us in the title-page that he has edited it “with a commentary of his own.” For once in his life he has committed the extravagance of wasting paper on a preface, blinded no doubt by affection for his new-born offspring. But alas for human hopes! Grave are the doubts which we have been led to entertain about the legitimacy of his mental progeny, from a comparison with Manirám Sharmá’s commentary of the same work styled the *Chandriká*. This commentary was edited by Pandit Damaru Vallabha Pantha, and published by Baboo Bhuvan Chandra Basáka in 1869. Pandita Jibananda alludes to this edition in the preface to the commentary “of his own.” The most casual comparison of the extracts which we append here, will shew most clearly the free use which our learned commentator has made of Maniráma Sharmá’s labors :—

CANTO I, Sloka 7.

Manirám Sharmá’s Commentary.

সমুদ্রাতো নির্গতো যঃ স্নেহো বর্ম্মস্তেন চিতাঃ ব্যাপ্তাঃ
সন্ধরো বাহুমূলদরো বাসাং তাস্থোক্তাঃ সর্বোবনা স্তাক্ষণ্য
সহিতাঃ উন্নতস্তনা উচ্চকূটাঃ প্রমদাঃ বস্ত্রয়ঃ সান্ধ্রতমিদানীং

গুরুনি জাউনি বাসাংলি বস্ত্রানি বিমুচ্য দূরীকৃত্য স্তনেষু কুচেষু
তনু স্তম্ভমকুশং বাসঃ কঙ্কুকাদি নিবেশয়ন্তি স্থাপয়ন্তীত্যর্থঃ ॥

Pandit Jibānanda's Commentary.

সমুদাতো নির্গতো যঃ স্বেদো ঘর্ম্মস্তেন চিতাঃ ব্যাপ্তাঃ সন্ধরো
বাহুলাদয়ো বাসাং তাঃ সর্ষোবনাস্তাকণ্যসহিতাঃ উন্নতস্তনা
উচ্চকুচাঃ প্রমদাঃ স্ত্রিয়ঃ সাম্প্রতিমিদানীং গুরুনি (দুর্বহানি)
বাসাংলি বস্ত্রানি বিমুচ্য দূরীকৃত্য স্তনেষু কুচেষু তনু স্তম্ভম
(অংপুকং) বাসঃ কঙ্কুকাদি নিবেশয়ন্তি স্থাপয়ন্তি ইহ স্বেদবসন
ত্যাগো ঐশ্বৰ্য্যম্ ।

Pandit Jibananda has here reproduced very faithfully the commentary of Manirām with the exception of the expletives *tathoktah* and *ityarthah*. To save appearances *jarhāni* of the latter has been changed into *durvahāni*; a misprint has also been corrected and three words added towards the end.

We could multiply such instances at will from the "commentary of his own" which he has affixed to the *Ritusamhāra*, but we have really not the space for them. Should, however, our readers be not disposed to condemn a man on the testimony, however damning, of a single passage, we ask them to compare the commentaries on the second sloka of the second canto.

Manirām Sharma's Commentary.

নিতান্তমত্যন্তং নীলানি কৃষ্ণানি যানু্যংপলানি কুঙ্কুমানি
তেষাং পত্রাণাং দলানাং কান্তিরিব কান্তির্যেষাং তৈস্তথোক্তৈঃ
কচিং কুত্রচিৎভাগে প্রভিন্নো যোজনরাশিঃ কজ্জলসমূহঃ তেন
সন্নিভৈঃ সদৃশৈঃ কচিং সগৰ্ভাণাং গৰ্ভবতীনাং যে স্তনাঃ কুচা
স্তেষাং প্রভা ইব প্রভা কান্তির্যেষাং তৈস্তথোক্তৈর্ঘনৈর্মেষৈঃ
ব্যোমাকাশং সমংততঃ ইতস্ততঃ সমাচিতং ব্যাপ্তমিত্যর্থঃ ।

Jibānanda's Commentary.

নিতান্তমত্যন্তং নীলানি কৃষ্ণানি ষাণ্মাংপলানি কুবলয়ানি
 তেষাং পত্রাণাং দলানাং কান্তিরি কান্তির্যেষাং তৈঃ কুচিৎ
 কুচুচিৎভাগে প্রতিম্নো যোঃজনরাশিঃ কজ্জলসমূহঃ তেন
 সন্নিভৈঃ সদৃশৈঃ কুচিৎ সগভাণাং মতবতীনাঃ যে স্তনাঃ
 কুচাস্তেষাং প্রভা ইব প্রভা কান্তির্যেষাং তৈঃ যনৈর্মেঘৈঃ ব্যোমা
 কাশং সমন্ততঃ (সর্বদিক্ক্ষু এব) সমাচিতং ব্যাপ্তম্ ॥

It will be seen that these plagiarisms are committed on a fixed plan. An expletive or two left out, a single synonym changed for another and our Pandita-Rajahamsa thinks that he can safely strut out with the feathers which he has stolen, and pass off for a peacock. One stands aghast at the impudence which can christen such stuff and attempt to palm it off on the unsuspecting public as a "commentary of his own," a phrase which by-the-way reminds us of the Bengali saying about the plantains in the sanctuary. One wonders at the rashness which can thus plagiarise a work issued, but five years ago, and which must certainly be used for the purposes of comparison when another commentary professing to be new, is given to the world. How bold the thief, so runs the Persian saying, that he bears a lamp in his hand! Pandit Jibānanda has the heart to mention in his preface the commentary of Manirām which he has thus shamelessly appropriated.

The *Nalodaya*, an alliterative poem on Nala, king of Nishadha, is commonly attributed to Kālidasa, and tradition would have it that it was written expressly to humble the pride of his rival poet, Ghata-karpara, who plumed himself much on the alliterative excellence of his *Yamaka Kāvya*. The text, with the commentary entitled *Sabōdhinī* by Prajnākara Mīśra of Mithilā was brought out in 1813 by Babu Ram under the orders of the Committee of Education. The Rev. William Yates gave to the world another edition of the text and commentary in 1844, accompanied by a translation in English blank verse. Jibānanda's edition is a reprint of the last edition, minus the preface and the translation.

Literary labor it costs him none. Though other commentaries by *Mallínátha*, *Adisúra*, *Nrisinhánanda* and *Haribhatta* exist, he lacks either the capacity or the inclination to compare them to throw new light on his text. He does not think it necessary to consult any new MSS. of *Prajñākara* even. The result is that our knowledge of the *Nalodaya* remains where it was thirty years ago. The "editor" does not think it worth his while to give us his opinion as to the authorship of the poem. Perhaps he is wise ; from the experience we have had of him it wont be worth much.

The *Nāgánanda*, a play in five Acts, attributed to Sri Harsha Deva of Cashmere was not even known by name to Wilson. It is not to be found in the list of Plays given at the end of the Preface to his Hindu Theatre. It was beautifully brought out by Professor Krishna Kamala Bhattāchārya in Samvat 1921, i. e., ten years ago. The printer's part was as well got up in this edition as the editor's. In a concise preface Professor Krishna-kamala felt bound to say a word about the authorship of the drama which he was presenting to the public in a printed form for the first time. Acknowledging his inability to decide between the conflicting authorities of the *Kāvya Prakashā* and the *Rāja Taranginī*, he submitted it as a proposition beyond doubt that the author of *Nāgánanda* was the same as that of the *Ratnāvalī*.

Acknowledging homage to no canon of art or criticism, Jibānanda vouchsafes not a scrap of information on this important and interesting point. The Sanskrit version of the *Prākṛita* passages which in Professor Krishna Kamala's edition had been given at the end of the text, have in the un-acknowledged reprint been given at the foot of the pages. We give our editor his due for the labor of transposition.

There was a time when Hindu medicine had a class for itself in the Calcutta Sanskrit College, but it was abolished long before the learned editor of Chakra-datta had any connection with that institution. Seeing, therefore, that he does not own any Vaidya family among his

progenitors and has never to our knowledge taken up the study of Hindu medicine privately, we are at a loss to see how he qualified himself to superintend the bringing out of a current work on Hindu medicine. The utmost that a layman like him ought to have attempted was an *editio princeps* of a single manuscript, or if he made bold to give an independent edition, he was bound to give every difference which he found in his Mss. The very misnomer "Chakradatta by Chakrapánidatta" which disfigures the title-page, speaks volumes against the industry of Jibánanda's collation. Perhaps when one day he assumes the self-sought position of a "great" English publisher he will edify us with an edition of *Paradise Lost* with the following introductory title page:—"Milton by John Milton."

The book which Jibánanda has printed is really the *Sarvasára Sangraha* of Chakrapáni-Datta commonly called, for abbreviation's sake, Chakradatta. Surely we have a right to expect that the so-called editor of a book should at least have the leisure and industry to discover the name of the book which he gives to the world for the first time in a printed form. We suppose the clue to the mystery lies in the fact of the Sanskrit College copy, the only one which the *soi-distant* editor would seem to have consulted, being defective about the name of the work. We have had no opportunity of examining the Sanskrit College copy, but we arrive at this conclusion from combining two facts. First, that in the Sanskrit Catalogue of the Asiatic Society, (which as a first compilation is not free from errors), चक्रदत्त is described as a medical work of which the Society has no copy but the Calcutta Sanskrit College has. Secondly, Jibánanda's Chakradatta is the same as the Asiatic Society's MSS. Nos. 561 and 626 which are the *Sarva Sárasāngraha* of Chakradatta.

The *Bhoja prabandha* of Ballála, being anecdotes of Raja Bhoja and his court, is in the absence of better material an important element in the study of the history of later Sanscrit literature. Apart from its historical value, it will as a composition amply repay perusal, on account of

pages. Jibánanda's edition is based on a lithograph edition published at Benares and he seems never to care for the fact that other recensions might exist.

Jibánanda's Text.

আদৌ ধার্মারাজ্যে সিদ্ধুলসংজ্ঞো রাজা চিরং প্রজাঃ পর্য্য-
পালয়ৎ, তস্য বৃদ্ধস্তে ভোজ ইতি পুত্রঃ সমজনি ।

Text of MS. No. 170 in the Library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

অস্তি ধার্মা নাম নগরী তত্র সিদ্ধুলসংজ্ঞো রাজা আসীৎ তস্য
সাবিত্রী নাম পত্নী চাসীৎ তয়োর্বৃদ্ধস্তে ভোজনাম পুত্রো জাতঃ ।

Jibánanda does not care in the least for facts like the above, has no interest in the historical questions involved in the work, and is utterly indifferent about the personality of the writer. The industry of a Benares publisher has produced in Samvat 1925 a tolerably correct text of the *Bhojaprabandha*, a work likely to sell, and what he does is simply to order a copy and deluge the literary world with a thousand repetitions of the same. He is welcome to the money which he makes by this trick of trade, but neither he nor his admirers have any right to ground on this a claim for literary distinction.

The *Brihat Aranyka*, *Chhandogya*, *Taittiríya*, *Isa*, *Kena*, *Katha*, *Prasna*, *Munda*, and *Mandukya* Upanishads as published by Jibánanda, with the commentary of *Sankara* and the gloss of *Ananda-giri* are unacknowledged bare-faced reprints of the editions which appeared in the *Bibliotheca Indica* in the years 1849 and 1850. As usual, he never consults fresh manuscripts. The only Upanishad to which he can lay claim as a publisher is the little *bagatelle* of 18 pages entitled the *Muktikopaniśád* of the White Yajur Veda.

The *Sánkhyadarsana* with the commentary of *Vijnána Bhikshu* as edited by Jibánanda is an unacknowledged appropriation of the editorial labors of Dr. Hall who brought out an edition of the same in the *Bibliotheca Indica* years ago. The intelligence and care with which this piracy has been conducted are patent from the title-

page which characterises the aphorisms of the most atheistic philosophy as those of *A Theistic Philosophy*.

Our readers must excuse us for reproducing at length from the "Hindu Patriot" of July 21, 1873, the review of "*Vetāla-Panchavīnshati, or twenty-five tales related by a vampire to Rajah Vicramaditya*, compiled by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagar, B. A., Calcutta, New Indian Press, 1873." Though the true character of Jibananda's publications was apparent to the merest tyro in Sanskrit literature, and a common topic of conversation among the students and teachers of that literature, still to the writer of the review here reproduced, whose name we have no authority to divulge, belongs the credit of having been the first to raise his voice against this Saturnalia of Sanskrit Literature.

"This is the most bare-faced piece of literary imposition that has lately come to our notice; and we regret exceedingly that a Bachelor of Arts of the Calcutta University, and a Pandit who bears the proud title of "ocean of learning" (no matter how got) should be the culprit. The work which the Pandit professes on title-page to have himself "compiled," was compiled many centuries ago by Jambhala Datta, and MSS. of it, though rare, are by no means unattainable. In Calcutta we know of two codices, one in the library of the Sanskrit College, and the other in that of Baboo Rajendralala Mitra. We are informed that the last was lent to the Pandit a few months ago, and the book has been printed from it almost verbatim. We qualify our remark by the word "almost" as the Pandit has occasionally omitted a word, or a sentence or changed a case mark, or a word, or introduced a new sentence. The sum total of these alterations and additions is insignificant. We have ascertained by a careful collation with the MS. (which by the way bears marks of having been used by the printers as copy, no separate copy for the compositors having been prepared) that the whole of the additions in it cannot fill up a single 8vo. page. Most of the alterations are merely corrections of copyist's errors of the MS., a few are attempts at improving the style. The new sentences may be the readings of the Sanskrit College codex, or emendations introduced by the Pandit, but their number is limited to a dozen. The new words are mostly synonyms, such as the use of *patnyam* "wife" for "*bharyayam*" of Babu Rajendralala Mitra's text. How under these circumstances the Pandit claims the right of compilership it is difficult to conceive, unless we take it to be an attempt to impose upon the public, and this last supposition receives much support from the fact of the real author Jambhala Datta's name having been omitted from the title-page, though the would-be compiler knew it perfectly well from its

occurring in the first line of his second page. We hope for the credit of the Calcutta University that there is not another of its graduates who will seek literary reputation in this style.

We may add to the *Patriot's* criticism that the poor author's name is vouchsafed in the colophon, though saddled with that of the redoubtable compiler.*

The following review of Jibananda's edition of the *Mahaviracharita* of *Bhavabhuti* is reproduced from the issue of the same journal for October 20, 1873, with the less hesitation as it proceeded from the pen of the writer of this article.

"Maha Vira Charita, by Bhavabhuti. Edited by Pandit Taranath Tarkavachaspati. Calcutta. Printed and published by Herumbo Chandra Banerjee and Co., at Bishowprokas Press, James's Lane, No. 5. 1857.

"2. Mahaviracharita, a drama by Bhavabhuti, edited by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, B. A. Calcutta. Printed at the Mahesh Satya Press, 1873.

"In his English title-page Pandit Jibananda, though he makes no mention of any commentary, speaks of the work as edited by him, but in the Sanskrit title-page he states that the book is edited by himself with a 'made commentary,' i. e. a commentary made by himself. Now the fact is that the notes appended to Pandit Jibananda's edition (!) are exactly the same as those appended to Pandit Taranath's Edition of 1857. A curious coincidence no doubt. We have compared both the editions most carefully, and found that the text is the same in both, and the commentary, but for the insertion in a particular note, of *narapati* for a synonymous term *nripati* of the first edition, would have been exactly the same in both. The difference however we believe to be quite accidental, for such is Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagar B. A.'s loyalty to the genius of his father, that he has perpetuated a mistake every time that he has met with one in his father's edition. * * *

"We cannot denounce too strongly this transparent endeavour to impose on the public a commentary by the father, as one by the son. The 'Ocean of learning,' may throw up texts like 'Son thou art self'†; but we doubt very much whether the reading world will be satisfied with such an explanation. A novice in these matters would be almost tempted to believe that like Katyayana—Vararuchi, Taranatha—Jibananda is the name of the same indivisible personage."

* इति वि-ए-उपाधिरिणा श्रीजीवानन्दविद्यासागरभट्ट-आचार्येण रङ्गलितायां जम्बुदत्तप्रोक्तवेतालपञ्चशतौ पञ्चविंशतिवेतालकथाप्रबन्धः । समाप्तोऽयं ग्रन्थः ।

† आत्मा वै पुत्र नामासि ।

Here then we stop to-day. To expose the failings of others is always a thankless and disagreeable task and nothing but a sense of public duty could have induced us to take up this matter in hand. The curtain we believe has been torn wide enough to reveal some of the most startling mysteries of the editorial *sanctum*. For the dethroned idol there is still time for amends. He has scarcely passed the prime of life and if he would only bring to his self-imposed task a little more of the scholar and the man of taste and a great deal less of the Burtollah shopocracy; if he will only measure himself, and casting aside that feverish love for fame and rupees which seems now to have taken possession of him, attempt only things within his reach and in things beyond it, rather than accept the position of a slavish imitator, leave things well alone; if he would but condescend always frankly to inform his readers of the genealogy of his editions, the materials from which they are drawn and the principle on which his MSS. are collated, he may still do an amount of good which it is not easy to calculate.

But if this warning voice is raised in vain, if he persists in his career of robbing others of what is far dearer than gold, literary reputation, we shall be obliged to issue another card for the dissecting table, and with unwilling hand again to expose the disease and corruption which fester beneath the fair and promising exterior of these seventy-three publications.

THE GREAT WARS OF INDIA.

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WE do not intend to write a history of India, but only to give a brief and continuous account of the great wars which have been waged in it. These necessarily mark the turning points of history, namely, the rise and fall of states, races, and dynasties; but the seasons of peace and plenty—the angel-visits in the records of time which it would be incumbent on the general historian especially to dwell upon—will not be noticed by us. We shall not even notice all the wars which have disturbed the country, but those only which were either great in themselves or great in the revolutions they effected. The valleys of the Indus and the Ganges have rung with victories as memorable, and have been saddened by defeats as signal, as any that have occurred on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and a remembrance of these at the present moment, when we are constantly threatened with Eastern (*is Western*) and Central Asian difficulties, will perhaps not be held to be altogether unnecessary.

The history of India naturally divides itself into three parts, namely, the Hindu, the Mahomedan, and the English periods. The first is of course by far the most important; but the accounts extant of it are unfortunately exceedingly imperfect, as the Hindus never had any historical writings. To leave out all notice of the period however, would be a great mistake; nor is such complete omission imperative, since the labors of our orientalists and antiquarians have succeeded in scraping together a large amount of information about it which, if not his-

torically true, is still not unworthy of belief. All such information as can be applied to our present purpose will be freely utilized.

Leaving aside the travelling expedition of Osiris from Egypt, the first great war waged in India of which we know anything was that which was fought between Semiramis and Stabrobates, which must have occurred in the second or third century after the flood. The next was the expedition of Bacchus, Sesōstris, or Parusrām, which, according to the Hindu accounts, was a war of races fought between the Bráhmans and the Kshetriyas. The third, in the order of time, was the war of the second Ráma, or Rámchandra of Ayodhya, with Rávana in Southern India, which was a war of religions, being apparently the first great war between Bráhmanism and Buddhism, the Buddhists being represented as Rákshases. The fourth was the invasion of Hercules, or Balarám (the third Ráma) and Krishna, which was almost contemporaneous with the fifth, the war of the Mahábhárat, an international war fought out apparently by two Scythian clans a short time after their settlement in the country. The sixth was probably the invasion of Oghuz Khan of Tartary, whose era however cannot be precisely determined. Then come the Persian invasions of Cyrus and Darius Hystáspes; and then the invasion of Alexander the Great, which was the first of the great wars of which we have authentic information. The wars of Vikramáditya and Saliváhana which ought next to be noticed, are not much known in their details. They were followed by six centuries of impervious darkness which it is impossible even to grope through.

The second or Mahomedan period of Indian history opens with the Arab invasions of the country, which were followed by the expeditions of Sabaktagin, Mahmood of Ghazni, and Mahomed or Shahaboodeen of Ghor, by the last of whom and his slave Kuttuboodeen Ibek the sovereignty of the Mahomedans in India was founded. From this date to the end of the Mahomedan era the country was always in a state of anarchy and confusion, caused alike by mutinies and rebellions, and by wars of

conquest and aggrandisement, both of which were equally frequent. The Mahomedans, as Abdool Wassaf expresses it, found India to be "the most agreeable abode on the earth, and the most pleasant quarter of the world; the dust of which was purer than air, and the air purer than purity itself. Its delightful plains were regarded by them as the garden of paradise, and the particles of its earth as rubies and corals." If it is asserted," says he, "that paradise is in India, be not surprised that paradise itself is not comparable to it." The eagerness to plunder this paradise was generally the cause of the wars that distracted it; and very soon the paradise was converted by them into a hell, both for themselves and the unfortunate races they brought under subjection. All the disturbances thus created will not require to be recapitulated, as they were generally not "great" wars in any sense of that term. We shall only notice the wars of Buktyar Khiliji in Bengal and Behar; those of Altamsh, the slave; those of Allaoodeen, the first Mahomedan subjugator of all India; the Chinese expedition of Mahomed Toglek; the terrible invasion of India by Timour, which left an indelible mark on the country; its conquest by Baber; the wars of Humayun and Shere Shah; those of Akbar; the rebellion of Shah Jehan; that of Khan Jehan Lodi; and the civil wars caused by the sons of Shah Jehan, which were terminated by Aurungzebe's ascension to the throne. After these will come for notice the wars of Aurungzebe with the Rajpoots and the Mahrattas, the subsequent Mahratta wars, the war of Bahadur Shah with the Sikhs, the invasion of Nadir Shah, and the several invasions of Ahmed Shah Doorani which ended with his final triumph at Paniput.

The battle of Paniput was fought in 1761, four years after which began the recognised sovereignty of the English in India. We wish we could say that the English period has been altogether a quiet and peaceful one. It has unfortunately not been, and in fact could not be, so; since their empire is based on conquest, just as much as that of the Mahomedans was. Unlike the Mahomedan period however, the English era has been singu-

larly free from internal disturbances, excepting such as were unavoidable to the tenure by which they hold ; and now that they have attained the *neplus ultra* of their aspirations in the country, the whole of it is at peace from one extremity to another quite as much as Great Britain and Ireland. The wars they have fought will of course have to be referred to. They commenced with their struggles with the French for a footing in the land, which were soon followed by the wars for the acquisition of Bengal and Behar. Then succeeded the wars with Hyder Ally and Tippoo, which may be regarded as the sequel of the struggles with the French ; then the first Mahratta war ; then the war with Nepal ; then the great Mahratta and Pindari war ; and then the Burmese war. Next followed the capture of Bhurtpore and the subjugation of the Jâts ; after which there was a long era of rest, that was abruptly concluded by the fear the English entertained of the Russians, which provoked the Afghan war, which in a manner obliged them to undertake in succession the conquest of Scinde, the Gwalior war, and the Punjab war. The last of their great wars in India up to this time has been the Sepoy war of 1857-58.

Of most of these wars detailed accounts exist, but in such voluminous form as is repellent to a large number of readers. Our only endeavour will be to produce a book that will give the general reader such a cursory sketch of them all as he will care to read and remember. The wars with China and Persia will not be referred to, as they were, in point of fact, not Indian but imperial wars.

II.—THE INVASION OF SEMIRAMIS.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 2,000.

THE first celebrated invader of India was Semiramis the wife of Ninus, who succeeded him on the Assyrian throne, some two or three hundred years after the flood.

after Ctesias, whom the fathers reject as an unscrupulous authority, because his narrations are not altogether reconcileable with the Jewish Scriptures. There is no doubt however, that there was such a queen as Semiramis, and that she did signalize herself by many wonderful achievements, of which not the least was the erection of Babylon; and *primâ facie* there is nothing against Ctesias's account of the Indian war, which, Diodorus says, was extracted from the archives of Babylon, and the general truth of which is not unsupported by the mythic annals of India.

The account of Ctesias is that the queen of Assyria, having added Libya and Ethiopia to her dominions, retired for rest to Bactria, but soon became so impatient of a quiet life that she resolved to proceed thence to India, which even in that age had acquired a name for fertility and riches. The king of the Indians, Stabrobates, was however on all hands said to be a very powerful sovereign, and the undertaking contemplated was also difficult for other reasons. Preparations for it were therefore made by Semiramis on the grandest scale. The bravest and most expert soldiers in her empire were selected for the enterprise; and the army thus formed was strongly armed and accoutred. She also engaged shipwrights from all maritime places to build for her a number of vessels to be transported in pieces by land, and made use of in crossing the Indus; and to deceive the elephant-corps of the Indian king, in which his chief superiority was supposed to rest, she had counterfeit elephants constructed of wood, which were covered with the hides of black oxen. Her elephants and vessels being ready in two years she assembled her army in the third, and counted three millions of foot soldiers, two hundred thousand horsemen, one hundred thousand chariots, and one hundred thousand men on camels. Her vessels of transport were two thousand in number, and were carried by camels; as also were her mock elephants, to the sight of which the horsemen familiarized their horses, that they might not take fright on seeing real elephants in the war.

Stabrobates, undaunted by these preparations, made his own for resistance with equal vigour, and succeeded in organizing a superior army. His foot-soldiers exceeded three millions, and the other arms were proportionately strong. He especially added largely to the elephant-corps, and armed it so as to render it invincible; and, for purposes of transport, he built four thousand boats of canes and bamboos.

Thus prepared the Indian king sent ambassadors to Semiramis on her march, to reproach her for seeking a causeless war; and, in a private note to her, he upbraided her for her infamous life, and threatened to crucify her if she fell into his hands. The only answer Semiramis gave was that she hoped that they would ere long be better acquainted with each other; and, hurrying her advance, she came shortly after to the banks of the Indus, but was surprised to find the enemy's fleet already arranged and drawn up in order before her. Nothing daunted she launched the vessels she had prepared, manned them with the boldest of her soldiers, and commenced the fight, ordering it so that those on shore might be able to aid and assist those fighting on the river. The contest was fierce and obstinate, but terminated in favor of the Assyrians, who sunk one thousand of the Indian vessels and took many prisoners.

But the king of India was a strategist. He had accepted the defeat designedly, that the enemy might get elated and less wary with success; and, affecting to retire before it, he drew the entire army of the Assyrians across the river. Semiramis, easily taken in, ordered a bridge of boats to be stretched across the stream, and went over with all her forces, leaving only sixty thousand men behind to defend the bridge; and she proceeded joyously, pursuing the Indians and desolating the country for many leagues. Her mock elephants did her especial service, for they actually succeeded in intimidating several detachments of the Indian army, till the deceit was discovered by deserters. Even then Stabrobates found the greatest difficulty in rallying his forces; but he eventually succeeded in doing so, and then charged

the Assyrians with such vigour that they were obliged to give way. The attack of his elephant-corps was now irresistible, while the mock-elephants of Semiramis proved useless and cumbersome. The sovereigns on both sides fought hand to hand, and Semiramis was wounded with an arrow and a javelin. This compelled her to fall back ; and her army, already dissipated, fled with her in disorder. Many of the Assyrians, after having escaped the enemy, were, in the precipitancy of their flight, pressed to death on the bridge, or being thrown into the stream were drowned. But Semiramis took a bitter revenge for this when she saw the Indians continuing the pursuit across the river, by ordering the bridge to be cut down the moment her own men had passed over, whereby a multitude of Indians were destroyed.

Such was the end of the last great expedition undertaken by the most famous queen of the olden world, who is by some authorities said to have made her escape from India with only twenty persons in her train, while others assert that she was able to save about a third part of her army. The Indian account identifies her with the goddess Shámá, the wife of Mahádeva, the god being himself, in a separate story, identified with Osiris of Egypt, which gives force to the belief expressed by some authors that Semiramis, after the death of Ninus, was married to Osiris. Her Indian opponent is named Virasena, a devout worshipper of Mahádeva, by whom he was made *Sthábarpati* (Stabrobates) or lord of hills, trees, and plains. His country was near the sea, evidently down to the mouths of the Indus ; and he began his reign by repressing the wicked and rewarding the good. Shámá Devi, amazed at the final issue of her expedition, made minute inquiries in regard to the life of the conqueror ; and, finding that he had become a son of Mahádeva by his *tapsaya* and austerities, she adopted him as her son also, and gave him command over all Váhnisthán, the empire she had herself reigned over. It is not unlikely that this invasion of India was the last of the continuous wars fought between the Ahoors (Asoors or Assyrians) and the

Devas, or Bráhmans, from time anterior to the flood. It was after this engagement that the Bráhmans, already settled in *Sapta Sindhava*, or the land of the seven rivers, began to codify their faith.

III.—THE EXPEDITION OF BACCHUS, SESOSTRIS, OR PARUSRÁM.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 1800.

NONNUS, a native of Panopolis, in Egypt, composed in the fifth century after Christ, a poem called the *Dionysiacs*, which gives an account of the expedition of Dionysus, or Bacchus, into India. Some authors consider Osiris to have been the original Bacchus; others concede that honor to Sesostris; others again to Shishak: while not a few agree in thinking that there was actually but one invasion of India from Egypt, the name of the invader being differently given by different writers as Dionysus, Bacchus, Shishak, and Sesostris.

Nonnus says that the expedition of Bacchus was undertaken at the desire of Jupiter, who was angry with Deriades, the king of India, for his haughtiness. The invading army was assembled by Pyrrhichius, and was commanded by Actæon, Hymenæus, Erecthus, Aristæus, Ogyrus, and Priapus. A long catalogue of nations and towns which contributed to swell its ranks is given by the poet. Briefly, the races were the Cabiri, Corybantes, Telchinis, Cyclops, Pans, Satyrs, Hyades, Centaurs, Nymphs, and Bassarides. Armed with a thyrsus and a horn Bacchus led them on, being accompanied, not only by heroes of great military fame, but also by Apollo, to give lessons in poetry and music to the Indians, Triptolemus, to teach them the arts of husbandry, Maro, to instruct them in planting the vine, and the Muses, to teach them the rest of the sciences and arts. The invaders entered India by the road of Persia, but were not entirely unopposed on the frontier. An immense multitude, armed with such weapons as they could lay hands on, flocked from all the neighbouring districts to repel them; but the Bassarides, or Bacchæ, fell furiously on these, and Bacchus

seconded their efforts by turning a river that was running blood into wine, of which the Indians drunk unwittingly, and, becoming mad drunk, were easily conquered.

At this stage the account of the war is relieved by the story of Bacchus's passion for an Indian nymph named Nicæa, as beautiful as Venus and as chaste as Diana. Bacchus's love being rejected by her with disdain, he followed her wherever she went ; upon which she tried to run away, and, coming up to the river of wine in an exhausted state, drank deeply of it and became insensible, which gave Bacchus the opportunity to complete her ruin.

The trick of the river of wine being discovered, Orontes, the son-in-law of Deriades, challenged Bacchus to a single combat, which Bacchus avoided. A general engagement was then commenced, and Orontes attempted to attack Bacchus, but was unable to wound him ; while Bacchus with his thyrsus rent the corselet of Orontes, but magnanimously spared his life. Orontes, unable to endure the indignity, destroyed himself ; and the best warrior of the Indian army being thus lost, a second victory was obtained by Bacchus, after which Blemys, an Indian who had joined his side, was placed on the throne.

The next encounter was a friendly one, with one Staphylus, apparently one of the frontier princes, who, with his wife Methé and his son Botrys, learnt to appreciate the grape so well that he died from the effects of it, whereupon Bacchus undertook to console his widow, and Methé became his constant companion. After this followed a fierce encounter with Lycurgus, the king of Arabia, who gave Bacchus a signal defeat ; but Neptune and Jupiter coming to his rescue, the former struck Arabia with his trident and laid it under water, while the latter made Lycurgus blind.

Up to this time there had been no engagement with Deriades himself. One of his generals Thureus, a fierce warrior, now met Bacchus on the banks of the Hydaspes, and meditated an attack on him. But a deserter informed Bacchus of the plan, and Bacchus, feigning flight, drew the enemy after him, and then defeated and routed them, driving many of the Indians into the

river, where the contest was continued in the water till all except Thureus were drowned. Bacchus then crossed the river, and meeting with opposition set fire to it. This angered Oceanus; but the Hydaspes itself implored clemency, upon which the flames were extinguished.

The preparations for the battle with Deriades were now completed. Bacchus received a shield made by Vulcan on which were displayed the figures of the sun, moon, and stars; of Thebes, Amphion, and Ganymedes; of Damasenus engaging and slaying a dragon; and of Rhea holding a stone to Saturn. His opponents were at the same time craftily encouraged by Pallas to venture out; and they advanced vigorously, bearing various arms. In the battle which followed Dexiochus and Corymbasus, two Indian chiefs, particularly distinguished themselves, the latter standing at his post even after he was killed. But the advance of the Cyclops soon reduced the troops of Deriades to straits, many fell back before them, and Deriades himself was surrounded; when Juno inspired him with courage, upon which Deriades and Bacchus engaged in single conflict, till they were parted by night. Juno now deceived Jupiter with the girdle of Venus, and lulled him asleep; and Deriades, being assisted by Mars, soon put Bacchus and his host to flight, upon which Bacchus became demented.

Jupiter was filled with wrath when he awoke, and compelled Juno to cure Bacchus with her milk; after which the war was renewed, Bacchus charging the elephant-corps of the Indian army at the head of the wild beasts that accompanied him. He himself also assumed a great variety of forms to engage Deriades, and finally succeeded in entangling him in a mess of vine-plants, which forced him to entreat for liberation, and to conclude a peace.

Numerous prodigies appeared at the termination of the truce, but they deterred neither party from continuing the war, which now took a naval form; and the ships of Bacchus and Deriades being both ready, a vigorous engagement was begun. The Indians were

early surrounded, but still fought with obstinate valor, till Boreas sent a storm against them and Jupiter sent rain, when the Indians being subdued their fleet was burnt. Deriades now attempted to fly, but was deceitfully persuaded by Pallas to continue the fight, which enabled Bacchus to come up and slay him ; after which Bacchus returned to his native country.

The account given of Sesostris by Diodorus Siculus does not very materially differ from the above, though no details to an equal extent are given. His first expedition, it is there related, was in command of an army sent out by his father to conquer Arabia, in which he was entirely successful. He was next sent to conquer Libya, which was likewise brought under subjection. These successes excited in him the ambition of conquering the world ; and, on coming to the throne, he raised for that purpose a large army of 600,000 foot soldiers, 24,000 horsemen, and 27,000 chariots of war. The chosen companions of his infancy were the generals who commanded this army ; and he fitted out a fleet from the Red Sea to co-operate with it. The latter being first sent out succeeded in conquering all the maritime nations to the borders of India. The army then took its course through Phœnicia, Syria, Assyria, and Media, all of which were conquered ; after which it entered India through Persia, and subduing the whole of it, passed down the Ganges to its mouths, where the fleet was waiting for it, and where triumphant pillars were erected. Nine years were spent in the expedition, after the successful termination of which Sesostris proceeded westward into Europe, where he subjugated Thrace. We have no information of the kings he met with in India. If he was the same person as Shishak, he is supposed to have conquered a large part of the country, and to have left one of his most intimate friends, Spartembas, on the throne, whose descendants continued to occupy it till the invasion of India by Hercules. The story, whichever version of it be accepted, is not improbable ; there is no doubt that the Egyptian empire was at one time contiguous to India.

We now turn to the Indian accounts available to us. Colonel Wilford was of opinion that the Dionysiacs of Nonnus only related the story of the Mahábhárut, while Sir William Jones held that the parallel to it was to be found in the Rámáyana. In point of fact, however, we find no actual parallel of the story in either of the poems referred to, beyond a possible affinity of names between Deriades and Duryodhan, as regards the Mahábhárut, and such resemblance as may be said to subsist between the circumstances of Bacchus having fought with an army of satyrs and Ráma with an army of monkeys, as regards the Rámáyana. The more probable theory, therefore, is that which has been generally accepted, that the expedition of Bacchus, Sesostris, or Shishak has reference to a distinct war from that either of the Rámáyana or the Mahábhárut, the hero of it being the elder Ráma, or Parusrám, so named from the *Parusa*, or battle-axe, with which he fought.

Parusrám, according to the Hindu story, was an incarnation of the Deity, one of whose names is Bagis, which may be identified with Bacchus. He was the son of Jamadagni, an anchorite, who, quarrelling with Gautama, was beset by a confederation of princes both of India and Cushwadwipa (Persia and Arabia), and was murdered. Parusrám, then a boy, had already found favor with Mahádeva, and, armed with his invincible energy, devoted himself to the extermination of the Kshetriyas, or the royal race, all over India. In vain they resisted him singly or together; all arms were useless against his battle-axe; and the slaughter he made was so great that even the *chásás* or agriculturists fled from the plains and retreated to the mountains. The *Sántiparba* of the Mahábhárut says that "he turned the earth into a mass of ensanguined mud." Eastwards he proceeded to the extremest limit of Assam, where with one blow of his axe he made the cleft in the mountains by which the Brahmapootra enters India. To the west he went beyond the Hindu Koosh, to the country of the Cannibals, where he fought with their ruler Kartávirya, and, darting huge serpents at him, enfolded him

in an inextricable maze till he was destroyed. The names given by Nonnus are not reconcilable with those of the Hindu legend, but some resemblance in the stories may be traced. The Egyptians who accompanied Bacchus, Sesostris, or Shishak to India—a great portion of whom must have settled in it under Spartembas—were perhaps also Bráhmans, like those already settled in the Punjab, whose cause was fought for by Parusrám.

IV.—RÁMA'S WAR WITH RÁVANA.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 1700.

THE first war between Bráhmanism and Buddhism of which we have any account was fought by Ráma, the son of Dasarath, king of Ayodhyá or Oude, with Ravana, king of Lanká or Ceylon. The story has been rendered immortal by the poem of Válmik, which is prized by the Hindu alike for its historical and religious associations. The accounts of Ráma's birth, boyhood, and marriage do not require to be here noticed; but it may be mentioned at the outset that he, like Parusrám, was an incarnation of the Deity. The story of his adventures commences from the date of his banishment, which was procured by the intrigues of his step-mother, Kaikeyi. His father having become very old, Ráma was selected by the people for the office of heir-apparent and co-adjutor of the king; but his installation to the office was opposed by Kaikeyi, who besought her husband to install her own son Bharat in preference, and to send Ráma into exile. The old king was weak and silly enough to comply, whereupon Ráma, with his wife, Sita, and a step-brother, Lakshmana, proceeded as ascetics to the forests near the sources of the Godavery, to fulfil the parental command. The sentence was for fourteen years; but, Dasarath dying almost immediately after Ráma's departure, Ráma was summoned to occupy the throne by Bharat himself, which however he refused to do lest his filial obedience should be impugned.

While in the wilderness Ráma killed several Rákshases or demons (by whom Buddhists apparently are meant) who persecuted the sages or Bráhmans dwelling in the forests for their worship of the gods. Among the Rákshases thus encountered were two brothers of Rávana and one of his sisters. The latter offered love to Ráma, and, on being told that he was already married, rushed upon Sita in her jealousy, to do hurt to her; whereupon Lakshmana thoughtlessly cut off her ears and nose, and her brothers attempting to avenge her were killed. This brought out Rávana to the spot; but he did not come either to fight for glory or to avenge his relatives. He came only to gratify his lust for Sita, for whose hand he had before unsuccessfully competed, and who was now represented to him as being as beautiful as Lakshmi, without her lotos. An accomplice of his assuming the form of a golden stag with silver spots lured out Ráma from the hermitage, and Lakshmana being sent after Ráma shortly after by his devoted wife to assist him against fancied danger, Rávana came into the hut, declared his passion, and, being indignantly answered, carried off Sita on his chariot through the air. This being observed by Jatáya, the king of the vultures, an attempt was made to rescue Sita, but proved unsuccessful, Jatáya being mortally wounded in the conflict, and surviving only long enough to give the necessary directions to Ráma for the search of his wife.

Now comes the story of the war. In the middle of the southern ocean was the wonderful island of Lancá which owned Rávana for its lord, and thither Sita was supposed to have been carried. Her captor was a great warrior, and had a large army of Rákshases under his command. "If you desire to conquer him," said Kabandha, the *Gandharva*, to Ramá, "you must form a friendly alliance with Sugriva, one of the most powerful of the monkey-chiefs, who will first require your assistance against his brother Bali, and then assist you in return." The advice of Kabandha was followed; the monkey-chief was assisted in his quarrel with his brother for the possession of the monkey-throne, and, being

raised to it, espoused heart and soul the cause of his ally. Not only all the monkeys in Southern India, but all the bears in it also, that is, all the aboriginal races of the country of every description—monkeys standing for foresters, and bears for mountaineers—came forward to assist Ráma. The monkeys were of all species—white, black, blue, green, red, and yellow, and were counted by millions, and marshalled under their respective leaders, of whom the most important were Sugriva, Angada, Hanumán, Nila, Rambha, Sárambha, Vánara, Arundha, Darvindha, and Nala. The bears were forty crores in number, and were led by their king Jámnavat.

The Ulysses of the monkey tribe was Hanumán, who was deputed southwards to discover the whereabouts of Sita. He took charge of Ráma's marriage-ring, and leapt over the channel between India and Ceylon. The capital of the enemy he found well defended, within seven ranges of walls, namely, of iron, stone, brass, lead, copper, silver, and gold, all guarded by Rákshases of great might. But he eluded them all by assuming the form of a cat, and, after many difficulties and a prolonged search, found Sita safely secured in the Asoka grove, surrounded by Rákshasa ladies set about her, to induce her to return the love of her captor. Rávana himself came in shortly after to press his suit, and Hanumán was thus made an eye-witness of the fidelity of Sita who indignantly rejected the overtures of the Buddha king. If Rávana had vanquished Ráma in battle, Sita would, by the ancient laws of war, have been compelled to become his wife; but, as he had carried her off by stealth only, he had no acknowledged right over her, and was therefore obliged to await her consent to the gratification of his passion. A private interview with Sita was now managed by Hanumán, who presented his credentials, the marriage-ring, and proposed to carry her off on his broad shoulders. But to this the Kshetriya lady would not agree, because she would not voluntarily touch the body of any male person except Ráma; and Hanumán was therefore compelled to go back, Sita giving him in exchange for the ring the only jewel she had on her

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person, a golden chaplet which held her braided hair, as her token to Ráma, with ardent entreaties that he would come and deliver her, as soon as possible, from the insults and solicitations to which she was obliged to submit, and the impressive notice that, if he did not rescue her within two months, she would destroy herself. Before retiring from the island however, the monkey-chief thought it befitting his character to commit a deal of mischief in the enemy's capital, and he accordingly destroyed eighty thousand soldiers, seven chiefs, five commanders of inferior note, and a son of Ravana; besides which, he set fire to several buildings by lashing about his tail, which the Rákshases had foolishly ignited.

On the return of Hanumán, Ráma advanced towards Lancá to invade it. His army, though composed only of monkeys and bears, was innumerable, and covered 100,000 miles of land; and this vast body proceeded towards the sea as one man, rejoicing in their strength. The earth trembled at the loudness of their shouts and the lashing of their tails; mountains and wildernesses were passed over with the swiftness of the wind: but there was consternation and astonishment on every face when, arrived on the sea-shore, they saw the waves bursting on the beach. How was the sea now to be crossed? Varuna, the god of waters, was invoked for assistance, and suggested the construction of a bridge by the monkey-chief Nala, a son of Vishwa-karmá, the great architect of heaven. There was no difficulty experienced in finding materials for the work, for the monkeys, going out in all directions, brought together a large stock of trees, mountains, and loose stones, and Nala made these float by the simple process of engraving Ráma's name on each, Ráma having previously, by the strength of his arrows, forced the ocean-god to agree to support a bridge.

The bridge thus constructed was called Shetbandhā, and was one hundred *jojans* long and ten *jojans* broad. The whole army passed over it with ease, and then encamped near the Subala mountains, tidings of their entry into the island being communicated through Hanumán to

his palace to witness the engagement; but eleven arrows were shot at him by Ráma, ten of which discrowned his ten heads, while the eleventh cut down his royal umbrella, whereupon Rávana was compelled to retire from shame, amid the jeers and remonstrances of his own wife, Mandádori. The slaughter on the field was so great that a river flowed from the blood that was shed, and a hill was formed of limbs and bones. After long fighting the monkeys began to give way, and eventually ran off; but they were soon rallied and brought back by the valiant Sugriva, who put even Indrajit to flight, till the latter came back in a charmed chariot which made him invisible, whereby he was enabled to catch both Ráma and Lakshmana in a noose of serpents which had been given to him by Bruhmá. Ráma now summoned Garura, the deadly foe of serpents, to his aid, and at his sight the noose fell off and the serpents fled, whereby the brother-chiefs recovered their liberty.

The field was yet indecisive when Rávana entered it in person. Andromache-like Mandádori endeavoured to dissuade him from doing so, but he refused to listen to her. A thousand horses were harnessed to his car; his ten heads appeared as ten mountains; his teeth were as anvils; and his twenty hands had twenty different descriptions of arms to fight with. He came out with a vast army in his rear, and there was great battle on whichever side he pressed. There were also many single combats, but they were generally very indecisive. That between Ráma and Rávana ended by a crescent-shaped arrow of the former cutting off again the ten crowns from the latter's heads, upon which Rávana was again obliged to retire.

All the hopes of Rávana were now centred in his invincible brother Kumbha-karna, who slept six months at a time, and then awoke only for a day when nothing could withstand his power. He was awakened with difficulty, and then gave expressions to fearful dreams of imminent danger which had disturbed his sleep. He nevertheless fought with a stout heart; but all his prodigious valor was of no avail. He had struck terror among

the monkeys and captured their chief Sugriva ; but at this moment Ráma succeeded in cutting off his head, and that raised a wail in the palaces of Lancá.

Indrajit, the valiant son of Rávana, again came forward in his magic car to retrieve the ill fortune of the day, and, invisible himself, he created great havoc in the monkey ranks. But the physician Sushena revived all the wounded by the juice of certain herbs fresh gathered from the summit of a hill called Rishaba, and a mountain called Gandhamadana, both of which were brought over bodily by Hanumán to the battle-field, on his failing to discover the herbs which were wanted. The case was thus bitterly summed up by Rávana and his counselors : " All the Rákshases are slain and never revive, but the monkeys that are slain rise up again to renew the fight." The fact is, all the inhabitants of the Dandaka forest, which extended from near Allahabad to Cape Comorin, were in arms against the little island of Ceylon. The disparity in numbers was too great to be made up by valor ; they closed the gates of Lancá in despair !

Then Ráma commanded the monkey-chiefs to go into Lancá and set fire to it, which was forthwith done. This brought out two nephews of Rávana and his son Indrajit to renew the fight ; but they came forth only to die. Rávana came out next to avenge them, but was so sorely beset by Ráma that he was compelled to go back. He then beseeched Sukra, the preceptor of the Rákshases, to help him with his advice ; and Sukra taught him certain *mantras* which, with a specified sacrifice, was to enable him to obtain weapons of fire that would make him invincible. But the spies of Ráma being on the alert, the monkeys, headed by Angada and Hanumán, broke open the palace-door and disturbed the rite, forcing Rávana to fly to the rescue of Mandádori who was laid hold of ; and so no aid came out of Sukra's charm.

But Rávana was unsubdued. With or without fire-arms he was determined to die game ; and he came out to the field and renewed his conflict with Ráma, and for a long

time fought on equal terms, victory inclining sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other. The fight was maintained without intermission for seven days and nights. The king of the demons bore a charmed life, for no sooner was one of his heads lopped off than another arose to replace it; till Ráma got hold of a sacred arrow which Bruhmá had made in times past from the spirit of all the gods, and which Ráma had received as a present from Agastya; and this pierced Rávana to the heart, going out of his back, whereby the bulwark of Buddhism was prostrated.

There was unusual jubilee at the triumph of Ráma, for the gods showered *parijata* flowers on him from heaven, the *gandharvas* struck up their musical instruments, and the *apsarás* danced. They all praised the son of Dasarath for having delivered them from the oppressions of the Buddha king, and Ráma stood on the plain, the observed of all observers, flushed with beauty and renown.

The restoration of Sita to her lord and his triumphant return to Oude do not require any notice here. The age of the war has been approximately laid down at between B.C. 1800 and 1700. Apart from its fabulous decorations it has every right to be regarded as a real and historical event.

V.—THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES, OR BALÁRAM AND KRISHNA.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B.C. 1500.

HERCULES, says Diodorus, was born among the Indians, who, like the Greeks, armed him with a club and dressed him in a lion's hide. The learned are however not well agreed as to the particular Indian warrior who is to be identified with the hero of Thebes. Some consider Hercules and Balarám, or Ráma the third, to be the same, and the general representations of both very

much agree, Balarám being usually depicted with a club in one hand and a lion's skin thrown round the loins. The identity of names is greater with Krishna or Hari, the brother of Balarám; and generally, the achievements of both Balarám and Krishna were akin to those of the Grecian warrior, partaking less of the character of great wars than of personal adventures undertaken against monsters, tyrants, and wild beasts. Jarásandhá, the ruler of Magadha, has also by some been put forward as the original Hercules; and others again have held Viswadhanwa in that light. With the last however, the analogy holds good only in this, that both he and Hercules were afflicted with a loathsome and excruciating disease of which they died, while with the third the accordance is, if possible, still less, since Jarásandhá led a stationary life, as a great king with a fixed abode, while Hercules, like Balarám and Krishna, was constantly roaming about in search of adventures. We may regard Balarám and Krishna therefore, as jointly representing Hercules in India, their lives and actions being scarcely separable. As the Mahábhárut says: "Wherever Krishna is there will be the hero Balarám, in strength equal to ten thousand elephants, resembling the summit of Kailása, wearing a garland of wild flowers, and carrying a plough." The greatest achievements of Krishna were those interlaced with the history of the Pándavas, to which we shall separately refer. Apart from them the two brothers performed many deeds of valor in their wanderings, which may be here briefly noticed.

Ugrasena, the king of Mathoorá, having been deposed by his son Kangsa, the latter assumed the character of a merciless tyrant, and was both hated and feared. His father was a worshipper of Vishnu, while he himself paid homage to Siva, so that the struggle between them was virtually one of religions. The daughter of Ugrasena—according to some authorities his niece—was named Devaki, and was married to Vasudeva. Shortly after her marriage a voice came from heaven to Kangsa that a son of Devaki would destroy him. This decided his conduct towards the Jádavas, or the descendants of Jadu,

whom he followed with particular animosity, making several attempts to destroy them. Balarám, the first son of Devaki, was rescued by being brought up as the child of Rohini, another wife of Vasudeva. Krishna, the second son, was saved by Vasudeva flying with him across the Jumna and placing him under the care of Nanda, a cowherd, who, with his wife, Yasoda, brought him up as their own.

The pranks of the youthful prodigies need not be remembered. In one of them Krishna is described as obtaining a great victory on the banks of the Jumna over Káliya Nága, or the black serpent, which probably refers to one of the earliest wars of the Hindus with the Sákás or Scythians. The serpent was obstructing the passage of the river which Krishna had to go by. He therefore attacked him boldly, and, struggling hard with him, tore out his thousand heads and trampled him to death. Balarám was present by his side, but did not take part in the conflict. Shortly after, when Kangsa performed a sacrifice to Siva, both Balarám and Krishna went to Mathoorá, to witness the games, and Krishna having bent or broken the bow of Siva which no one could lift up, was watched with suspicion, whereupon the two brothers quarrelling with the warders fell upon them and killed them, and then made good their retreat notwithstanding all the endeavours of Kangsa to capture them. They made their appearance again in a wrestling match before the king, and again giving offence were ordered to be seized upon, which they slew all the wrestlers, Krishna signaling himself further by attacking and slaying Kangsa himself, after which old Ugrasena, released from confinement, was replaced on the throne.

Kangsa left two widows, both daughters of Jarásandhá, and that large-armed warrior, collecting an enormous army, determined to revenge the death of his son-in-law. He held in alliance akin to subjection several princes only second to himself in fame, such as, Sisupála, king of Chedi, Bhagadatta, king of Kámroop, the kings of Banga and Pandra, and many others; and all these

were called together to give Krishna battle. He was also assisted by Kálá-Javana, the king of Ghazni, whom Wilford identifies with Deucalion, or Deo-Kala-Javana, who, joined by the Sákás and other barbarians of the north, entered India. Mathoorá was besieged eighteen times by Jarásandhá, the fight on the last occasion being continued for three days, after which Krishna was obliged to fly, and took refuge with his family and followers in Dwárká, a strong place on the sea-coast, in Guzerat. This appears to have been the only great reverse that Krishna ever met with. Balarám was the first to rally and return to Brindábun; and after him Krishna also came back.

The greatest war of Krishna was that with Kálá-Javana, who fought fifteen bloody battles with him, and nearly overcame and subdued him, till he was obliged to have recourse to artifice and deceit. Returning from Dwárká, Krishna, presented himself before Kálá-Javana alone, upon which the barbarian, rising in great rage, attempted to seize him. Krishna fled and Kálá-Javana pursued him, till they came to a cave where slept a giant named Muchucunda, a son of Mándhátá, who had aided the gods in defeating the *daityas*. The gods out of gratitude had directed Muchucunda to ask a boon, and the fatigued warrior, having wished for a long sleep, had obtained it, with this warrant of security that whoever awakened him would be destroyed by the fire of his eye. Krishna, knowing the secret, boldly entered the cave and took his stand by the giant's head, when Kálá-Javana came in pursuing him, and seeing a man asleep struck him to awaken him. Muchucunda opening his eyes a flame darted from it and reduced Kálá-Javana to ashes, after which Krishna, gathering his forces, fell upon the Javanas and put them to the sword.

Another ally of Jarásandhá was Gonerdha, the king of Cashmere. He and his army were attacked by Balarám on the banks of the Jumná, and entirely defeated and cut up, Gonerdha himself being among the slain. His son, Dámoodara, tried to avenge his death, but was also killed. Notwithstanding these successes however,

neither Krishna nor his brother were able of themselves to subdue their principal opponent, Jarásandhá, against whom they were obliged to enlist the assistance of the Pándavas. These latter were anxious to celebrate the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, but were opposed in their wishes by Jarásandhá, who regarded himself as the lord-paramount of India. Krishna took advantage of the disagreement, and offered to make common cause with the Pándavas against the king of Magadha, and, this being agreed to, Jarásandhá was surprised in his capital, Báliputra or Pátáliputra, while resting after the conquest of the Práchi, and being simultaneously attacked by all his enemies, was defeated. Some accounts say that he was killed in single combat by Bheem; others that he was split asunder by Balarám and Krishna.

Krishna and Balarám also fought with Bánasur, or Rajah Bán, who ruled over Anga, the country bordering on the Ganges, east of Behar, and the remains of whose place of residence are shown to this day near Purneah. The war arose from the rape of Oosha, the daughter of Bánasur, by Oniroodha, the grandson of Krishna, whom the angry father captured and imprisoned. Krishna and Balarám came to rescue him, and three of Bánasur's cities were taken by Balarám and destroyed; but the quarrel was eventually settled amicably, by the marriage of Oniroodha with Oosha.

Another great achievement of Krishna was the conquest of Sankhásoora, a sea-monster. The wife of Kasya, the spiritual guide of Krishna, complained to him that the ocean had swallowed up her children near the plain of Prabhása, or the western coast of Guzerat, and supplicated him to recover them. Krishna hastened to the shore, and was there informed by the sea-god that Sankhásoora, or Panchájanya, had carried away the children. The palace of this monster was a shell in the ocean—perhaps a poetical conceit for a little island—and his subjects were cannibals or demons, who roamed by night and plundered the flat country, from which they carried off men, women, and children. The inference is that they were pirates, who lived on the sea-shore and made fre-

quent depredations inland for recruits and slaves. Krishna with an army of deities attacked and defeated them. He then pursued their chief through the sea, and after a prolonged conflict, in which the waters were violently agitated and the land overflowed, he drew out the monster from his shell, and slew him, carrying off the shell as a memorial of his victory, and using it ever after in battle as a trumpet. Not yet finding the children of Kasya, the victor went straight down to Yampuri, or hell, where the sound of the conch alarmed Yama, who, making his prostration, at once gave up the children sought for, upon which they were restored by Krishna to their mother.

Among the other acts and adventures of the brother-heroes were a great battle fought by Krishna with the bear Jámbavat, whose daughter, Jámbavati, he took to wife; another battle fought with the king of horses dwelling in the woods of the Jumna; the destruction of a *dánava* bearing the form of a bull; the striking of a bleak rock with Aaron's wand, by Balarám, in the forest of Virát, to produce water to assuage the thirst of Koonti; the conquest of Naraka, an *asoor*, and the demolition of his impregnable fortress. Prágjyotisha, which were achieved jointly; the destruction, in the same manner, of Sunaman, the second wicked son of Ugrasena, together with his whole army; and the slaughter of many *dasyas*, dragons, and *gandharvas*, both separately and together, at different times. In the war of the Kurus and Pándavas Balarám refused to take part, while Krishna proposed that one party should accept his army and the other himself only, upon which the Pándavas took him and the Kurus his army. Throughout the war Krishna was the soul of the Pándava party. The only occasion when Balarám interfered was when Bheem, by an unfair hit, smashed the thigh of Duryodhon, upon which Balarám indignantly pointed out that the rule of fighting with the mace did not allow any stroke below the waist, and threatened to slay all the Pándavas for the blow, and actually pursued and chased them from the field till Krishna interceded for them and mollified him.

Nothing that we have noticed in this chapter actually refers to any *great war*; but the adventures of Hercules in India are held to indicate a turning point of Indian history, and therefore deserve to be noted. The events were all contemporaneous with the war of the Mahábhárut, some having occurred immediately before and some shortly after it.

VI.—THE WAR OF THE KURUS AND THE PÁNDAVAS.

APPROXIMATE DATE, B. C. 1450.

THE Mahábhárut gives details of the disunion between the Kurus and the Pándavas, who were cousins by birth and rivals for the throne of Hastinápore, a place which stood on the Ganges, about forty miles below Hurdwar. The common ancestor of the parties was Bhárat, who laid the foundation of the great *rāj* of Bháratbarsha, or, at all events, after whom India was so named. The twenty-fourth in descent from Bhárat was Vichitravirya, who dying without issue, Vyása, his half-brother, raised up seed to him by his widows and a slave, namely, Dhritaráshtra, the blind, by one widow, Pándu, the pale, (probably a leper) by another widow, and Vidura, who was without blemish, by the slave. Both Dhritaráshtra and Pándu were brought up by their uncle, Bhisma, who had himself renounced the right of succession and taken the vow of a Brahmachári. The succession was also at first renounced by Dhritaráshtra on account of his blindness; and, Vidura being held to be disqualified on account of his base birth, Pándu was raised to the throne. He preferred however, the life of a forester to that of a king, and to indulge his passion for hunting, retired to the woods on the southern slope of the Himálayás, upon which the blind Dhritaráshtra was, with the assistance of Bhisma as regent, obliged to assume the reins of government. The sons of Dhritaráshtra were one hundred in number, of whom Duryodhan

was the eldest. The progeny of Pándu was less numerous, consisting of five sons only, who were poetically said to be begotten by the gods, namely, Yudhisthira by Dharma, Bheem by Pavana, Arjun by Indra, and Nakula and Sahadeva by Aswini-Kumára. The story was probably invented to cover some family disgrace; and, we read, that, on the death of Pándu, the Kurus openly asserted the illegitimacy of the Pándavas before their assembled kin. But the priesthood and old Dhritaráshtra befriended them; and, after having been brought up together under the paternal care of Dhritaráshtra and the instruction of Drona, a Bráhmaṇ, Yudhisthira, as the eldest son of the joint family, was installed as heir-apparent. The people afterwards went still further and invested him with the seal of royalty, holding that Dhritaráshtra by his blindness was not qualified to reign; and this led to the Pándavas being exiled by the Kurus, upon which they travelled in disguise, first to Varanvata, then to Ekachakra, and eventually to Panchála, the Bheel country, then ruled over by Draupada, where Arjun won the hand of Draupadi, the daughter of the king, who became the wife of all the brothers in common.

Strengthened by this alliance the Pándavas threw off their disguise, and the honor won by them induced Dhritaráshtra to recall them, and to settle all differences by dividing the kingdom between them and his own sons. The portion allotted to the Pándavas was called Khandavaprastha, within which they founded the city of Indraprastha, the ruins of which are shown to this day between modern Delhi and the Kootub Minar. The good management of the Pándavas soon made their new city more prosperous than Hastinápora, and this filled the Kurus with envy and hatred, which were heightened when Yudhisthira undertook to celebrate the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, and carried out his intent with the assistance of Krishna. This sacrifice implied an assertion of paramount sovereignty, and Duryodhan, the eldest son of Dhritaráshtra was therefore also anxious to perform it; but he was disqualified from doing so in the lifetime of his father, not being the head of his own family, and this

greatly increased his jealousy. Still plotting for the downfall of the Pándavas, he now invited them to a gambling match, and the wisest of them, Yudhisthira, fell into the snare. Tacitus refers to the gambling habits of the ancient Germans. They are, if possible, still stronger among the Hindus. Yudhisthira first staked and lost the throne of Indraprastha, and then, to recover it, staked Draupadi, who was taken by the Kurus as a slave. Still unsatisfied he staked twelve years of personal liberty; and losing throne, wife, and liberty, became a wanderer, along with his brothers, in the wilderness skirting the distant ocean.

Their term of banishment ended, the Pándavas came back and demanded the restoration of their rights. To this Dhritarashtra and Bhishma were agreeable; but Duryodhan indignantly rejected the claim, urging that the Pándavas had lost everything in the game for good, and not for any stipulated period, and could not now reclaim what they had lost. There was nothing for it now but to fight the matter out, and for this purpose a large army was collected on either side, after which both parties repaired to the plain of Kuru-kshetra (Tannessur) and entrenched themselves, Bhishma being appointed commander-in-chief of the Kurus, and Dhristadyumna, the brother of Draupadi, the commander-in-chief of the Pándavas. The number of grand armies on the side of the Pándavas was seven, and on the side of the Kurus eleven. The assistance of Krishna was claimed by both sides, upon which he offered himself to one party, stipulating that he would lay down his arms and abstain from fighting, and his army of one hundred million warriors to the other. The Pándavas chose the chief, while the Kurus accepted his army. Similarly, Balarám's assistance was also applied for; but he positively refused to mix himself up in the strife in any way, and so they were obliged to go without him. The great generals on the side of the Pándavas, besides themselves were Krishna, Draupada, Dhristadyumna, Sikhandina, Virata, Satyaki, and Chekitana; while those on the side of the Kurus were Bhishma, Karna, Salya, Kripa, Aswathama, Drona, Somadatta,

Vikarma, and Jayadrátha. The war was, as all personal contests are, a war to the knife. There were eighteen days of combat, all of them distinguished by several single engagements, and by individual deeds of great prowess. "The father knew not his son, nor the disciple his preceptor," and the plains were strewn with heaps of the slain, amid the roar of heaven's artillery and the blaze of meteors which shot across the darkened sky. On the tenth day Bhishma was slain, after a terrible conflict with Arjun, upon which the command of the Kurus was taken up by Drona. This made Arjun retire from the contest, from an unwillingness to contend with Drona, which gave a momentary advantage to the Kurus, who distinguished themselves particularly under the lead of Karna and Aswathámá. On the fifteenth day however, the fortunes of the day were retrieved by Dhristyadyumna, who fought with and destroyed Drona, upon which the command-in-chief of the Kurus was conferred on Karna, who renewed the fight. Karna was struck down by Bheem, but was rescued by Salva. This was followed by a general engagement, in which the Kurus were assisted by a fresh army of *Mlechhas* or barbarians. Then followed a personal combat between Bheem and Dushásana, one of the brothers of Duryodhan, who had insulted Draupadi in slavery, for which Bheem had vowed to drink his blood and kill him, which vow was now accomplished. On the seventeenth day there was a great conflict between Karna and Arjun, in which Arjun was wounded and stunned; but, the wheel of Karna's car coming off, Karna was obliged to leap down, and this enabled Arjun to kill him with an arrow. The last general-in-chief of the Kurus was Salva, who had only one day's command, being slain by Yudhisthira. His first encounter was with Bheem, in which both fought with the mace and were equally matched. In his subsequent contest with Yudhisthira he fared worse from the commencement, and was at first aided and rescued by Aswathámá, but was eventually killed. At this juncture Salva, a leader of the *Mlechhas*, pressed hard on the Pándavas, but was finally repelled and killed by Dhristya-

adyumna, and, the Pándavas rallying, the Kuru army was again broken. A temporary advantage was gained by them once more from a shower of arrows being discharged by Sakuni ; but the continual reverses that followed soon drove them almost entirely out of the field. A final charge made by Duryodhon was easily repelled, which led to a complete and general rout, upon which Duryodhon fled and concealed himself in a lake, while the only chiefs who remained on the field were Kripa, Aswathámá, and Kritavarman. Both the victors and the vanquished then made a search for the missing chief of the Kurus, who was at last discovered and pressed to return. But Duryodhon was so disheartened that he preferred to surrender the *rāj* to the Pándavas, and offered to retire to the desert. Yudhisthira, however, refused to accept the *rāj* except by conquest ; and, continuing to taunt Duryodhon, compelled him to come out. Duryodhon now agreed to fight singly with Bheem, and a tedious contest with clubs was carried on, till Bheem terminated it by striking a blow on Duryodhon's thigh, by which he was felled to the ground. The judges of the field declared this to be a felon stroke, as in club-fights no blow below the navel was allowed ; but the quarrel was terminated by Krishna proclaiming Yudhisthira to be the rightful king. Aswathámá, being determined to revenge the death of his father, Drona, now made a night attack on the Pándava camp, and killed a large number of warriors in their sleep. He also killed the sons of Draupadi mistaking them for her husbands ; and the news of these deaths revived Duryodhon for a moment, who complimented Aswathámá by saying that not even Bhishma, Karna, or Drona had done such service to his cause as he had done. After this Duryodhon died, and the difference between the Kurus and the Pándavas was finally closed.

The war having terminated in favor of the Pándavas, the eldest of the brothers, Yudhisthira, was raised to the throne, and celebrated the *Aswamedh Jagya* which established his sovereignty. But they were all dissatisfied with their life in India, and particularly with the result of the war, which had well-nigh exterminated the fifty-six

tribes of Jadu ; and Arjun, having seen the shade of Vyása, was advised by him to abandon all worldly concerns, an advice which was accepted by all the brothers, who placed Parikshit, the grandson of Arjun, on the throne, and tried to return to their Scythian home. They are described as having attempted the passes through Nepal, but are said to have died on the way, one after another, with the sole exception of Yudhisthira and his dog, who in living form went together to heaven—by which Scythia of course is meant. Yudhisthira, the wise and the just, is the Ulysses of the story, with a dash of uprightness and integrity in his character which did not belong to any of the Grecian heroes. Bheem resembles Ajax, and Arjun may be likened to Achilles, though not equally thin-brained. The whole war refers apparently to one of the earliest Scythic inroads into India, of which the date has been approximately fixed at B. C. 1450 or 1400, in which, after having settled in Upper Hindustan, the barbarians fought out a blood war among themselves, in which they were all but annihilated. All the great chiefs of India of the day, from Afghanistan to Cape Comorin, are mentioned as having joined the conflict on one side or the other ; so that, though the commotion was confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Hastinápore, it directly affected the remotest confines of the peninsula.

VII.—THE SCYTHIC INVASIONS.

DATES.—VARIOUS.

THE information available in regard to the Scythic invasions is too vague to be made use of. A fondness for establishing a new hypothesis has led several writers to exalt the importance of these inroads in very remote times ; but it does not appear that they were ever in reality anything better than the Mahratta raids of more recent eras, each a passing whirlwind of great fury that

left no trace but of the devastations it made. These expeditions were however very frequent, and were probably so even before the date of the Mahábhárat. Wilford, in the *Asiatic Researches*, refers to one invasion in B. C. 2000, when Rajah Báhu, the king of India, was defeated by them, till his son Ságara repelled the invaders with his *agni-astram* or fire-arms. The best known of the invasions however was that of Oghuz Khan, the predecessor of Chingez, whose era has been supposed to be somewhere between B. C. 1800 and 1600, though some make it yet more ancient, and who is said to have first conquered Irak or Babylon, Azerbijan, and Armenia, and then turned his arms towards India, of which all the northern provinces, namely, Kabool, Ghazni, and Cashmere were subdued. The first two provinces were easily conquered; but at Cashmere he was obstinately opposed by a king named Jagma, (assumed by those who give Oghuz Khan an older era than between B. C. 1800 and 1600, to be the same as Jamadagni, the father of Parusrám,) who fortified and defended all the mountain-passes leading to the country, and thus retarded the progress of the enemy for one whole year. At the expiration of that period however, Oghuz Khan succeeded in defeating his opponent, and pursued his army with great slaughter. A great part of the inhabitants of Cashmere were also slaughtered, Jagma himself being of the number, after which Oghuz Khan retired to his own dominions.

The path being thus opened, the Scythians, whose sole object was plunder, repeated their inroads as often as they chose, devastating all the country of the Punjab; nor is it impossible that they occasionally penetrated into the more southern and south-eastern provinces, which lay open to them and promised a rich booty. When Cyaxares, the Median king, defeated the Scythians under Madyes, a great portion of them dispersed precipitately and endeavoured to secure settlements in the neighbouring regions, and some of these are supposed to have penetrated into the western and central districts of India. Kiun and Ay, or the sun and moon, the sons of Oghuz Khan, also succeeded in entering the country in

the same direction, on the empire of the Moguls in Tartary being subverted by the Tartars; and, at a later date, the serpent or Takshak race forced their way still further inwards, as is implied by the word Nága, or serpent, occurring so frequently in the annals of Central India. It is believed that the Takshaks penetrated even into the Deccan, establishing their first settlement in it on the site still called Nagpore. But all this is mere surmise: we have no authentic accounts of their wars, or of the era in which they were waged.

VIII.—THE PERSIAN INVASIONS.

DATES.—VARIOUS.

OF the Persian invasions the first is said to have been led by Cyrus, who, Xenophon says, made the Indus the eastern boundary of his empire. The Persian writers go further and assert that Roostum, the general of Cyrus, carried on a war of long continuance in the heart of India, subdued the whole country, and dethroning the sovereign, raised another chosen by himself, who founded a new dynasty. The king of India appears, in this latter account, first as an ally of Afrásaib, the king of Turán or Tartary, against Cyrus, and is said to have been defeated along with Afrásaib at Khárisim, on the banks of the Oxus. This victory having extended the dominions of Persia on the east as far as Siestan and Zábulistán, gave Roostum an immediate passage into the heart of India, which, it is asserted, was fully availed of. But, happily for the repose of India afterwards, the fury of Cambyzes, the successor of Cyrus, was directed towards Ethiopia, Lybia, and Egypt; and so little concern was felt for India by the Persians that, by the time of Darius Hyastáspes, all the knowledge previously acquired by them in regard to it was entirely forgotten, which led to the exploration of the country about the Indus by Scylax before a fresh invasion of it was attempted.

The project of Darius was based on an envy of the maritime genius of the Grecians and of the great naval arrangements fitted out by them. He determined to construct a Persian navy of equal strength, and, on its being formed, to test its efficiency he directed Scylax to sail with it down the Indus, ascertain the exact point where the river met the ocean, and then, coasting along the Persian and Arabian shore, enter the Red Sea and sail up to the point whence Necho, king of Egypt, had despatched his fleet to sail round Africa. This hazardous navigation was accomplished by Scylax, and the information furnished by him in respect to India emboldened Darius to invade that country, all the western provinces of which were conquered. But no details of the wars which must have been fought are known. Herodotus only says that India was one of the countries that paid tribute to Darius; and, as the tribute is said to have amounted to nearly a third of the whole revenue of the rest of the Persian dominions, the inference is that a large part of India was conquered. The Persian historian, Mirkhond, asserts that Isfundear (Xerxes) the son of Darius, compelled all the princes bordering on the Indus to renounce idolatry and embrace the religion of Zerdosht; and as he is said to have marched southward so far as to reach the shore of Guzerat to see the Indian Ocean, his line of conquest would seem to have been pretty extensive.

After the times of Darius and Xerxes, a nominal supremacy over India was arrogated by the Persian kings, and the Persian historians assert that tribute was paid; but the Indians east of the Indus frequently mentioned to the followers of Alexander that they had never before been invaded from the west; and, putting this and that together, it would seem that even the conquest of Darius did not leave much permanent impression far beyond the Indus, while that of Xerxes was probably no better than a raid or marauding expedition that left no mark behind it. We read indeed that Indian troops served under both Xerxes and Darius Codomanus against the Greeks; but this does not necessarily imply the exercise of

sovereign authority by the Persians in India, for it has been explained by Arrian that the Persians hired mercenaries from India to fight for them. This at least may be fairly assumed that, after the time of Darius, there was no great war with India from the direction of Persia, till we come to the invasion of Alexander the Great.

THE SONS OF JUPITER.

THE sons of Jupiter were at all events numerically less strong than his daughters, though it does not appear that he was in the habit of devouring his male issue as old Saturn was.

Apollo, the son of Jupiter and Latona, was the god of all the fine arts including poetry and music, and also of medicine. He was moreover the deity who inflicted plague and pestilence, which was part and parcel of his medical attributes ; and it is in this character that he appears in the first book of the Iliad when, "fired to vengeance at his priest's request" "bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound," whereupon

" On mules and dogs the infection first began,
And last his vengeful arrows fixed on man."

Mars was older than Apollo, but Jupiter loved the latter best. Juno, the mother of Mars, had apprehended with the intuition of a stepmother, that this would be so, and tried to prevent the birth of Apollo altogether, by putting difficulties in the way of Latona getting a resting place during her labors. At last Delos received her, and Apollo was born.

Like all the Greek gods, Apollo was extremely amorous, but it does not concern us to chronicle all his love-adventures here. His first love for Daphne is a poetical conceit. Daphne stands for Fame, which all poets love, but which is so scarcely found. Apollo saw and burned ; but the nymph fled before him. He pursued, he begged, he entreated ; but the lady would not listen, and was not to be overtaken. In her fear she stretched forth her hand to her father, Peneius, for protection, and the nymph became a tree, the laurel. And so have all the pursuers of Fame found her. Be the chase ever so eager and hotly pursued, the thing attained consists only of a bunch of bay leaves, or at best a statue or a monument.

Apollo's pursuit of Cassandra is well known. Prophecy, or good advice, unaccompanied by love or kind feeling is never listened to, and Cassandra's predictions, however well-founded, never received any attention. She had obtained from the god the best of the accomplishments he could confer, but not a conciliatory manner; and no one therefore cared for her instructions. We see this often in life. Many school-masters are very erudite, but their pupils derive no benefit from their teachings, because of the want of that manner which endears.

The only celestial amour of Apollo was with Calliope, the muse of fair voice and heroic poetry; and the fruit of his connection with her was Orpheus, whose strains moved rocks and stones and the magnates of Hell. Another great son of Apollo was Æsculapius, so famous for his knowledge of the healing art; but the mother of the First Doctor—Coronis—was not very faithful to the god, as she was detected in the arms of a Hæmonian youth, by that unimpeachable witness, the raven, who was then white, but was changed into a black color for his officiousness, by the very god whom he had wished to serve. Between husband and wife no one should presume to interfere, nor between lover and mistress. Lovers do not like to receive the proofs of their ladies' infidelity forced on them.

Apollo figures constantly in the pages of Homer, both in the heavens and among men: Following the example of Minerva on the Grecian side, he is frequently seen inciting the Trojans to the war. In the first day's battle, when Ulysses by his bravery makes the Trojans waver and even Hector himself to give ground, when

"Seized with affright the boldest foes appear,
Even godlike, Hector seems himself to fear,"

Apollo cries out from the citadel to remind his partizans that

"The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more."

The bards and prophets were his especial favorites, and were taught by him. In the Odyssey Demodocus, being inspired by Apollo, sings of what he had not seen or heard.

Mars was the son of Jupiter and Juno, though some authorities maintain that he was the son of Juno alone, that goddess having been particularly fond of dispensing with the services of her husband in the procreation of children, though her good name has never been necessarily questioned. In the case of Hebe it was the eating of lettuces that impregnated her; in the case of Mars the same result was attained by smelling a flower, which would be paid for by its weight, not in gold but in diamonds, if it could now be discovered and made known. The tutor of Mars was Priapus; and the pupil was apt in catching the lessons he received from so famous a master, though the only redoubtable tale of his amours is that of the intrigue with Venus, his brother's wife. As god of war Mars is always represented as fond of tumult and strife; but his valor and fury make no head against skill and prudence even in fable, and not only Minerva, but even a mortal, Diomedes, guided by Minerva, drives him wounded from the field of battle, groaning to the skies. Fear, terror, and strife are his children, and very properly so; but he is also the father of Harmonia, a very good story to teach that harmony in the universe arises out of disorders.

One remarkable circumstance connected with the history of Mars is that he was tried in a mortal court of justice, the court of Areopagus, by mortal judges, on the charge of homicide, he having killed a son of Neptune for having offered violence to his daughter Alcippe. Mars was acquitted, as it was a clear case of justifiable homicide. If even gods were tried by men why do the Europeans in this country raise such a howl on every occasion on which a nigger sits in judgment over them!

The Roman legend of Rhea Sylvia is well known. All heroes and gladiators were particularly anxious to claim Mars for their sire, and cared little if it tarnished their mother's good name; and this weakness finds a parallel in many a tale both of the east and the west. Bastardism has never been a reproach when carrying the impression of nobility with it. In our own times there have been many men who boasted of having been

begotten, for instance, by George IV, or Lord Byron, or other titled scamps of the same school.

Vulcan was the son of Jupiter and Juno ; but, as in the case of Mars, some contend that he was born of Juno alone, so that that discreet matron is, by some authorities at least, credited with three children—Mars, Vulcan, and Hebe—not begotten of her husband. Vulcan was born lame, say some writers, and was for that reason thrown into the sea by his own mother. But others would have it that he was kicked out of heaven by his father, for attempting to unfasten the golden chain by which his mother had on one occasion been manacled by her husband who refused to be henpecked, and that he broke his leg by the fall. But the heavens could not do without the artist, since the gods had as much need of houses, furniture, ornaments, and arms as men. Vulcan however, would listen to no compromise ; an unceremonious kick is not easily forgotten. At last a trick was played on him, that trick which ever since has had so much influence on artists in particular, in all countries. Bacchus got him intoxicated, the grapes' juice was irresistible and unresisted ; and Vulcan went back to heaven and was reconciled to his parents : and perhaps this was the only instance in which the grapes' juice did a good thing, and did it well. In later life Vulcan became more wary in respect to interference in the disputes of his parents. In Book I, Iliad, he only interposes to restore peace between them.

“ The feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw,
His mother menaced and the gods in awe ;
Peace at his heart and pleasure his design
Thus interposed the architect divine !
‘ The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy gods of your debate.’ ”

The character of Vulcan was on the whole exemplary, that is, as compared with that of the other gods generally. We have noticed elsewhere his attempt to ravish Minerva ; and, besides being married to Venus, he is said to have had two mistresses in Charis and Aglaia. What he was particularly distinguished for was his handiwork. All the habitations of the gods were made by him ; also all

their chariots and arms. At the request of Jupiter he made the first woman, Pandora, to deceive Prometheus, to whom she brought a boxful of sorrows and distempers, which must have since multiplied on the earth a million-fold, since no big-sized Treasury chest will now contain the whole of them. He also made brass-footed bulls for Helius, king of Colchis ; a brazen man for Minos ; gold and silver dogs for Alcinous ; a collar for Hermione, the wife of Cadmus ; a sceptre for Agamemnon ; one shield for Hercules and another for Achilles ; and for himself, the old lascivious dog made golden maidens who waited on him. It would seem that the artist was a regular dollmaker in his day, and as he was able to endue his dolls with reason and speech he would have made his fortune in our own puppet-show times. It was mainly for his art and design that he was tolerated in heaven, where he was the butt of all the wags as the great cuckold of the age, even his own wife joining in the ridicule against him. But he was a quiet cuckold, and never made use of his horns. He caught Mars and Venus nicely, but all he did was to forge an invisible net around them and so to expose them to the jeers of the Olympian public, some of whom laughed at him for his trouble, and said that they would not care for the predicament Mars was in, if they could share in the offence.

Hermes was the son of Jupiter and Maia. He was a thief from his birth, and tried his 'prentice hand' on the oxen of the gods which were under the care of Apollo. The little fellow was then yet in his cradle-cloths, but on being taxed with the theft stoutly denied it, and the case was regularly contested in the High Court of Olympus, before old Jupiter himself, who would not leave it in the hands of any of the minor judges. Hermes also stole the quiver and arrows of Apollo, the trident of Neptune, the girdle of Venus, the sword of Mars, several instruments of Vulcan, and the sceptre of Jupiter ; and the father of gods and men, being quite charmed with his dexterity, made him his messenger or herald, without any competitive examination, though he had at first intended to make the selection by the B. A. test. He also

made him his confidanté, and as such Hermes learnt the art of love-making in the best school. His own amours were necessarily numerous, and he was the father of a plentiful progeny as distinguished as himself, including Autolycus, the thief, and Priapus.

As a matter of course Hermes was the god of pick-pockets and thieves ; he was also the god of merchants : but it does not necessarily follow that the ancient Greeks prized all three as of equal worth—since mercantile morality was not so low in the old world as we find it in our own. He was also the patron saint of declaimers and orators, which qualifications were justly appraised by the Greeks as mere gammon and claptrap, even though they had, and could have, no inkling of the oratory now rampant in Calcutta, which is so full of Patriots, *i. e.*, patriots of the “squeaking,” the “screeching,” and the “gibbering” classes. Offerings of milk and honey were made to him as god of eloquence, but his admirers of the present day appear to feed entirely on curd and vinegar. The Greeks and Romans offered him tongues by throwing them into the fire, a devotion which should find imitators among our long-tongued friends here, who battle in season and out of season merely to see half a column of newspaper writing attached to their names.

The illegitimate sons of Jupiter were many, but do not require any notice in this place, except Bacchus, who was made a god even before he ceased to be a man, for the grand discovery he made of wine. All countries claim him as their own ; the Osiris of Egypt and the Siva of India being held to be identical with the son of Semele. So great an authority as Jupiter himself is made to say in the Iliad that Bacchus was born “a joy to mortals.” In Greece the orgies of Bacchus were celebrated with great extravagance, and also with great indecency. Royal maids and matrons joined the carousals, and of course surrendered their persons freely to their male associates. This is proved by the admission of Xuthus in Ion, before the Delphic oracle :

“Didst thou approach any illegitimate nuptials ?

“Ay, in the folly of youth,

“ Before you wedded with the daughter of Erectheus ?

* * * * *

“ Ay, with the Mænads of Bacchus.

“ In thy senses, or overpowered with wine ?

“ Amid the delights of Bacchus.”

These delights have been familiar to India from the earliest times. We read that the *amrita* was churned out of the ocean and was shared by the gods, being withheld from the *asoors*—or *ahoors*, as our orientalist would now have it—by deceit. But the gods were circumvented, and the men did get possession of it after all, though the name *amrita* was possibly changed. An Egyptian story says that Bacchus during his Indian expedition turned a river that was running blood into wine, and that the Indians drank of it, became mad drunk, and fell asleep, upon which their country was easily conquered. The miracle must have been subsequently reversed, for by the time of Chandragupta the draught of immortality had apparently become scarce in India, the river of wine had dried up. We read that one of his sons, Amitraghâta applied to Antiochus Soter, his maternal uncle, to send him a supply of Greek wines, and ever since the slang name of *Mâmârbâree* (maternal uncle's house) has been applied to the wine-shop by all our oriental *savâns*. But the visits to *Mâmârbâree* were never so frequent as they have become since the advent of the English with that remarkable sign of their civilization—the brandy bottle. Of course Bacchus made a progress through the world to instruct mankind, and he must have roamed through the best part of it by this time. The playmates of Bacchus in youth, were the Satyrs, a very significant lesson for young beginners. The Muses also moved in his train. This is rather startling, but not the less true. Our best men, the leaders and conductors of human thought and intelligence, are but abject slaves of their passions, and inordinately addicted to the wine-cup. But we had better top here, or all the Egregiouses of Bengal will be up in arms against us.

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MOOKERJEE'S BARODA YELLOW-BOOK.—Mookerjee was in arrear from March last but has compensated the delay by producing a paper on the Baroda question, which will amply repay perusal. Although we do not subscribe to all that our contemporary has written on the subject, we cannot withhold from him the admiration so eminently due to him for the vigour, fulness, and boldness with which he has handled the subject. He delights in digressions—this is his habit, but the digressions are generally, pleasant. Each digression is a picture by itself and we wish we had space for the more vivid of these digressions in the paper before us—it is about the Indian bar. [After many columns of extracts.]

We have not space for more extracts. The literature of the Baroda question is already very bulky, and taxes one's patience to go through it, but Mookerjee's Yellow-book is an important contribution to it. It is written in strong language, and some of his views and theories are opposed to those of moderate men, but he has written in honest good faith, and although his writings cannot influence the current of events simply because he is out of date, his paper will render material assistance to the future historian.—*The Hindoo Patriot*.

If we have always admired Mookerjee and his *Magazine*, we did not expect such a fine thing as his present Baroda number, even from him. Whether in point of interest, research, logic, wit, and grace of style, it can rank with the best of European productions. It is fearless in its tone, profound in its researches, precise in its arguments, happy in its expressions and exhaustive in its range. We are grateful to him for this brilliant production, and we can only express our gratitude by recommending every body to purchase a copy.—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

THERE is no pretence of loyalty in the Baroda number of *Mookerjee's Magazine*. The intense hatred of British rule which breathes in almost every line of the pamphlet is even startling, accustomed though we may be to the diatribes of the more candid of the native organs of opinion. There is ability as well as

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force and bitterness in the bill of indictment drawn up against England, and it will doubtless serve its purpose of lashing into fury the enmity of many of our native fellow-subjects. We really admire the candour and boldness of the writer; his language may be here and there exaggerated, but he has certainly hit not a few blots, and if he has done harm by exciting the passions of our foes, he has also done us good—just as a bitter tonic is more efficacious than a mere soothing syrup. Lip-loyalty is odious to those who do not believe that it accurately represents the inner feelings, and dangerous to the credulous fools who swallow it all as gospel. It would be pleasant to know that British rule was universally beloved and respected in India, but if such be not the case, it is certainly advantageous to learn from the candour of our foes that there does exist a necessity for keeping our swords bright and keen in their scabbards. The official atmosphere in India is so filled with the fumes of lip-loyalty and slavish adulation that responsible authorities may almost be pardoned for not seeing, through this smoky fog, things as they really are. Officials, moreover, are directly interested in representing the outlook to be bright and clear, even if they know themselves to be enveloped in a delusive and dangerous fog, for if they report the existence of discontent and disloyalty, they indirectly accuse themselves of bad management in having brought about so undesirable a state of things. It is always necessary to find a scapegoat who is to be made responsible for all and every disease in the body politic, and few are willing to offer themselves as voluntary sacrifices by dwelling upon the existence of unfavourable symptoms in the patient they are endeavouring to doctor and are expected to cure. Constitutional causes of disease, such as antagonism of race, religion, custom, interests, &c., are not allowed for in such cases, and the man who cannot cry "all's well" at all times is condemned as an incapable blockhead. But although there are various reasons why we should admire and approve the candour exhibited in publications like the one under consideration, it may be suggested with some degree of plausibility that the Government of India, having once satisfied itself that disloyalty is not yet extinct in the country, and knowing what its own great strength is, should exercise a parental discretion in removing out of the reach of the people it is bound to protect publications which are eminently calculated, if not expressly designed, to create a conflagration which could only be quenched in the blood of ignorant persons, who, not knowing what the real strength of the British power is, and attributing the license of the writers to the weakness of their rulers, are led onward in the path which terminates in the precipice of insurrection.

The following extract is not complimentary to England, but it might do good if it only opened the eyes of our statesmen to the fact that British diplomacy in Europe and elsewhere is not lost sight of by native watchers, and that it has not added to the prestige which constitutes so important an element in our rule of India: "England, however she may be over-reached or bullied by other Great Powers, has in India a fine field for compensation by practising on smaller fry conduct she has to submit to from the political whales of the West. It might be taken for granted that she would make the most of the advantage. Yet,

according to all noble precedents, she is proper and peaceful—benevolent to the last degree. They are all, all honorable ladies and gentlemen. The Empire is Peace. Peace—Peace—alas! where there is no Peace!" Few natives either can or will understand that the protection which the Paramount Power in India extends to the ruling Chiefs and Princelings of the country justifies an interference in their internal affairs which would be monstrous if applied to independent Powers, whether great or small, European or Asiatic. There is a *quid pro quo* in politics as well as in business transactions of other kinds. Besides it is manifestly absurd to say that the political whales of the West oblige England to submit to interference her position and obligations compel her to exercise in India. When, oh Mookerjee! has any foreign Power dictated to England the regulation of her internal affairs? Thy hatred of British rule rather than thy ignorance leads thee to tell thy less intelligent countrymen the things that are not strictly true.

The following is a temperate criticism of Lord Northbrook's action in the Baroda matter. "We were startled by the intelligence of a still worse—absolutely shocking—outrage. It is no less than the arrest by the emissaries of our Government of an independent sovereign in his own capital. India stands transfixed in wonder and awe, as the greatest Indian Prince stands a prisoner awaiting trial or rather confirmation of sentence. Never, perhaps, since Briton set foot on Asian soil has the Government of India been so audacious. Never Kaiser or Mogul dreamed of things the Viceroy of the distant Queen of England has accomplished. The pretensions of the British Government baffle the imagination. No sovereign in India has stretched his authority so far as Lord Northbrook. Perhaps the history of international relations does not afford a single precedent of the kind. No sovereign, however powerful, has before now assumed the right to seize in his own territory the person of another sovereign however humble. Sovereigns have before been seized and deposed—even killed, but that was in a state of war. Sovereigns have before been mobbed and seized and brought to trial and beheaded, but only by their own subjects—an infuriated population. Here, in a state of profound peace, without a rupture between the two Governments or notice of rupture, has the Indian Government, by a simple fiat, assumed the right to depose at will Princes in treaty with it—its good and trusty allies—and bring them to trial like any of its subjects. What is the independence of Native States worth after that? What is the value of the mass of treaties between those States and our Government, which in print occupy eight volumes in Mr. Secretary Aitchison's compilation?" Whatever may be the opinion of the native public on the Baroda case, it might, we think, be adequately expressed in terms less "inflammatory" in their nature. It must not be supposed, from the space we have given to the subject, that we attach any undue importance to the opinions and utterances of *Mookerjee*; but as one of the leading organs of native opinion in Bengal has already spoken in complimentary, though guarded, terms of the pamphlet in question, we feel justified in drawing attention to what may help more or less in spreading discontent and disloyalty, and in asking the Government of India where it proposes to draw

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the line between treason and lawful criticism of its acts and its general policy.—
The Indian Statesman, (Calcutta and Bombay.)

NATIVE OPINION OF BRITISH POLICY.

The Baroda Coup D'Etat,

CHARACTERIZED AS A BLUNDER ON A GIGANTIC SCALE.

WANT OF SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE RULERS AND THE RULED.

KNOWLEDGE is a keen-edged weapon, and our native subjects have got possession of it, and have also learnt the use of it, and they can use it dexterously withal. Yes, they know how to use the weapon even against those who have put it into their hands, and to make it felt too. We have hardly forgotten the rattiocinations of Ranga Charlu who not long ago condemned the British administration of Mysore in unmistakeable terms. We have heard what the late Jeya Ram Row had to say of the British as a nation and as our rulers. Although his diatribes were set down as maniacal hallucinations, yet they represented to a great extent the inner feelings of the better classes of thinking natives: and Englishmen too, cannot forget how the famous "Naider" of Madras braved the British Lion in his own den. Well these are mere beginnings, and as they come forth from the "benighted" Presidency where the 'mild Hindu' predominates, they may not suggest any serious reflections in the minds of our rulers. But turn we further north, nearer the scene of the memorable Mutiny of '57, we find the case is far worse. Look into the Magazine now lying before us. Intense hatred of the British rule manifests itself in every line of its 170 pp. We shall review the number at length at some future date. It certainly deserves more than a passing notice. The Magazine endeavours to prove that the whole of the Baroda business was a blunder from beginning to end. The language used is severe and bitter. While in many places the utterances are sensible, in other places they border on sedition. But this is excusable, as in an animated discourse infused with feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, a candid and vivid wrier as Mookerjee can hardly be expected to avoid seditious observations. For our present purpose we shall append an extract from the Magazine. Let Mookerjee speak for himself, although we do not give in to all that he says:—

"The evil of British power in India, as well as its inherent weakness, lies in the absence not only of the ties of close ethnic and religious consanguinity—these are not practically of so much consequence as bigots are apt to fancy—but of those other important artificial ties which result from moral and political affiliation between the rulers and the ruled. It is a power essentially foreign, not only in origin but throughout its progress. The people did not found it,—it does not depend on the people for its maintenance. It is a Government over, rather than of, India. It is an oligarchy of foreigners, deliberately, or by disposition, isolated from the people. Sympathy is a plant too delicate to grow

under such circumstances. A magnificence which in some important respects, is independent of the people, they cannot be expected much to care for. They are not likely to be proud of achievements—in arms or policy—in which *they* are nowhere—to feel a lively personal interest in the aggrandisement of a power and authority *they* do not share.”—*The Calicut and Wynaad Observer*.

WE don't think we ever read such unmitigated outspoken criticism, verging on treason if not overstepping the boundary, as Mookerjee's Baroda number. But the style is good and the language admirable, every word flowing easy and yet each brief sentence is acutely incisive. As to reason or logic, they are most cleverly parodied. The writer seems to have studied Comte to some purpose and such a torrent of sophism never before carried all sober fact before it clear out of sight.—*The Athenæum and Daily News*, (Madras.)

OUR BARODA NUMBER.—The ordinary monthly numbers of Babu S. C. Mookerjee's *Magazine* are generally well worth the money they cost, and are not seldom written with more than ordinary ability, but in his more pretentious *double* and *treble* numbers he falls short of the mark in a manner which suggests painful reflections. We should like to know who ever advised the Babu to commit himself to two such publications as the *Military Tragedy (Nana)** or *Our Baroda Number*? The first is stupid enough but withal harmless, the second is equally stupid, but among men of Radha Bazar standard of culture, might prove mischievous.

There is a class of writers, but for the credit of the Indian Press let us admit that they may have the vice although they do not have the number of the Scriptural Legion, who fancy that a vapid imitation of the style of Junius, with a large supply of personal vituperation constitutes political writing—and this is just what indigenous political writers in India have come to. If a third rate English country Attorney turned a politician, he would write a pamphlet very much in the manner of *Our Baroda Number*, but he would write from an English, and not a Bengali, point of view, and that, we must add, would be due to accessories for which an Indian indigenous writer cannot be blamed.

Here is the manifesto of the writer's morality :—“Hereditary rulers do not allow themselves to be captured by Police and hauled up before Magistrates. They do not look out for *mooktears*, or send for eminent lawyers, or assist at the preparation of briefs.”

* It is a curious coincidence, and a proof of the worthlessness of Anglo-Indian criticism (whether published in this country or disguising itself in the columns of the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*) particularly on native Indian English literature, that the tragedy in question, *The Nana*, in Mookerjee's *Magazine* is the work of an Englishman, who, besides contributing to the *Magazines* in England and the papers in India, is a contributor to the *Civil and Military Gazette* itself. Any critic worthy of the name would have discovered in the drama unmistakeable internal evidence of its being a European composition. Apart from the familiarity with military life and details shown by the author, no native, however degraded, could pen such a libel against his race. A critic of common impartiality would have hailed the *Nana* as a proof of the determination of the conductors of the *Magazine* to represent fairly the views and literature of India, Native and European.—Berigny & Co., Publishers.

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We wondered for a time as to what the writer was driving at, and whether he was only attempting a fancy sketch of "Hereditary rulers," under painful circumstances, but it occurred to us after a very little reflection that he was going to point a moral, for he proceeds :—

"They sooner die! Here is a sentiment which would receive the applause of Radha Bazar politicians! This is just the clap-trap heroism of men who have read of heroes and martyrs, but who prefer only to read them.

We have given an instance of the writer's moral spasm, but here is something like a political spasm which would only be permitted in a Native Gentleman who, after having attended meetings of the Calcutta Municipality, or the less dignified assembly of the Indian Association, fancied himself a Burke, or a Charles James Fox :—

"Particularly, as the real Court lurked behind the screen at the back of the "open" box of the six jurymen—as the Commissioners may be called—it would have been best for the prisoner, for his counsel, to reserve his energies for a thorough exposure of the iniquity from top to bottom of the entire proceedings of the Government of India, as well as for a great discussion of the legal and moral rights of the action of the Viceroy, and to concentrate all his powers on an impressive appeal in behalf of his client on the highest constitutional and political grounds."

Is this an advice which the Gaekwar should have followed as coming from a friendly quarter, or is this the sort of advice which Babu Mookerjee thinks worth a place in the pages of a magazine occasionally devoted to thoughtful writing? We do not object to the muddle in the construction of this long, windy and jagged sentence, but is the sentiment worth the ink, paper and printer's patience which its publication has cost?

The writer's estimate of the English, or rather the London Bar, is a piece of impertinence with which we laymen have only to do in a general way. He tells us that, "The Broughams and Plunketts have left themselves in their mantles." We do not quite understand this, but, as to that matter, there is a lot of other things in this pamphlet that we do not understand; we have heard of people disappearing in their boots, but what, in the name of common sense, is the process by which orators leave "themselves in their mantles? Is this a stage strick familiar to the gentlemen who practise in the Calcutta High Court, or is it only the freak of a deranged mind burning with political ardour? That the writer is familiar with the speeches of our great forensic orators and is a competent judge of their merits, is evident from the fact that he classes Talfourd with Charles Phillips and, impliedly, deplures the loss of that description of oratory of which the latter was avowedly the great master! But for the fact that we believe the writer to be honestly in earnest, we should have credited the following as an attempt on his part to disguise a very clever chaff :—

"There is now more true oratory in a French provincial city than in all the English circuits. O, for a Berryer! exclaimed we, as we read the measured

comments of Serjeant Ballantyne. And there is far more enthusiasm of advocacy. Mr. Ballantyne's is a type of the decorous English able advocacy.

The finger of scorn is a serious business, but the smile of contempt is the just due of rabid nonsense like the above.

Mr. Mookerjee would do well to leave writers of Military Tragedies and political clap-traps to other publishers. The political writers, at present on his Staff, do not possess a thorough knowledge of their subjects to write well; they have not culture enough to write with good taste—they have not education enough to write correctly.—*The Civil and Military Gazette*.

IN our original article on education, whilst speaking of this subject, we asserted that "those who read the native English periodicals will agree with us in this opinion." But it is quite evident that our adversary is not one of those who are guilty reading of native English periodicals. We will, however, direct his attention to his own favorite province, Lower Bengal, and ask him to read *Mookerjee's Magazine* for the month of May, which forms the most important contribution to that class of periodical literature during the present year. The publisher calls it, "Our Baroda Number," and we have reason to believe that the article which the number contains on the late deposition of Mulhar Rao has been read with feelings of profound respect, delight, and admiration by the numerous "educated natives"—the *alumni* of the Government educational institutions—throughout the whole of India. *Mookerjee's Magazine* is, we believe, the chief quarterly native English periodical of "Politics, Sociology, Literature, Art and Science;" and although the limits of our article will confine us to this periodical, yet our remarks may be safely taken to be applicable to the whole of that class of literature written, patronized, and read by "educated natives," whom our adversary has taken upon himself to defend. We do not wish to discuss the literary merits of this production, nor do we consider it necessary to point out the numerous violations of good taste and refinement which characterize the Magazine in question. Our only object at present is to prove the seditious spirit which underlies the composition. The spirit is, to use our own words, one of the "highest results which the Government educational system has yet attained." We will not delay our readers by attempting to demonstrate what can be proved best by quoting the Magazine itself. The state of feeling towards England appears from the following extract:—

* * * * *

May we ask ANOTHER NATIVE whether such language is the emanation of a spirit of loyalty to the British Crown. Yet the whole article, which extends over no less than 247 octavo pages, is full of sentiments and opinions which none but a weak and deluded mind is capable of entertaining, and which a loyal British subject, who, to use the words of our adversary, "knows what his rulers have done for the country," should be ashamed to express. But it is not only in one ins-

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tance that we have to complain of the Magazine. The following extract will show the interpretation put by the writer upon the intentions of the Viceroy in appointing a Commission to try the accused Mulhar Rao:—

* * * * *

As if Bengal was ever noted for great feats of arms ! We should be the last person to hold that public opinion should be checked in any way. Liberty of the Press is one of the greatest advantages of the British rule. But there is a limit to everything, and even a good thing can be overdone. The article on Baroda in *Mookerjee's Magazine* is the worst abuse of the liberty of the Press we have seen for a long time. Any other Government than the English would have suppressed the publication in question as a public nuisance. Our object, however, upon the present occasion is only to prove the spirit of sedition fostered by those whom the Government Department of Public Instruction boasts of having made "educated" men.—*The Pioneer*.

THE able and out-spoken writer of the book under notice, Babu Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee, belongs to the same class of good or beneficent writers. His words may now taste acrid bitter—why *may*, they *are* felt so already—some of the Anglo-Indian Editors have become excited at their perusal—some discern in them clear symptoms of treason—urging the Indian Government to take care and to prosecute the writer—thinking Mr. Mookerjee a particular enemy and intense hater of the British race. But if they could understand the true meaning, they would never have written in this strain—never thought like this. Were they not error-blind and hater-blind, they would have regarded Mr. Mookerjee not as a foe but as a friend indeed. To unearth hidden faults and expose them in public is indeed the part of an enemy, but is it the same to point publicly at *prima facie* faults? The public discussion of public acts is not the sign of unfriendliness. In such matters, specially, everybody has a right to criticism, for state affairs belong to the public community in general. Rather is it wrong to know an evil and to hush it up, for by such concealment may be caused many difficulties and dangers.

The examination of evils does not produce rebellion, but rather the omission to examine them, by progressively multiplying evils, become the unfailing cause of rebellion. Therefore the exposé of evils is no foe, but friend—the publicist is no traitor but preventor of treason.

There is hardly a public writer who has not commented on the strange Baroda drama. Editors, Native and European, all the host of correspondents and journalists and pamphleteers and politicians of all sorts—have one and all written on it more or less. No one has approved of the action of the Government of India—almost every body has denounced it. Some have taken exception to the appointment of native commissions, some to the propriety of a public trial—some have referred to the unexpired probation of the deposed Prince—others have pointed out other points—but on some ground or other all have blamed the Government. In our opinion, Mr. Mookerjee more and better than all has discussed the subject with subtilty and depth, and pronounced judgment on the

broadest and highest considerations. If in all his arguments and reasons he is not absolutely new, yet no one can deny that many of his arguments and reasons are fresh and original, and all propounded with new vigor and beauty and altogether presented in a new light. They are, besides, striking and valuable not simply from their novelty and beauty, but also most attractive from their substance. In other words, his arguments, proofs, illustrations, inferences, and conclusions are as true as they are original,—as irresistible as well-arranged. That in writing on so great a subject, the structure in every part and nook should be equally solid and convincing, is not to be expected of human pen. But that the praise is predicable of the greater part of his composition we unhesitatingly affirm. His division of subject and manner of treatment, his ideas and his style, are, all of the same high character. What command of the English language! What power of expressing the views of the educated classes of natives! What skill in representing the Native Princes! What familiarity with British and British Indian politics, and with politics and history in general! It is not we alone that say this. The well-known journal of England named the *Spectator*, in reviewing one of Mr. Mookerjee's books, writes:—

“Generally the author's exposition of native feeling is profoundly interesting and expressed with great force. We may add that he shows as keen an understanding of our politics, when his subject happens to bring him into contact with them, as could any writer of our own.”

But it is impossible that Baboo Sambhu's contributions are wholly meritorious—absolutely irreproachable. The manly boldness of his writing everybody acknowledges, but many would qualify the epithet *bold (or independent)* by the particle “too.” Ever since the first flush of his youth, now long years back, when he became known as a magazinist—in that Magazine which, from various reasons, had no long career—we have been partial to his productions. Since then we are admirers of his powers of observation and survey, his shrewdness, his various and extensive erudition, above all his historic and political knowledge. Since then we are charmed by his patriotism. Since then, too, we know that on certain subjects his pen flows too impetuously—too ominously like the *Kirtināsā*—that is, a destroyer. In many casts that does great good—in many it does a little harm too. The minds of violent readers are apt to be carried by the stream on to extravagance, without the opportunity of the necessary halt and repose to see their proper way, or examine leisurely the nature of the places and countries on the banks. The minds of the calmer sort are troubled by this doubt and scared away by this fear—lest they catch the hooded-serpent of exaggeration and are undone! The more so that the friends of India in England are divided into two or three classes. There are those among them who are ready to take pity on the poor subjects in India, but are not acquainted with the truth about their condition, and would not believe any but moderate complaints; in their opinion there is much in the state of India good, and but a very little, bad. Strong medicines are not suited to cure their prejudice. For them the physician must prescribe simple recipes of mild reasoning, employ palliatives of insinuated evi-

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dence, mild tonics (auriferous compositions) of quotations of opinions and sayings of impartial writers among their own countrymen and British officials.

Mr. Mookerjee has well administered good doses of the latter description of remedies. But he has not been so careful with the first-named kind of prescriptions, namely, the milder draughts of winning, insinuating argumentation. So that the malicious malcontents, strengthened in their pretences, may make people believe, and are endeavouring to make people believe, that 'Mr. Mookerjee is a seditious writer, opposed to the English, and a hater of the race: can his words carry any weight with the wise?'

Were most Englishmen in matters political as true Christians in deed as in profession—truly liberal, just in their behaviour, real wellwishers of this Indian Dependency—then we should not have been in the least alarmed at this charge or the misrepresentations and misdirected skill by which they try to support it, nor entertained any apprehensions of harm or mischief. But, to the misfortune of India and the shame of England, only a few English politicians and functionaries are so high-souled—the rest are the very reverse. That is, the majority are disposed to find fault on any pretext,—ready to seize on the veriest slip and execute on us heavy punishment. In that land everything is governed by the will of the majority. Therefore, in our solicitude for safety, we have nothing for it but to walk measured steps, fearfully, sounding the way to warn off venomous reptiles.

To give an illustration. In this Baroda drama, whatever the *Indu Prokash* of Bombay, or the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Calcutta, has said, many English writers have done likewise, or worse—treated the Government to stinking abuse or harsh-sounding intolerable names. But alas, for the fate of our poor Dependent Mother—India! How wonderful the influence of the evil spirit of national partiality! No single British nostril has perceived the disgusting stench—no white person's aural drum has felt the slightest shock—while so many have fainted under the flowery missive of the *Indu Prakash*. What raving, what lamentations! what assertion of prestige! what howlings of rage! and what not? So long as we shall recall them we shall be confounded!

On this view, such as is the praise due to the easy eloquence of the accomplished Mr. Mookerjee, or the stern justice of his political strictures, such also is the alarm it gives. One is reminded of the lament of Raja Vira Sinha how the very accomplishments (*Vidya*) of his clever daughter Vidya (literally, *Learning*, *Knowledge*) had proved an embarrassment—a source of evil.

Mr. Mookerjee's outspokenness and unparingness and the eloquence of his pen many a distinguished English journalist has noticed. Thus *The Friend of India*, speaking of one of his essays, says.—“A more uncompromising piece of criticism was never offered to the public,” &c.—

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Except for the consideration spoken of above, there is no objection to the manner of Mr. Mookerjee. Such writing undoubtedly goes deep into the minds of the nation.—Translated from a review extending 40 pages folio in “*The Maddhyastha*, a Bengali Magazine.”

MOOKERJEE ON BARODA AFFAIRS.

WE have received with thanks *Mookerjee's Magazine* for March, April and May last. The triple number is devoted solely to a searching analysis of the Baroda blunder, and we confess *Mookerjee* carries his reader with him to the length of believing that Mulhar Rao has been the victim of a foul conspiracy. We do not fully concur in all that the writer advances in reference to the turpitude of political agents, nor do we believe that Lord Northbrook has greatly erred in sticking to his post after the deposition of Mulhar Rao. Even *Mookerjee* is compelled to admit that His Excellency's intentions are pure. All that we can fairly blame his Excellency for is the easy ear his lordship lent to the story told by the police. But it should be remembered that his lordship has no knowledge of the depths of infamy to which hangers-on of residencies and policemen can descend to incriminate those who may bring trouble on them.

Mookerjee has his own way of telling things. We will just allow him to tell the story of the poisoning affair.

[*Here extracts commencing.*—"The whole thing is improbable as an act of madness." &c., p. 186 down to end of p. 188.]

It was the Khurceta which brought ruin on Mulhar Rao. How ingeniously *Mookerjee* brings this out.

[*Here extract from p. 172 commencing.*—"The Colonel" to "confession" p. 173, line 28.]

Mookerjee attempts to shew that Serjeant Ballantyne's mode of defending his client was not the best. We believe that under the exceptional circumstances of the case, when no body could be relied upon, the Serjeant did what was left to him, viz., to impugn the honesty or intelligence of the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution.—*The Bengalee* (First Notice.)

MOOKERJEE ON THE RELATION BETWEEN THE NATIVE CHIEFS AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

WHEN Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee was a young man, fresh from the Hindu Metropolitan College, the late Baboo Haris Chandra Mookerjee singled him out as a youth of great promise. Our lamented predecessor had a high opinion of Baboo Sambhu Chandra, and that distinguished journalist, Mr. Meredith Townsend, has more than once spoken of him as man of "high political ability." The Baroda number of his *Magazine* does not belie the promises of his youth. Nothing more interesting than the Baroda number has of late emanated from the pen of a Bengalee. Baboo Sambhu Chandra Mookerjee has a personal knowledge of the courts of several Native Princes, and it would be no exaggeration to say that he knows more about their relations to our Government, than any other Bengalee that we know of. Why are we so anxious for the preservation of the Native States? *Mookerjee* has thus answered the question.

[*Here extract commencing*—"Inasmuch as British supremacy is the supremacy of order," &c. to "We only point out the possibilities of dependent dominion," p. 95.]

This is a fair solution of the question, but it is not a complete one. The worst consequence of foreign domination is the loss of national self-respect. We may talk as big as we like; at heart we are crushed by an overwhelming sense of our own inferiority. Our educated young men may not share the sentiments of the old Hindoo who, on looking for the first time at a Railway Train in motion, exclaimed, "These Englishmen are the gods of the Earth!" but most of them feel acutely what a lot of helpless babes they are. They feel that there would be no Railways, no Telegraphs, no ships—in fact none of the material appliances of civilisation without Englishmen. They feel that unless Englishmen take the trouble to clothe us, ninety-nine per cent of our population would go naked. This feeling crushes out all self-respect. Why are we so imitative? Why do we ape the vices and bad manners of our rulers? Why, whilst so sadly deficient in true heroism are we ready to exclaim, 'Brandy for heroes?' It is because we are wanting in self-respect. Why are our courts of justice disgraced by so many low tricks practised in them? It is because we have lost self-respect; because being denied career in the Army, we have made courts of justice our battle-fields and have come to think that every stratagem is fair in the warfare of litigation.

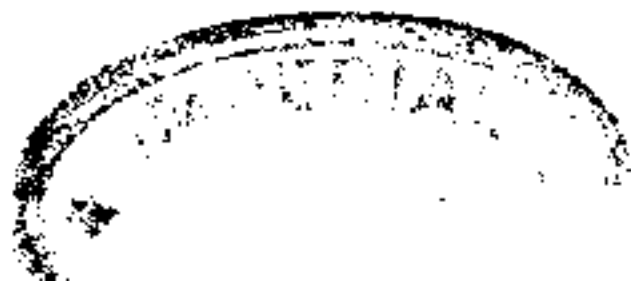
We wish to have the integrity of Native States preserved in violate, because we do not like to see the last vestiges of national self-respect yet existing swept away.

The English have given us one inestimable boon. They are imparting to us Western knowledge which has become as necessary as our daily rice. It will be our duty to impart to the Native States the knowledge we receive, and it will be their duty to keep alive our self-respect.

We know very well the difficulties of our British Indian Government. As annexation is no longer fashionable, a Native Prince in the hope of being upheld by British bayonets may be tempted to misgovern his State. Our Government fancies that the difficulty is solved by appointing meddlesome Residents, and what comes of such meddlesomeness, Oudh and Baroda will testify. With the exception of the lamented Henry Lawrence we do not know of a single man of the ruling race qualified to act a Resident in a Native Court. Most Residents as we have repeatedly said, are crosses between spies and bullies. How Major Baillie used to tyrannise over the Nawab Vizier of Oudh, Lord Hastings' Diary, from which *Mookerjee* has given copious extracts, will testify. We content ourselves with one extract.

[*Here extract p. 213, line 2 to line 11.*]

We need hardly add that Major Baillie has worthy disciples in Colonel Phayre and Mr. Ballard. It is better to annex Native States at once than to humiliate and degrade them to receive Residents of this stamp. All interference in the internal affairs of Native States should be avoided, and to prevent misgovernment, the right of rebellion should be conceded to the subjects of such States.—*The Bengalee* (Third Leading Article.)



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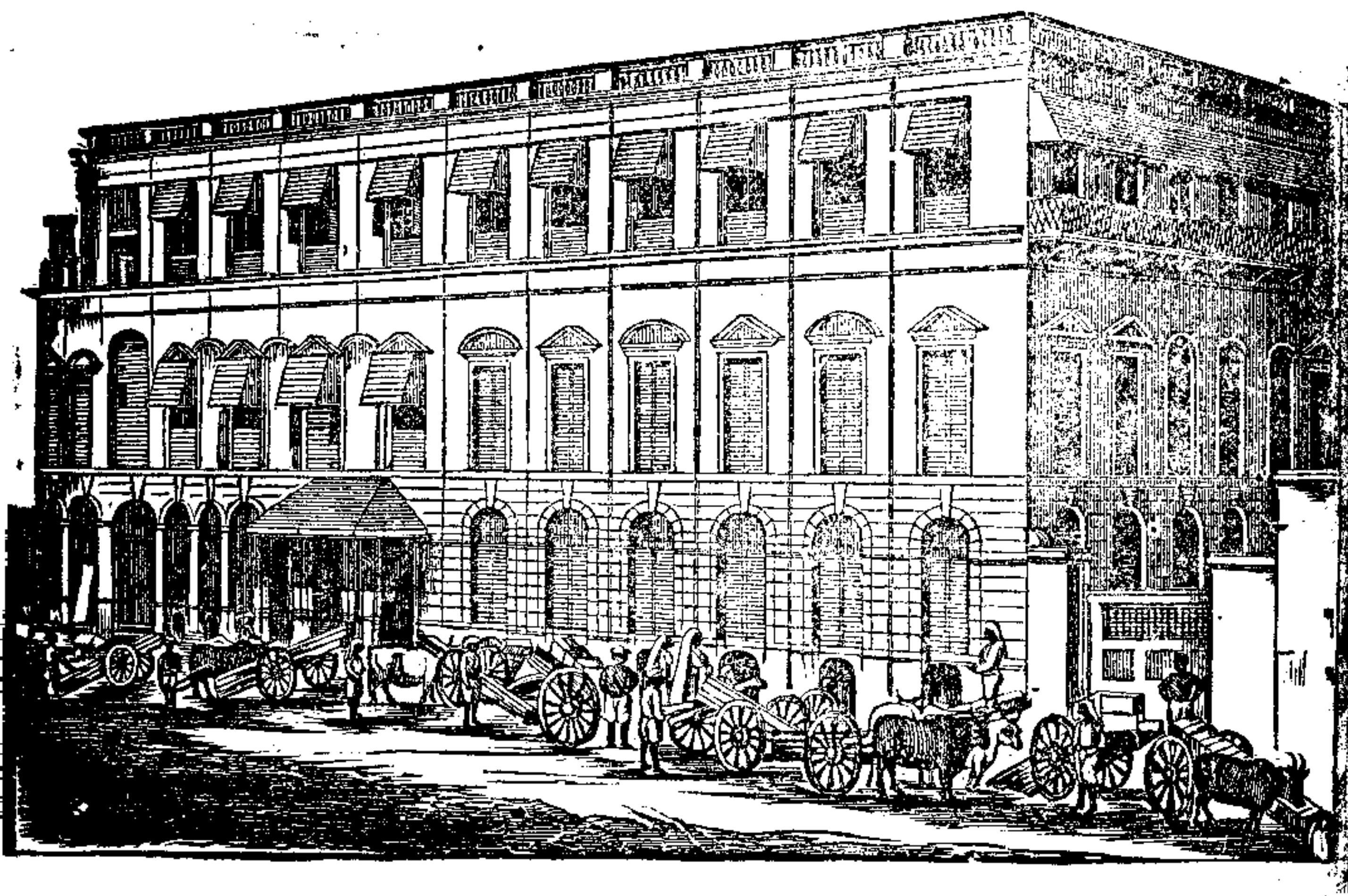
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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

EXTRAORDINARY.

Calcutta, 23rd December, 1875.

A WELCOME TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

ALBERT EDWARD ! England's Son and Heir !

Happy Heir to glorious Râma's throne,
Kingliest who was — beyond compare —

Brightest star that in the Orient shone !
Welcome to the land that nurs'd thy dream,
To her gorgeous shows, her glow and gleam !

Son of Her, our Mother as She's thine,
Son of Her, whose white, vestal fame,
Reflex of a life all pure — benign,

Hath fill'd the world with Victoria's name !
Thrice Welcome to India's sunny shore,
Where that name we loyally adore !

From the West came foemen fierce of yore.

With war's blood-hounds in their dismal train :
Timur,—Nadir,—Ahmed,—Ghazni,—Ghore,
Ravishers of India's fair domain.

But the West now sends her Prince of peace,
To bid Joy arise, and Sorrow cease !

For thy mission's one of rarest grace,
And a nation's love has justly won ;—
Fitting too in season and in place,
It reminds us all of Mary's Son !
Hope at thy approach exulting high,
Draws her magic bow across our sky !

Welcome him, O Indians, welcome him !
Hindus,—Moslems,—Parsis,—Budhists, all !
Now our cup of joy flows o'er the brim ;
Welcome him from street and roof and hall !
All that's ours from Himmala to sea,
Welcome him with shouts of jubilee !

Fairy palaces, spontaneous rise !

Streamers shine with rainbow-hues in air !

Voice of Welcome, thunder to the skies !

Cannon, boom ! and trumpets, loudly blare !

Beat, warm heart of Ind, with rapture beat !

Pour thy fervors at the Prince's feet !

Cities ! robe yourselves in gay attire !

Glow in golden floods of flashing fire !

Float in perfumes sense and heart desire !

Wake the very soul of harp and lyre !

And so welcome him this happy hour,

Him the love of Denmark's sweetest flow'r !

Welcome, for thou art our King to be !

Welcome, for this Realm's by heirship thine !

Welcome, Guest from o'er the western sea !

Welcome, Heir of Albion's Royal Line !

Thrice Welcome to India's sunny shore,

Where Victoria's name we all adore !

RAM SHARMA.

CALCUTTA

J. N. GHOSE & Co., PRESIDENCY PRESS, 75, BENTINCK STREET.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

EXTRAORDINARY.

Calcutta, 25th February, 1876.

An UNREPORTED SPEECH delivered at the recent Meeting of the Rate-Payers at the Town Hall by a Medical man.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE much pleasure in supporting the Resolution* just moved and seconded—I may say, even greater pleasure than if it were a Resolution declaring the willingness of the citizens assembled here to-day to place themselves, “for a community of reasons,” under my medical “control” (*hear, hear.*) I am free to admit, Mr. Chairman, that I am an *Apka-waste*; for I fully appreciate the object of the meeting at which you have been called upon to preside. Though not much caring individually for any constitutions other than those of my patients, I thought, when I came across the invitation of the Indian League, that, without doing any violence to my feelings, I might just

* 3rd Resolution.

step over to see what the other constitution, to consider which you have met to-day, was like, without expecting to take an active part in your proceedings. But I am afraid the epidemic which at the present moment rages violently in this city, and under the influence of which any body and every body including, of course, a large number of nobodies feel themselves justified in saying a precious lot of foolish things, has unconsciously infected me, for I find myself suddenly seized with a desire to keep the aforesaid bodies in countenance by following suit. I must assure you, however, that the symptoms in my case are so far favorable that I may safely pronounce it to be one of a moderate type; and therefore, I think and hope, you will not be surprised if, in what I am about to say, you meet with better sense than the inevitable nonsense uttered by most of those unhappy creatures who have got delirious under the Temple fever which is prevailing in our midst, and for whom, speaking in my medical capacity, I would prescribe copious shower baths, straitwaistcoats, and patent muzzles. Perhaps it would be as well if I described, for the benefit of the faculty here and elsewhere, the symptoms of the last-named complaint which, so far as I am informed, is unknown in our pathology, and requires, in my humble opinion, the united efforts of the Government and the community to check its further spread in the metropolis. The symptoms, then, are, (1) an intense horror of election such as hydrophobic patients have of water; (2) Anti-Hoggism; and (3) a violent desire for nomination. I have already sug-

gested a cure in all disinterestedness, though I would have no objection, if my fellow-citizens insisted upon it, to accept a testimonial of their gratitude in the shape of a small purse, say, of 10,000 guineas for self, and two pieces of Dacca muslin for my better half. There is another cure which, in that spirit of eclecticism which marks the age, I hope I may be permitted to suggest—it is based on the Homœopathic principle of similars curing similars, and consists of a dose of election, (mother tincture and no dilution !) a lengthened administration of Hogg, and the admixture of a number of rich *apkawastes* with the municipal globules. In the majority of cases, I have not the slightest doubt, the cure just recommended will be eminently successful ; but I have a lurking suspicion that, in a particularly bad one, it would perhaps be necessary to have recourse to a dietetic treatment in the way of giving the said patient a certain wished-for statistical billet ! It is, however, I must say, a fortunate circumstance that, speaking in a metaphorical sense—the pulse of the community is sound with respect to the questions which are now agitating Calcutta Society ; and I feel sure the clamour of the afflicted will not be mistaken for the voice of the healthy, who form the majority in the city. Great efforts, we are all aware, have been made by the opponents of election to prevent a large attendance of the rate-payers at this meeting ; but that there is a consensus of opinion in favour of it, is convincingly proved by this immense gathering, and also by the significant presence in this hall to-day of a curer of souls and a curer of bodies,—a fact

which you will doubtless regard as ominous of the fate of a moribund corporation (*hear, hear and laughter.*) But, gentlemen, though "Othello's occupation's gone," *our* Moor is most reluctant to bid farewell to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the municipal board, and so we see him madly beating his drum and blowing his trump like one possessed. So sweet was ne'er so fatal, I say ; so let him roar again—let him roar again.

Now, gentlemen, let me ask you to consider who are they that have raised this frantic cry for nomination. A moment's reflection will enable you to trace the cry to a few obstreperous Justices and their ignorant followers. There is the bell-wether tinkling its bell, and the whole fold is bleating after it. They are afraid to be mutton-chopped under the new system, which is regarded as an improperly licensed slaughter-house set up by the enemy for their destruction. But I say the shambles are necessary, no matter who ceases to bleat. Progress is the law of Nature. It is as necessary for the existence of society in the nineteenth century, as the presence of members of my profession. You can't do without either. I shall not insult your understandings by dwelling on the advantages of elective institutions at this time of day. The idea of self-government without election is exceedingly delusive (*hear, hear.*) They who say otherwise are not only guilty of *speaking*, but of *thinking*, an untruth. There never was a reform but was assailed on its introduction. The petulance of those who are opposed to the new system, reminds me of the child, who throws away his

rattle, and demolishes his rocking-horse, because he does not get the "moon for the asking!" We must not forget that Calcutta is situated in India in Asia, and not in the United Kingdom in Europe. Let us, then, accept with thankfulness the concession so readily offered to us, and not ungraciously "look a gift horse in the mouth." The rest will doubtless come in good time, and we, who have borne so long with patience the rule of an irresponsible body, can certainly afford to wait a little longer. But says Windbag, where shall you get such clever people as the present Justices? Fudge! There are as good fish at sea as ever came out of it. Long purse at any rate is not always synonymous with Long head, let parasitic creatures say what they may of their respective blue-bottles!

Though elective institutions imply an improved sanitation, and an improved sanitation means reduced practice to a medical practitioner, still, gentlemen, I conceived it my duty to sink the medico in the citizen, and thus you have my attendance gratis to-day. I am glad you have mustered strong on this occasion. I was told that the League consisted of a lot of very low people, respectability being monopolized by the other Association, and that my pockets would most surely be picked if I attended this meeting! Well, I am glad to observe that this respectable gathering gives the lie direct to your slanderers. I am glad to observe amongst you many who are at the head of the inland trade in Bengal,—men whose assistance has saved many a Zemindar's estate from the sunset law, and enabled some at least of our new-

made impecunious Rajahs to pay for their khilluts and keep their heads above water (*hear, hear*); while, if I am not mistaken, I see before me a gentleman, whose liberal accomodation provided the fund with which one of the local papers, conspicuous by its opposition to the present movement of the League, was originally started and is, I believe, still maintained. Here is a matter which "comes home to every man's business and bosom," and I am exceedingly glad to find it is rightly understood by so large and substantial a body of rate-payers. Enough if you but have the gold, though not the guinea's stamp (*cheers*) !

Having expressed my approval of the object of this meeting, I may be perhaps allowed to offer a few remarks on the scheme of Municipal Government now under the consideration of the Bengal Council. I say, then, "auspicious babe be born!" and so frustrate the kind intentions of those who would fain have recourse to a Cæsarean operation in order to usher thee into life and light. Come, and take the place of the miserable old creature which has so long and so sorely taxed our pockets and our patience, and around which a number of *doubly benighted* men have even now gathered in the vain hope of resuscitating it, though its vitality is all but gone. Fear not the insidious thugs and throttlers that are abroad; there are good men and true, who will shield thee and cherish thee and make thee "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever!" (*Hear, hear.*) As to the swaddles provided for the new stranger, I think, gentlemen, they might be safely reduced to admit of its healthy development and freedom of movement. I am free to own that

they cannot be altogether dispensed with, but I would respectfully appeal to those who have a voice in the matter to make them as little cumbersome as possible. Next, I would submit, that the arrangements which are in contemplation for the custody and care of the dear babe are susceptible of considerable improvement. Let me ask, for instance, if female nurses might not, with propriety, be allowed a voice in the election of guardians to take charge of it, in addition to nurses of the male gender. I conceive, gentlemen, that the other sex have a perfect right to complain of their exclusion in this respect, and to protest against the idea of confining their functions to the lying-in room. It would have afforded me very great pleasure to see some of the dear darlings asserting their rights in this hall to-day and overcoming all opposition with the artillery of their looks; but do not fancy, gentlemen, that their inactivity is due to indifference or apathy—their sense of outraged justice may yet shew itself in a way not pleasant for Benedicts to contemplate. Again, why, let me enquire, should not the famous hero of Bhowanipore get up a female deputation to wait upon the occupant of Belvedere, by way of a counter movement to that of the Fussociation, and force His Honor, if he at all values his reputation as a gallant knight, to extend the franchise to Benares *sharees* and jingling anklets and tinkling armlets!

"Bold is the task when *rulers*, grown too wise,
Dare slight the sex with the all conqu'ring eyes;
 For, though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
 The *sharees*, the *darlings* will revenge at last!"

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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

September to December, 1875.

THE GREAT WARS OF INDIA.

IX.—THE INVASION OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

B. C. 332 TO 325.

AFTER the overthrow of the Persian Empire, Alexander, indulging in dreams of universal dominion, advanced towards India, which he believed to be the extremity of the earth. His army at the outset consisted only of 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse; but these represented the flower of the warriors of Greece especially selected to avenge her wrongs on Persia, and their number was afterwards considerably increased by the additions made to them out of the turbulent races which were subdued. The total army brought against India is estimated at 120,000 men. The onward march of the invader was first opposed by some of the frontier tribes known by the now undistinguishable names of the Aspîi, Thyraei, and Arasaci. He had next to fight the Assaceni, whose capital, Massaga, did not surrender without a vigorous defence in which Alexander himself was wounded; and he was considerably surprised at a display of valor which he had not expected. He had next to reduce the important out-posts of Bazirâ, Orobantes, Ecbolina, and Aornus, the last a rock-crowned fortress reputed to have baffled even the efforts of Hercules; and it was not till all these conquests were effected that the Macedonians found an open passage to the banks of the Indus.

The first country arrived at was Taxila, the kingdom of Taxilus, which lay between the Indus and the Jhelum ; but the king of it offering no resistance, Alexander gave him a favorable reception. The case was different with Astes, the king of Peucelaotes, which lay between the Indus and the Cophen, or Cow river, who, having endeavoured to oppose the Macedonians, was slain, and his capital taken after a siege of thirty days, and given over to one Sangæus, a native nobleman not friendly to the house of Astes. The passage of Alexander inwards was rendered facile mainly by this disunion among the native princes, one of the peculiar traits of their character from the remotest times. The sole cause of the easy submission of Taxilus is said to have been his enmity to Porus, or Pauráva, whose territory lay between the Jhelum and the Chenáb, who was preparing to oppose the Greeks, but had two internal enemies to watch over, namely, Taxilus on one side, and Porus the younger, his own nephew, on the other. The other princes who submitted were Abisarus and Doxoreas, the first of whom is said to have possessed two dragons, one 80 and the other 140 cubits long, which guarded his mountainous country naturally difficult of access.

The demand of Alexander calling upon Porus to submit and pay tribute received the high-minded reply that he, Porus, was not accustomed either to acknowledge a victor or to pay tribute, and that if Alexander wanted to fight with him he would meet him on his frontier, as befitted the position of both, in arms. Alexander received the challenge with pleasure ; and Porus, true to his vaunt, guarded the passage of the Jhelum at the head of an army, consisting of 30,000 foot, 7000 horse, 300 armed chariots, and 200 elephants. The stake on either side was great, the ardour for glory on both nearly equal ; but, while Porus and his men trusted to valor only for success, Alexander perceived that his surest chance of victory depended on judicious *manœuvre*. To attempt to cross an impetuous river before a foe so daring was soon understood by him to be hopeless. He therefore waited on the bank with appa-

rent indifference, till Porus was thrown off his guard, and then, taking advantage of a tremendous thunderstorm, crossed over when Porus little expected that he would venture to do so. The Hindu army was thus taken entirely by surprise, but still showed better fight than Alexander had anywhere encountered. The first to turn out was a son of Porus at the head of 2,000 men, almost all of whom, including the prince, were cut up. This drew forth the veteran hero himself, at the head of his whole army, consisting upwards of 34,000 men, while the force which had crossed over with Alexander was only 11,000 strong; with this difference that the strength of Porus lay in his infantry, while that of Alexander lay entirely in his cavalry. The Indian horse nevertheless broke through and penetrated the centre of the Macedonian army, giving proof of an intrepidity which Alexander was totally unprepared for; and the issue of the battle might have been very different from what it was but for an unanticipated occurrence. The arm on which Porus had chiefly depended for success was his elephant corps, and this effectually contributed to his defeat. The main efforts of the Greeks were directed to frightening the elephants, and in this they succeeded so well that the foot soldiers of the Indian king, who were crowded around the elephants, were broken through and actually trampled over by the animals they themselves had brought to the field. The tumult and confusion thus created forced a precipitate retreat; but Porus still fought with a valor that commanded admiration and respect. Foiled on every side he yet persisted in continuing the war; till Alexander sent to him his bosom-friend Meroe, by whom he was induced to submit to fortune and the generosity of a victor who was not vindictive when his passions were not inflamed. Alexander, won by his valor, treated his opponent with unusual liberality. He felt the natural delight of a conqueror who had vanquished one worthy of his arms. Porus was at once restored to liberty, and a free gift made to him of his kingdom, which was largely extended by the addition of the several provinces which Alexander had taken

from others, Alexander contenting himself by erecting two cities in commemoration of his triumph, one of which was consecrated to the memory of (Péritas) a dog, and the other to that of (Bucephalus) a horse !

The invader next crossed the Chenáb, to occupy the country of Porus the younger, who, deserting his throne, fled for his life. Alexander then passed the Ravee, on the eastern bank of which he found a formidable enemy in the three confederated tribes of the Cathæi, Oxydracæ, and Malli, against whom he was obliged to bring the entire force of his army. The Cathæi, understood to be the same as the Kshetriyas, offered him the most vigorous opposition, but were eventually defeated, and their capital, Sangala, taken by storm, 17,000 men being killed and 70,000 taken prisoners. The success of the invader spread terror through the adjacent places, a good many of which were abandoned, the people flying to the mountains for shelter, while all who could not do so—the aged, the wounded, and the infirm—were barbarously butchered by the Macedonians, on the plea that no second Sangala might arise behind them.

Inflamed with these successes, Alexander crossed the Beyah, burning to approach the Ganges and meet the Práchi and the Gángárides, whose king, Agrammes, (Mahánanda) was said to be preparing to meet him with an army far more numerous than any he had yet encountered, and whose country was described to him as being the the richest in India. But his troops refused to go further. The battles with Porus and the Cathæi had taken off the edge of their courage, and they heard with dismay of the mighty preparations which were being made by Agrammes to receive them, it being reported that he had already assembled an army of 200,000 foot, 80,000 horse, 2,000 fighting chariots, and 3,000 fighting elephants. The rage and indignation of Alexander at their obstinacy knew no bounds ; but he covered both and tried to win them over by re-awakening their minds to ambition. "Have you forgotten," he exclaimed, "the armies of Darius, the uncounted millions who perished before us at Issus and in the defiles of Cilicia, the myriads who

“ vainly opposed us on the plains of Arbela? Are the
“ Gángárides a braver and hardier race than those you have
“ conquered in the Bactrian hills, or those who drenched
“ with blood the Sogdian plain, or those who precipitated
“ themselves before you down the rocky steeps of
“ Aornus? * * * Does the broad and rapid Ganges fill you
“ with dismay? Have you not crossed the unfathomable
“ deep itself? Or is it less safe to pass a wide and majes-
“ tic river, flowing on with an even though rapid course,
“ than an impetuous current like the Hydāspes (Jhelum),
“ or a stream foaming over a rocky bed like the Acesines
“ (Chenáb)” But all his exhortations and elocution were
of no avail. They were received by the soldiers without
response or applause, in silence more expressive than
words; and Alexander, submitting to circumstances, was
compelled to abandon an enterprise from which even his
most favorite generals agreed in dissuading him. The
Hyphasis or Sutledge was the extreme limit of his pro-
gress in India, and he built on the banks of it twelve
altars of hewn stone, fifty cubits high, as standing memo-
rials of his triumph, before he returned.

In retreating backwards from the Sutledge, Alexander
had again to fight the Oxydracæ and the Malli, who,
subdued before, had re-assembled to obstruct the return
of his army. But Alexander, by marching through a
desert country with great rapidity, was able to pierce
into the very heart of the kingdom of the Malli
unawares, and to reduce them, which so disconcerted the
Oxydracæ that they also sent deputies to tender their
submission. He then conquered several other mountain
races, captured and crucified one Musicanus, who had
revolted after having submitted to him, and similarly
punished a large number of Bráhmans who had instigated
the revolt.

The further course of Alexander does not require to
be followed. After a short excursion to the mouths of
the Indus, he reduced the Oritæ (the Beloochees of
modern times), and then quitted India by the way of
Gedrosia (Mekran), by crossing the desert, to Persia.
His expedition to India partook more of the character of a

raid than a conquest. The progress of his arms was rapid; but all the countries subdued re-asserted their independence the moment his back was turned on them. What his invasion was chiefly characterised by was its unmitigated barbarity. The ravages and massacres he committed, the barbarous treatment the people suffered from him in many places, exhibit his character in the worst light. But the Indians had mainly themselves to blame for what they suffered. Alexander would probably never have been able to make any impression against them if they had united their forces to resist him.

X.—THE SEQUEL OF ALEXANDER'S EXPEDITION.

B. C. 323 TO 310.

NANDA, the king of Magadha or Práchi, was killed by his minister, Sácátara, who had an intrigue with one of his wives named Mura. He was succeeded by his nine sons by his first wife, Ratnávati, all of whom are also called Nandas by some authorities, and by others Sumalyadicas; but Chandra-gupta, the son of Mura, who had always an eye to the throne, and who in his youth had proceeded to Alexander's camp with a view to induce him to push on his conquests to the Ganges, applied to Parvateswara, king of Nepal, for assistance against his step-brothers and opposed the rule of the Sumalyadicas with a formidable army consisting of Nepalese, Greeks, and Scythians. The army of the Sumalyadicas, though equally large, was defeated after a great battle which ended with dreadful carnage. All the Sumalyadicas being destroyed in this battle, Chandra gupta was firmly established on the throne, and in the true spirit of a Bengali turned round upon his allies as soon as he was able to do so, and drove them away. The king of Nepal, who had been promised one half of the kingdom of Práchi, being unable to enforce his claim, returned to his mountains meditating vengeance, but was soon after murdered by an assassin whom he himself had engaged to destroy

Chandra-gupta. The Scythians were also sent back ; but they did not resent this, as they led a predatory life and returned home loaded with booty. The Greeks, or Javanas, were the only foreigners retained by Chandra-gupta in his pay. He kept them simply to over-awe his native enemies, till he could conciliate their favour ; but he did not the less oppose the establishment of any permanent footing in India by the Greeks. To this end he subsequently collected a large native army with which he drove out the Greek garrisons from all the fortresses occupied by them, and thus finally delivered the country from the Macedonian yoke.

This was the state of India when Seleucus Nicator, who succeeded Alexander as king of Persia, endeavoured to emulate his conquests, and appeared with an immense army on the banks of the Indus. His ardour was considerably cooled when he learnt that the army of Chandra-gupta was much larger than his own, numbering 600,000 men and a prodigious train of elephants ; and that with this army he was advancing to give him battle. At this moment also, he received tidings of the successes of Antigonus in Lesser Asia, which filled his mind with rage and jealousy ; and considering it imprudent to risk a defeat in India, he patched up a peace with Chandra-gupta by giving him a daughter, probably an illegitimate child born in Persia, to wife ; while his satisfied son-in-law agreed on his part to furnish 500 elephants to Seleucus in his war against Antigonus. The real subverter of the power of Alexander in the East was thus Chandra-gupta, though the subversion was effected without a contest, beyond what was unavoidable in regaining possession of the forts which the Macedonians had occupied.

XI.—THE WARS OF VIKRAMADITYA AND SALIVAHANA.

B. C. 56 to A. D. 1.

“Vikramāditya,” says Elphinstone, “is the Haroun al Rashid of Hindu tales ; and, by drawing freely from such sources, Wilford collected such a mass of traditions

“as required the supposition of no less than eight Vikramādityas to reconcile their dates.” Our present reference is to the Vikramāditya from whom the Samvat era, which commences with B. C. 56, is dated. The story regarding him is that, like Ravana and others, he made a desperate *tapasya* in order to obtain power and a long life, and that he obtained both as a boon from Káli. His greatest services to India consisted in the resolute stand he made against the inroads of the Scythians, which attained for him the name of Sákári or Sákádwisha, the conqueror or foe of the Sákás, many tribes of whom surrendered to him at discretion, while others were exterminated. As the Sákás at this time held a fabulous character, all the stories about their conqueror are equally wild and extravagant. His power, we are told, was so great that it extended even over the genii and demons, by whom the uncouth raiders from Central Asia are doubtless meant. He chastised Vatáldeva, the king of the devils (*i. e.*, Tartars), and made him his slave, in which capacity Vetála relates the twenty-five curious stories so well-known to all oriental scholars by the name of *Vetála-panchabingsati*. His principal conquests comprised *Dakshinapatha* or the Deccan, *Madhyadesa* or Hindustan Proper, Cashmere, and *Surusthra* or Surat. He is also said to have held the countries to the east of the Ganges in subordination, and to have extended his influence even to Ceylon.

The principal event of Vikramāditya's reign was the last, or his quarrel with Saliváhana, who headed an insurrection from the Deccan. Saliváhana is reputed to have been the son of a carpenter of the Takshak or serpent race, that is, a Scythian by birth; also, that he was virgin-born, or a bastard. He was apparently the greatest of the Scythian kings then in India, who turned round to attack Vikramāditya from the south when he found him determined to oppose the further accession of Scythian blood into the country. The battle between them was fought at or about the commencement of the Christian era, when both Vikramāditya and his general Vikram-sakti were slain. The darkest period of Indian

history follows this era, during which the Sákás, no longer kept back by a strong hand, seem to have gradually spread themselves over the best part of the peninsula, in distinct bands or clans which appropriated distinct names to themselves. Among these may be counted the four primitive races that settled in Rájasthán, namely, the Pariháras, the Promáras, the Solánkas or Chálukyas, and the Choháns, the first of whom settled in Marwar, the second in Malwa, the third in Guzerat, and the fourth in and about Delhi. Besides these were the Grahilotes of Mewar, the Játs of Jessulmere, the Kachwáhás of Jodpore, the Ráhtores of Kanouj, and all the other tribes that cut a distinguished figure in the subsequent annals of India. They all claim descent from the old families of Ráma and Krishna; but their affinity with the Scythians seems to be less doubtful.

XII.—THE ARAB INVASIONS.

A. D. 642 TO 834.

THE era of Mahomet's birth witnessed two Persian invasions of India, of which the first was undertaken by Noshirwan, the king of Persia, against Pratápa, the rajah of Kanouj, for the exaction of a tribute said to have been agreed upon previously between Básdeo of Kanouj and his son-in-law Byramgore, during the latter's travelling expedition through the country. The next was an attack conducted by Noshized, the son of Noshirwan, against Balabhipore in Surat, the original seat of the Oodypore family, who were driven from it and the city destroyed. The accounts given of these invasions rest however, on very doubtful authority, nor were they of any particular importance. We pass on therefore, after this brief notice of them, to the Arab invasions which followed them.

The invasions of the Arabs commenced within half a century of the Hegirá, and were almost simultaneously directed against Kabool, Kandahar, and Scinde, all of which were at that period regarded as Indian territory.

The first attack was undertaken by Abdooláh, governor of Irák, on the part of Kaliph Osmán, in A. D. 642. His orders were to explore the passage to India, and in pursuance of them he subdued the country between Zaranj and Kish, and also that between Arachosia and Dáwár, in the last of which he attacked the idolaters in the mountain of Zur, and obtained from them a large booty, including an idol of gold which had eyes of rubies.

In 663 an eminent commander, named Mahálib, with an army, consisting chiefly of the tribe of Azd, penetrated in the direction of Bánú and Lahore. Ferishta regards this as the first Arab invasion of India. Mahálib plundered the country about Mooltan, and made many prisoners. He is said to have also made 12,000 converts before he retired.

About the same time another chief, named Abbád made an incursion on the Indian frontier by way of Siestan. He moved through Rudbar to Helmund, and, after staying at Kish, crossed the desert and reached Kandahar. This expedition was successful so far as conquest of territory was concerned; but a great many of the invaders were killed.

Under the Kaliphat of Muawiya, Abdoor Rahmán, a young Arab general, penetrated into Kabool and conquered the adjacent countries, whereupon the king of Kabool called upon his neighbours to assist him, and the Arabs were driven out. Subsequently however, another Arab army appeared before Kabool, and forced the king to submit and pay tribute. Many efforts were made after this by the Kaboolse to recover their independence, but they were invariably defeated.

One of the most violent of these efforts was made by Ranbál, or Rattan Pál, the king of Kabool, in 697, when Abdooláh was governor of Siestan. Abdooláh turned out at once to enforce payment of the tribute on its being refused, and also to resubjugate the country which had revolted. But Ranbál, retiring before his assailants, detached troops to their rear, and, blocking up the defiles, entirely intercepted their retreat; upon which Abdooláh, exposed to the danger of perishing

by famine, was compelled to purchase his liberation by the payment of a large ransom.

This reverse was avenged in 700, by Abdoor Rahmán, who had intermediately become governor of Khorassan, and who marched again into Kabool, this time at the head of 40,000 men, reconquered the greater part of the country, and retired from it with a large booty. The Kaliph, however, was displeased with him for not remaining on the frontier to secure his conquest; and this compelled him to rebel against him, and, failing in his rebellion, to seek the protection of Rattan Pál, by whom he was betrayed, upon which he killed himself by throwing himself headlong from a precipice.

Intermediately, in 685, Mánick Rai, the rajah of Ajmere and Sámbehur, was attacked in his capital by an Arab army which crossed the desert from Scinde, to revenge, it is said, the ill-treatment of an Islamite missionary, named Rooshun Ali, whose thumb had been cut off by the Hindus. The invading force came disguised as a caravan of horse-merchants, and surprised and took possession of Gurh Beetli, the citadel of Ajmere, Doola Rai, the brother of Manick Rai, and Lot-deo, the son of Doola Rai, being slain.

The most important of the Arab invasions was the next, undertaken in 713, by Mahomed Ben Kasim, the general of Kaliph Wálid, who conquered the whole of Scinde, and penetrated even to the Ganges. The way for this conquest had been prepared by several previous incursions in the same direction. The post of Bussorah was built at the mouth of the Tigris, during the Kaliphat of Omár, chiefly to secure the trade of Guzerat and Scinde, and a powerful army was sent by the Kaliph to Scinde under the command of Abool Aziz, who was killed in battle before Alore. Kaliph Osmán, who succeeded Omár, also collected a large army to take up the work which had been left unfinished by his predecessor; but his intention was never carried into effect. Better progress was made by the generals of Kaliph Ali, who made some conquests in Scinde, which however were abandoned on Ali's death; and Yezed, the governor of

Khorassan, also made several attempts in the same direction, but without any lasting results. Finally, Kaliph Wálid was provoked to make up for lost time on being informed of the seizure of an Arab ship by the Hindus at Dewal, a seaport of Scinde. The restitution of the ship was first demanded at the head of a small force of 1,300 men, and being refused and the detachment defeated, a regular army of 6,000 Arabs was sent under Kasim to enforce it. The first place captured was Dewal itself, after which the strongholds of Brámanábád, Nerun, Sehwan, and Sálím were successively reduced. Finally, Kasim appeared before Alore, where Abool Aziz had been slain. The army under him had now been raised to 8,000 men, but that commanded by Rajah Dáhir was, or at least is reported by the Mahomedan authors to have been, 50,000 strong. Kásim chose therefore a strong position for himself, and there awaited the attack of the Hindus. In the action which followed he was particularly favored by fortune, the Hindu chief being wounded during the heat of the attack and carried off from the field by the elephant he rode, which so dispirited his followers that they were easily defeated, notwithstanding the return of the rajah and his desperate attempts to rally them. Dáhir Despáti fell fighting bravely in the midst of the Arab cavalry. His widow made a strong defence of the citadel, but, failing to retain it, burnt herself to death in the usual Rajpoot style, while her followers rushed sword in hand on the enemy and perished to a man. The whole of Scinde was then conquered by the Arabs, and all the adjoining states, even up to the Ganges, were made tributary. But the further conquests which were contemplated by them were suddenly, in a strange manner, cut short. Among the spoils of victory sent to the Kaliph were two daughters of Dáhir, who, to revenge their father's death, represented falsely to Wálid that they had been violated by Kásim before being sent to him, and were therefore unworthy of his notice. This so enraged the Kaliph that he gave orders for Kásim's destruction, which were promptly carried out; and the advance of the Arabs in that direction ceased with the life of their chief.



The efforts in the direction of Kabool were still continued. In 725, under the Kaliphat of Háshem, a part of that kingdom was again taken ; and the conquest of the whole of it was afterwards completed by Almáman, governor of Khorassan, when the king of Kabool was converted to Islamism. Subsequently however, Kabool appears to have been repossessed by Hindu kings, for in the days of Subaktágin the authority of the kings of Lahore are stated to have extended over both Kabool and Kandahar.

Fifty years after the acquisition of Kabool, the Arabs were seen in another direction, Kaliph Al Mahdi having, in 776, despatched an army by sea under Abdool Màlik, which embarked at Baroda and besieged it. The people of the place defended themselves vigorously, but the town was nevertheless reduced. The sea however, rose against the invaders, and they were obliged to wait a long time before they could attempt to return. After they did so, the winds arose again when they had all but reached the coast of Persia, where many of their vessels were wrecked ; and while some escaped, many were drowned.

The only other expedition that need be here noticed was that sent out in 834, by Kaliph Al Mutásim, under the command of Asaph Ben Isá, against the Jâts, who had seized upon certain roads which cut off the Arabs settled in India from the coast, and had also plundered the corn which they had stacked for their use. The attack of the invaders was continued for twenty-five days, and, the Jâts being defeated, a great many of them were taken prisoners, while the rest were compelled to ask for quarter. After this, the sword of conquest and conversion was temporarily withdrawn from Hindustan, the Arabs being too desperately engaged with the Christians in the west to think much of India. We accordingly do not read of any further Mahomedan invasions till Subaktágin, the governor of Khorassan, had hoisted the standard of independent sovereignty in Ghazni.

XIII.—THE EXPEDITIONS OF SUBAKTAGIN.

A. D. 967 TO 997.

SUBAKTAGIN was a soldier of fortune, who acquired the throne of Ghazni by marrying the daughter of the previous ruler, Abistágin or Alptágin, under whom he had first served as a private dragoon. As this claim however, was not fully recognised by the turbulent Afghans, he determined to divert their attention from his personal pretensions by keeping them actively engaged abroad, and under the pretext of religion commenced a destructive war with his neighbours, the Hindus. He not only ravaged the frontiers of India, but captured many of its hill-forts and cities, which forced Jaipál, the Tuár king of Delhi and Lahore, whose empire included Kabool and Kandahar, to think of reprisals. A large army was accordingly led by Jaipál into Lamghan, at the mouth of the valley extending from Peshawar to Kabool, where it was met by Subaktágin; and a desultory warfare was carried on between the two parties for several days. On the eve of a general engagement, the armies on both sides were overtaken by a tremendous hurricane accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, upon which great fear fell upon the Hindus, who, unaccustomed to the coldness of the place, regarded the fury of the elements as an interposition of Providence against them, which induced Jaipál to send a deputation to Subaktágin to solicit peace. To this Subaktágin reluctantly consented, the terms proposed by him being the payment of 1,000,000 dirhems and the present of fifty elephants, besides the surrender of certain forts and cities on the frontier. These conditions were so exorbitant that Jaipál considered himself justified in meeting extortion with perfidy, and he refused to complete the agreement the moment he saw the backs of the Afghans turned upon India. He had sent hostages to Subaktágin in acceptance of his proposals, and Subaktágin on his part had sent him some of his chief officers to take possession of the fortresses and towns to be ceded. These latter were detained as prisoners by Jaipál against

the return of the hostages he had given ; and this made Subaktágin particularly indignant.

The result was a second invasion of India by Subaktágin, at the head of 70,000 horse, the opening attack being directed against the city of Lamghan, which was captured. Several other cities also were successively reduced, and many idol-temples demolished, which made the Hindu rajahs unite against the common enemy. The Mahomedan authors say that the ruler of Lahore and Delhi was confederated with the rulers of Ajmere, Kálinjar, and Kanouj, and that their united forces amounted to 100,000 horse and 200,000 foot. They add that Subaktágin regarded these vast numbers as but a flock of sheep, and felt like a wolf in attacking them. He divided his army into small squadrons of 500 men each, and ordered them to attack the enemy with maces in their hands, relieving each other in succession as they got tired, whereby fresh men and horses were perpetually brought in contact with the Hindus. This so harassed the latter that they soon began to waver, when Subaktágin ordered a general assault which completed their defeat, and forced a precipitate flight towards the banks of the Nilab. A considerable number of the fugitives were cut to pieces ; the jungles were filled with the bodies of the dead, some wounded by swords, and others fallen dead through fright : still greater numbers perished in attempting the passage of the river. The plunder of the Indian camp was excessively rich, besides which heavy contributions were realised by the Afghans from all the surrounding districts. Jaipál was now content to submit, and agreed to pay tribute, besides making a present of 200 elephants to the conqueror. Subaktágin also took direct possession of the country up to the Indus, and left an Afghan governor at Peshawar.

XIV.—THE INVASIONS OF MAHMOOD OF GHAZNI.

A. D. 1000 TO 1027.

MAHMOOD, the son of Subaktágin, made seventeen expeditions into India, not so much for the purposes of con-

quest, as for the suppression of idolatry and for plunder. He is said to have made a vow to Heaven on his accession to the throne of Ghazni that, if his own dominions were blessed with tranquillity, he would follow his father's example and try to extirpate idolatry from India. The period for giving effect to this vow arrived when Ishmail, his brother, who disputed his succession, was defeated and made prisoner; and he fully vindicated his promise by raising a succession of storms and tumults in India which desolated her peaceful plains. The number of his expeditions is usually taken at twelve; but particulars are given of not less than the number we have mentioned at the outset.

The first expedition of Máhmood was undertaken in 1000, when many of the frontier forts and provinces, which had before been taken by Subaktágin, were occupied, which was followed by the Mahomedan government being established in them. No detailed accounts of this expedition are extant; but it is said that near the Lamghan valley two actions were fought, both of which were miraculously decided in favour of the Mahomedans.

The second expedition was undertaken in 1001-2, when Máhmood entered India at the head of 15,000 horse, and was met at Peshawar by Jaipál, his father's opponent, with 12,000 horse, 30,000 foot and 300 elephants. An obstinate battle was terminated by the defeat of the Hindu king, who was taken prisoner with fifteen of his chiefs and relatives, after a loss of 5000 men. Among the plunder taken was a necklace snatched from the neck of Jaipál, which was valued at £320,000. The next move of the invader was to Bihand or Waihand, a strong fort about fifteen miles distant from Attock, which was reduced. But, unwilling to go further on this occasion, he here released all his prisoners on receipt of a large ransom, and after stipulating for the payment of an annual tribute. He then went back to Ghazni, while Jaipál, unwilling to survive his overthrow, burnt himself to death, and was succeeded by his son, Anang Pál, on the throne.

The third expedition of Máhmood was undertaken in 1004-5, in consequence of the alleged non-payment of the tribute above stipulated for. The first attack was on Bhera, on the left bank of the Jhelum, the capital of a powerful prince of the Punjab, named Biji Rai, who drew out his troops to receive him, and fought on equal terms for three days and nights. On the fourth day a great battle was fought, when Máhmood, turning his face towards the holy Caaba, invoked the aid of the Prophet in the presence of his army. Biji Rai, on his part, also invoked the aid of his gods. But the superstitious fervour of the Mahomedans was greater than that of the Hindus, and the latter were therefore obliged to give ground, being pursued even to the gates of their capital, which was invested. Biji Rai was subsequently able to escape; but, being pursued by his enemies and deserted by his friends, he turned his sword against his own breast to avoid being captured. A great slaughter followed, and Bhera being taken was plundered, and yielded a rich booty.

In the following year (1005-6) Máhmood invaded Mooltan, the king of which, Daood, an Afghan, was not to his liking, as he was supposed to have seditious designs in his heart, the best proof of which was his indifference in the matter of proselytes. The way of Máhmood to Mooltan lay through the territories of Anang Pál, who, refusing him passage, met him with an army at Peshawar, but was defeated and compelled to fly for refuge to Cashmere. Mooltan was now entered by Máhmood by the way of Bhera; but Daood, surrendering himself and soliciting to be pardoned, was received into favour as he was a Mahomedan. A fine of 20,000,000 dirhems had however to be paid by the people, who were Hindus, and a tribute of 20,000 dinars annually was fixed on Daood; after which Máhmood hastened back to Ghazni on hearing that the king of Kashgar had invaded it, leaving the settlement of other affairs in India in the hands of Záb Sais, a converted Hindu, better known by his original name of Sookpál.

The bad faith of Sookpál, who threw off his allegiance when he thought he could do so with impunity, gave occasion to Máhmood's fifth expedition into India in 1007, that is, after he had settled the affairs of his own country. But nothing was done this time beyond defeating Sookpál and carrying him off as a prisoner, after extorting from him a fine of 400,000 dirhems.

Máhmood's sixth expedition was undertaken in 1008-9, and was at first directed only against Anang Pál, who had been raising disturbances in Mooltan. But Anang Pál appealing to his brother Hindu princes for assistance, and offering to make common cause against the Mahomedans, a confederacy was formed by the rulers of Oujein, Gwalior, Kálinjar, Kanouj, Delhi, and Ajmere, who collected all their forces together to give battle to the invader. The opposing armies met near the confines of Peshawar, but for forty days remained inactive, watching each other. The Hindus were intermediately joined by the Gickers and other mountain tribes, and, thus strengthened, began to surround the Mahomedans, who, fearing a general assault, entrenched themselves. Within these entrenchments they were attacked by the Gickers, and 5,000 of them were slain. In the action that followed Máhmood is said to have used naptha-balls, which so frightened the elephant of Anang Pál that it became ungovernable and fled, disconcerting the whole Hindu army and causing a general rout. The flying Hindus were pursued for two days and nights, and 8,000 of them were killed. Máhmood then marched down to Nágrakote, now known as Kote-kangra, breaking down idols and subverting temples. The fort of Bheemnugger, which protected the district, was invested, and the country around it was destroyed with fire and sword. Inside the fort, which was considered to be of great strength, a large amount of wealth had been concealed, all of which fell into the hands of the invader on its being reduced. Ferishta describes the plunder as consisting of 700,000 golden dinars, 700 maunds of gold and silver plate, 40 maunds of gold ingots, 2,000 maunds of silver bullion, and 20 maunds of jewels set.

The seventh invasion was undertaken in 1010, and was in the direction of Nárdain, by which Anhalwára, the capital of Guzerat, is understood to be meant. This was probably a preparative expedition towards Somnáth. The result of it is not very clearly stated, but must have been successful, since it caused so much alarm in Anang Pál as induced him to offer submission and the payment of a tribute of fifty elephants annually, besides the supply of a hireling Indian force of 2,000 men.

The eighth invasion of India was undertaken in 1011, to reconquer Mooltan, which had again revolted. It was soon reduced, a great many chiefs were killed, and the son of the governor was carried off to Ghazni, as hostage for future good faith.

The ninth invasion was undertaken by Máhmood in 1013. It had reached his ears that Tánnessur, a place near Delhi, was held by the Hindus in as much veneration as Mecca itself was by the Mahomedans, and that they had there set up a large number of rich idols, of which the chief was Jugsoom. Máhmood determined to destroy the idols. As there was peace between him and Anang Pál who had submitted to him, the rajah ventured to expostulate with Máhmood for the preservation of Tánnessur, offering on behalf of the ruler of Delhi to whom it belonged, the tribute of the country annually, and fifty elephants and jewels as a present. But the bigot would accept no compromise, and sent for reply that it was his firm resolution to root out idolatry from the land, naively asking—"Why then should Tánnessur be spared?" On receipt of this answer the rajah of Delhi attempted to induce the other Hindu princes to join him in opposing the assailant. But before any combination could be formed, Máhmood was again upon him, and after a fierce fight reduced Tánnessur and plundered it, broke down all the idols, and sent off Jugsoom to Ghazni, to be thrown on the highway that it might be trampled over by the faithful. A large plunder was also secured, the richest of which was a ruby of fabulous size. Máhmood then wanted to reduce Delhi, but was dissuaded from attempting it on its being represented to

him that it would not be possible to keep possession of the place till all the country between Delhi and his own dominions was thoroughly subdued. Assenting to this representation he retired with his booty to Ghazni.

In 1014, Máhmood attacked the fort of Nindooná, situated upon the mountains of Balnát, which was in the possession of the king of Lahore. Anang Pál had died intermediately, and had been succeeded by Pur Jaipál, or Jaipál II, who was defeated at the Márgalá Pass, and retreated to Cashmere. Máhmood then invested Nindooná in regular form, and by mining and other processes compelled the garrison to capitulate. He afterwards pursued Jaipál to the hills; but, failing to get at him, plundered Cashmere, forcibly converting the people to Mahometanism.

In 1015, Máhmood made a fresh attempt to penetrate the higher fastnesses of Cashmere, and besieged several forts not previously reduced. One of them, however, named Lohkote, which was famous for its high position and strength, defied his utmost efforts, upon which he returned to Ghazni in disgust. On the way he was led astray by his guides, and fell into an extensive morass covered with water, from which he could not for several days extricate his army. This chagrined him so much that he swore that he would have nothing more to do with the horrid country of the idolaters; but, like a good Mahomedan, he did not allow himself to be long held down by such a renegade oath.

The twelfth expedition was undertaken in 1018, and was on a very large scale. A hundred thousand horse and 30,000 foot had been raised by him in the warlike countries of Turkestan, Maverulnere, and Khorassan, and he determined with these to lay siege to Kanouj, at this time one of the most important cities in India, which, situated in the heart of the country, had not yet been approached. The route followed has been much disputed. It would appear that he passed by the borders of Cashmere, that is, close under the Sub-Himálayan range, and crossing the Jumna, invaded Báran, the modern Bolundshahar, which belonged to Rajah Hardat,

and which capitulated, the rajah agreeing to pay Rs. 2,50,000 and thirty elephants as a present. He then passed on to Mahában, another strong place on the Jumna, which was also invested. The prince, Kálchund, offered to submit and came out for that purpose, when a quarrel was got up for the sake of plunder, upon which Kálchund killed himself, which placed much rich spoil in the hands of the invader, including seventy elephants. He then proceeded to Mathoorá, which was entered without much opposition, and where all the idols were broken down or melted, which brought him an immense quantity of gold and silver. He intended to break down the temples also, but was dissuaded from the attempt by the beauty and structure of the edifices, even bigotry submitting to the influence of taste. Among the plunder taken were five great idols of pure gold with eyes of rubies, one idol of sapphire, besides a large number of silver idols which loaded a hundred camels. The Mahomedans did indeed find India a country of fabulous wealth: alas, that similar luck was not reserved for their successors! For twenty days the bigoted barbarian sacked the city with fire and sword, and then marched on to other forts and districts to reduce them. Recrossing the Jumna he now suddenly appeared before Kanouj,—so suddenly that Korrá, the king, was entirely taken by surprise, and, having made no preparations for resistance, was obliged to submit without a contest, and sue for peace. This was granted to him, but, some relate, only on his agreeing to become a Mahomedan. The victor then proceeded to Munj, or Munjháwan, a strong fort which made a spirited resistance, and the garrison of which, consisting entirely of Kanoujia Bráhmans, rushed through the breaches when the place became untenable, and flung themselves right upon the enemy to certain destruction, or burnt themselves to death along with their wives and children, not one surviving their defeat. The fort of Asni, belonging to Chánd Pál, was next taken, but after it had been evacuated, Máhmood getting however what he wanted—a large plunder. From Chánd Rai, a prince who fled to the Bundelkund hills, an enor-

mous elephant of great docility and courage was obtained ; after which, loaded with spoils, the victor went back to his mountain-home. The sum total of the spoils in this expedition amounted to 20,000,000 dirhems, 53,000 captives, and 350 elephants.

The thirteenth expedition, in 1021, was again directed towards Kanouj, the princes of the country adjoining to which had fallen upon Korrá for having entered into an alliance with the invader. Máhmood was however, not able to arrive in time to save Korrá, who was attacked by Nanda, the rajah of Kálinjar, and slain. All that the Afghan could do was to pursue Nanda to his own frontiers, where he received Máhmood at the head of 36,000 horse, 45,000 foot, and 650 elephants. But Máhmood succeeded in defeating him, and Nanda was barely able to escape from the field ; whereupon the victor reaped a large booty, which included 580 elephants.

The next expedition was, in 1023, directed against two frontier countries named Kirat and Noor, which had refused to accept Mahometanism in preference to Buddhism which they professed. Kirat, unable to contend with the invader, received the prophet's faith ; but Noor still would not, and was overrun and pillaged, and the temples destroyed. Máhmood went thence to Lahore, after a second vain attempt to capture the fortress of Lohkote, in Cashmere. As Jaipál had obstructed the invader's march to Kanouj, Lahore was now given up to be sacked, and was then formally annexed to Ghazni, Jaipál flying to Ajmere for security.

In 1024, Máhmood undertook a fresh expedition against Nanda, the king of Kálinjar. In passing by the fort of Gwalior he wished to take it, but was bought off by rich presents ; after which Kálinjar was invested. To get the siege raised Nanda offered 300 elephants and other presents ; but, upon the terms being agreed to, he intoxicated the animals with drugs and let them loose without drivers against the Mahomedan camp. The wish to intimidate the invaders did not, however, succeed : the Afghans and Turks mounted the animals and

reduced them to obedience; upon which Nanda again made his peace by other large presents and a flattering epistle, with the latter of which the Afghan king was so well pleased that he conferred on Nanda the government of fifteen forts.

The sixteenth invasion of Máhmood was undertaken in 1026, and was directed against the temple of Somnáth, in Guzerat, which was said to be very rich and greatly respected by the Hindus. He collected an army of 30,000 horse, besides volunteers who flocked in large numbers, and, marching through Mooltan, was first opposed on the banks of the Sutledge by Gogá Chohán, who held the whole of *Junguldes*, or the forest lands from the Sutledge to Hurriana, and who came out to oppose him accompanied by forty-five sons and sixty nephews. The opposition however was fruitless, all the family of Gogá being slain, after which Máhmood proceeded on to Ajmere, crossing the desert. He attacked Gurh Beetli, but was repulsed from it, retreating to Nadole, which he sacked. He afterwards captured Anhalwára, which he found deserted, and to which he did as much mischief as could be done by fire and sword. When Somnáth was reached he discovered it to be a lofty castle situated on a narrow peninsula washed on three sides by the sea. The people were found in high spirits, expecting a miraculous interposition on the part of their deity and the entire destruction of the invading army. But the god was singularly cold-hearted, and declined to interfere; and the Hindus, after a violent defence, in which two of their princes, named Byram Deo and Dabshilima, particularly distinguished themselves, were obliged to submit. An attempt at flight by sea was made by some; but their boats were overtaken and many of them sunk. Máhmood then entered the temple, and was enraged at the sight of the idol, a Linga of stone five yards high. He is said to have struck the block with his mace, after which it was ordered to be broken into two and the parts sent to Ghazni, one to be placed at the threshold of the Jami Musjeed and the other at the court of the king's palace, that they might be trod

den over daily by the devout. The gates of the temple were at the same time removed to Ghazni, to be brought back by another zealot after the Afghan war! In the hollow of the Linga a large quantity of diamonds, rubies, and pearls were found, to reward the cupidity of the victor when he was just beginning to regret that he had not accepted the offer of the Bráhmans to ransom their god for a large sum of money. Among the other spoils was a chain of gold weighing forty maunds, which hung from the top of the temple and supported a large bell. One Mahomedan historian gravely records that no light was maintained in the temple besides a pendant lamp, the rays of which reflected from the jewels all round spread a brilliant refulgence over the whole place. The princes who had endeavoured to defend the place—Byram Deo and Dabshilima—were next hunted down by the vindictive Afghan, the fort of Náhrwára, belonging to the first, being carried by assault. The other chief also was vanquished, and is said to have been carried a prisoner to Ghazni, the government of Guzerat being entrusted to another Dabshilima, a Bráhman. It is more probable however, that the Bráhman and the prince were one and the same person, who by subsequent submission found favour in the eyes of the victor.

The last of Máhmood's invasions was undertaken in 1027, and was directed against the Jâts, who had insulted him and molested his army on his way back from Somnâth. This people inhabited the country on the borders of Mooltan, near the banks of the Jhelum. To approach them with greater facility Máhmood ordered 1400 boats to be built, each of which was armed with three firm iron pikes and boarded by twenty archers, besides five others who carried inflammable and explosive missiles to burn the craft of the Jâts. The conflict was deadly. All the Jât boats were set on fire, or set fire to each other. Very few of the invaded people were able to escape death, and of such as did so most were taken prisoners.

At the time of Máhmood's invasions, the four primary states of India were (1) Delhi, under the Tuárs and Choháns, (2) Kanouj, under the Ráhtores, (3) Mewar,

under the Ghelots, and (4) Anhalwára, under the Chaurás and Solánkis. All these states were at war with each other. It is no wonder therefore, that the Mahomedans were able so easily to vanquish the Hindus.

XV.—THE INVASIONS OF MAHOMED GHORI, AND THE CONQUEST OF INDIA BY THE MAHOMEDANS.

A. D. 1176 TO 1204.

THE house of Ghazni was overturned by that of Ghor, after which Mahomed, the brother of Yeasuludeen, the Ghorian prince, undertook the subjugation of India.

His first invasion was in 1176, when the provinces of Peshawar, Mooltan, and Scinde were overrun. He then advanced to Adja, the prince of which shut himself up in a strong fort which was besieged. Finding it very difficult to reduce the place, Mahomed opened secret negotiations with the rajah's wife, promising to marry her if she made away with her husband and delivered up the fort. The ranee promised to comply, provided Mahomed agreed to appoint her to the government of the country, and to marry her daughter instead of herself, as she was already past the age for a second union to be desirable to her. The baseness on both sides being equal the modified proposal was accepted, upon which the king of Adja was killed by his wife and his fortress surrendered. Mahomed married the daughter of the rajah as he had promised, but she died of a broken heart. Her mother, instead of being left in charge of the country, as she had bargained for, was sent a prisoner to Ghazni, where she died.

In 1178 Mahomed reinvaded India, and, proceeding through Mooltan and Adja, passed into Guzerat, the king of which, Bheem Deo, advanced with a large army to give him battle. In this action Mahomed was defeated with great slaughter, and suffered many hardships on his way back to Ghazni through the desert.

In 1179 he reattacked Peshawar and conquered it ; and in the year following proceeded towards Lahore, which was held by Chusero, the last of the Ghaznian kings, who bought him off with presents, sending his son as a hostage for good-faith. Chusero does not appear however, to have acted loyally, and Lahore was therefore reinvested in 1184, when it was able to withstand a long siege. A third attack was made on it two years after, and succeeded fully from deceit and stratagem. Finding that the city held out so obstinately Mahomed proposed to accomodate differences by a peace, and to lull Chusero to a belief in his professions, sent back his son with a splendid retinue. This drew out Chusero from the fort to meet him ; whereupon Mahomed cut him off from his stronghold, the possession of which was demanded as a condition of Chusero's release. The city was thus obliged to throw open its gates to the conqueror, and the last refuge of the house of Ghazni was taken ; while Chusero and his family, instead of being released, were sent as prisoners to a fort in Ghirgistan, and there put to death.

In 1190-1 Mahomed penetrated again into India, and further than he had ever done before, proceeding to Ajmere, where he took the capital of Tiberhind. He was already on his way back when he heard that Prithu Rai, the king of Ajmere, and Chánd Rai, his brother and viceroy in Delhi, in alliance with other Hindu princes, were in pursuit of him with 200,000 horse and 3,000 elephants. Mahomed went back to give them battle, which was fought at Tirouri, on the banks of the Seraswati, fourteen miles from Tánnessur. At the first onset his right and left wings were broken, and, being out-flanked, his army was entirely surrounded, while he busied himself vainly in attempting to break the centre of the enemy. In this situation he defended himself with great courage ; but, Chánd Rai having succeeded in wounding him, the whole of his army was routed, and he was himself rescued with great difficulty, the Hindus running after him forty miles in pursuit, till he found safety in Lahore, where he got cured of his wounds.

To avenge this defeat Mahomed recruited a fresh army of 100,000 horsemen, picked out of Turks, Persians, and Afghans, and returned to India in 1192. "Since my defeat in India," said he, "I have never slumbered in ease, nor waked but in sorrow and anxiety. I have therefore determined with this army to recover my lost honor or die in the attempt." He now called forth the Omrahs who had deserted him on the last occasion and whom he had placed under confinement, and told them that he gave them one further opportunity to wipe out their disgrace. Prithu Rai, on his part, was not slow in making preparations to resist the invader. The Mahomedan authors, who always give the Hindus the credit of superior numbers on the field, to enhance the value of the victories won by their co-religionists, assert that he was assisted by 150 confederate princes, and brought together an army of 300,000 horse, 3,000 elephants, and a great body of infantry. The action was fought on the banks of the Seraswati, nearly on the same spot where his former victory was won. The Indian princes, elated with their previous success, anticipated an easy conquest again; while Mahomed to gain time affected to be doubtful of his position, and gave out that he had written to his brother, the king of Ghor, to ask if the war was to be pursued. This pretence of indecision threw the Hindus off their guard, and enabled Mahomed to surprise them in the midst of their festivities. They were nevertheless able to form in line to oppose him, and gave him a warmer reception than he had expected; till, becoming lulled by a certainty of victory, they began to flag in their exertions, when Mahomed made a sudden and resolute charge on them at the head of a chosen reserve of 12,000 horses, and breaking through their ranks, scattered them in dismay. Chánd Rai was killed, and Prithu Rai taken prisoner and afterwards put to death. The plunder was immensely rich, and the forts of Seraswati, Sámáná, Koram, and Hánsi surrendered of themselves. Ajmere was also taken, the inhabitants being butchered in cold blood or sold to slavery; but, upon promise of the payment of a large tribute, the government of the

country was given up to Gola, the son of Prithu, while Kuttubudeen Ibek, one of the slaves of Mahomed, was left at Koram with a considerable detachment. Kuttub was shortly after able to capture the fort of Meerut and the city of Delhi, and this gave rise to the assertion that the empire of Delhi was founded by a slave.

In 1194 Mahomed again invaded India with an army of 50,000 horse, to attack Jayachánd, king of Kanouj and Benares, who opposed him at the head of a stronger army that included 400 fighting elephants. The battle was fought on the banks of the Jumna, at a place midway between Chundwar and Etáwáh, where Jayachánd was defeated, mainly by Kuttub, and flying whence he got drowned in crossing the Ganges. The fort of Asni was next taken, where property in gold, silver, and precious stones was found to a considerable amount. Mahomed then proceeded to Benares, where he broke down the idols in above one thousand temples, and collected an immense plunder. Kuttub at the same time, operating in other directions, first defeated Hemráj, a relative of Prithu Rai of Ajmere, and then, marching against Bheem Deo of Guzerat, destroyed his army and plundered his country. All the great kingdoms of India were thus simultaneously overthrown.

The secret history of India shows that these disasters were mainly brought upon the country by the disunion of the Hindu princes themselves. Anang Pál II, the last Tuar king of Delhi, being childless, adopted and abdicated his throne in favour of his grandson Prithu Rai, king of Ajmere, the son of one of his daughters. This gave offence to Jayachánd, who was similarly related to the Tuar king, and heightened the rivalry and jealousy already subsisting between the Choháns and the Ráhtores. The ill-feeling on both sides was augmented when Jayachánd, aspiring at paramount sovereignty, undertook to perform the *Rájsuya* sacrifice, at which the presence of all dependent kings was required, which Prithu necessarily did not attend. The disagreement was yet further complicated by a love affair. Jayachánd in an errant expedition to Ceylon had captured a beauti-

ful damsel whom he had adopted as his daughter, and whom he wanted to marry to some powerful king who would acknowledge his supremacy. The girl, however, obstinately refused to wed any one but Prithu, having heard of his valor and achievements, and, being kept under confinement for her recusancy, was released by the Chohán and carried off. The sinews of Delhi were lost by Prithu in this devoir, and his best warriors slain. Jayachánd leagued himself immediately with Mahomed Ghori to destroy Prithu; and Mahomed took advantage of their quarrels to destroy both. After the conquest of Delhi, Ajmere, and Kanouj by the Mahomedans, the son of Jayachánd, flying from the last place, founded a new Ráhtore empire in the desert of Marwar; but the Tuár and the Chohán dynasties were never able to rise again.

In 1195, Mahomed attacked and took Biáná, and directed Togril to lay siege to Gwálíor, which was eventually taken; but, attempting to extend his conquests further to the south, Togril received a terrible defeat from the Rajpoots, and was forced to fly to his forts for refuge. Kuttubudeen, likewise, was hard pressed at Guzerat and Ajmere; but succeeded at last in reducing Anhalwára with its immediate dependencies, after a severe battle fought from dawn till midday, from which Rai Karan, the ruler of the place, only fled with his life. He also succeeded in reducing the forts of Kalinjar and Kalpee in Bundelkund, which had belonged to Rai Parmár; and it is said of him that, instead of demolishing them, he converted all the temples which were taken into mosques.

Previous to this Mahomed, hitherto acting as his brother's general, was, on the demise of Yeasaludeen, called to the Ghaznian throne. His last expedition to India was undertaken in 1203, when he came to it to chastise the Gickers, who inhabited the country between the Niláb and the Sewálik mountains, and had rebelled against him. The Gickers were defeated by a joint attack made on them by Mahomed from one side and Küttub from another, and the carnage was so great that in their country "there remained not an inhabitant to

light a fire." A band of twenty Gickers made up their minds to avenge this unnecessary and heartless slaughter, and, seeking for an opportunity, burst into the tent of Mahomed at Rimeik—some say at night, and others in the evening, when Mahomed was engaged in prayer—and assassinated him, piercing him with no less than forty wounds.

The empire left by Mahomed in India included the whole of Hindustan Proper, except Málwa and some contiguous districts. In Guzerat, the capital, Anhalwára, and the districts adjacent to it, had been acquired. Extensive conquests had also been made in the direction of Scinde; and a great part of Bengal and Behar had already submitted to Buktyár Khiliji, while the rest was being rapidly reduced.

XVI.—THE CONQUESTS OF BUKTYÁR KHIJÍ.

A. D. 1199 TO 1204.

THE name of Buktyár Khiliji is known as that of the first Mahomedan conqueror of Behar and Bengal. He served under Kuttubudeen Ibeek, and obtained for his activity and valor two places, named Sáhlat and Sáhli, to the east of the Oude frontier, in jagheer. Being a bold and enterprising man he began to make excursions into the contiguous districts of Behar and Monghyr, from which he brought away much money, and plenty of horses, arms, and men. The fame of his bravery and raids invited down a body of Khilijis from Afghánistán, who took service under him; and he led these into Behar every year to plunder it. He was at last, in 1199, placed at the head of an army especially collected for the conquest of Behar; and, succeeding in the enterprise, was made governor of the country. The fort of Behar was captured by him at the head of only 200 horse.

Both his orders and his inclination next directed him to the conquest of Bengal, the ruler of which was Lakhmaniya or Lakhman II, who reigned with the

assistance of astrologers and Bráhmans. When the intention of the Khiliji came to be known, the astrologers and Bráhmans fled to Jagganáth, Banga, and Kámroop, and advised Lakhmaniya to do likewise; but, at that time, the rajah vindicated his valor by refusing to comply. A year after Buktyár appeared suddenly before Nuddea, the capital of Bengal, with only eighteen horsemen at his back, and drawing his sword attacked the palace. The apprehension in the palace was that he had a large army behind him, and the rajah, who was at dinner, leaving the dishes untouched, escaped barefooted by the back door of his residence, and taking boat went to Jagganáth, where he died. All his wealth and women fell into the hands of the invader.

Bengal was entirely subdued in one year, and the seat of government removed to Gour; after which Buktyár declared his independence of the sovereign at Delhi. His easy success thus far emboldened him to look for further conquest to the east. With this object he marched to the banks of the Brahmapootra, whence he wished to proceed to Thibet; but a desperate opposition was here made by the natives, who fought only with bamboos and spears, and bows and arrows; and a large number of the Mahomedans was slain. Buktyár was yet more disheartened on becoming acquainted with the nature of the country and the difficulty of the mountain-passes by which he had expected to enter Thibet; and he therefore determined to retire. This however, was no longer an easy matter. He was again beset by the natives at Kámroop, and approaching a river which he thought fordable, his followers threw themselves into it and were mostly drowned. Buktyár and about a hundred others were only able to swim over and escape; but his ill success seized him with an excess of grief, and he fell sick and died. Others say that he was murdered by one of his own officers, named Aly Merdan.

The wars of Buktyár were not actually great; but the results derived from them were of considerable importance.

THE RAVINGS OF PROMETHEUS.

I.

I SEE thee in thy vastness, Jove !
I feel thee in thy power ;
The earth, it heaves and quakes beneath,
The skies around me lower ;
I hear thy thunder's loud rebound,
I see the wreaths of lightning glare ;
But know'st thou not, Oh vengeful king !
How much the broken heart will dare ?

II.

The rock is riven by the blast ;
The hurricane sweeps the sea ;
The sky confounded seeks to hide
Beneath the grassy lea :
Th' unyielding spirit, pride begirt,
Albeit 'twill break will never bend ;
Shiver the mountains from their base,
My heart, Oh, Sire, you will not rend.

III.

Invent a flame more piercing still
Than lightning's fiery flash ;
Brandish a deadlier bolt to mock
The thunder's pounding crash ;
A louder din than whirlwind's raise :
Through all the elemental cry
Thou yet will hear my curses deep,
The ravings that can never die.

IV.

O'erpower my soul and body too ;
Command the eagle's beak
To lacerate my living frame,
My chains with blood to streak :

Defiance of thy fiendish power
Will yet assuage my gnawing pain ;
Crumble my form to ashes light,
Thou smit'st to crush my heart in vain.

V.

Still unsubdued and undismay'd,
I lift not hands to thee ;
Beyond endurance though my pain,
Endured it shall be :
Thy heart no softness feels, I know,
And never glutted is thine ire ;
My heart no weakness can admit,
Above thy hate it doth aspire.

VI.

I ransom'd mortals from thy wiles,
For them thy power defied ;
Think'st thou for self I'll meanly bow,
And my own act deride ?
Hiss forth thy vengeance undisturb'd,
Fire thou the artillery of hell ;
Of fiends thou art the greatest fiend,
And this to thee shall Prometheus tell.

VII.

Come, horrors come ! enwrap me round ;
I care not where I go ;
The earthquake and the hurricane
Point to the abyss below :
I feel the whirl that flings me down,
I yield not yet the reverent knee ;
Oh mother Earth, behold my wrongs !
Oh Jove supreme, I spit at thee !

E V A D N E.

I.

AND is he dead, the iron-armed,
Struck by the fire of Jove?
And is the pyre that him consumes
Now ready for my love?
Ah, why prolong a weary life?
Yon pyre can hold both man and wife.

II.

Capaneus, husband of my love!
Behold, I come to thee!
I cannot live from thee apart;
That were no life for me:
The rock is high; one leap below,
The hungry flames will end my woe.

III.

Nay, father, nay, obstruct me not:
Farewell, old man, farewell!
The sweetest death I'll surely die;
Let Argive maidens tell
To future days my husband's name,
And how I married him in flame.

S.

THE STREET-MUSIC OF CALCUTTA.

I DEVOTED a whole day to listen to the street-music of Calcutta, and report the result for the information of the readers of *Maga*. The cries to which I refer are to be heard daily in the native part of the town. Those peculiar to the European portion of it are of course very different.

I.—KOOAR-GHOTEE-TOLLAH!

ALMOST the first cry every morning is that of the *Kooar-ghotee-tollah*. Be the day ever so cold or so rainy there is the man ready to extricate from the bottom of the well whatever you may have dropt in it, though the cry speaks of brass *lotahs* only. The Moorish lady cried her heart out for the earrings she had dropt in the well, which she could not recover. There must have been no *kooar-ghotee-tollah* in Spain in her day, for earrings, or nose-rings, or finger-rings, are all picked out of wells in Calcutta with the greatest facility. Look at the man as he stands before you—an elderly, stout fellow, with elephantiasis on one leg—and you would hardly think him capable of the feat by which he earns his daily bread. He must dive at least five or six times a day to earn a decent pittance, for two or three pice is all he gets each time; and the frail steps on the well-side by which he gets down are not contemptible dangers to brave for the price paid to him. Talk of old Bazaine's escape from Fort St. Marguerite! It surely was not half so perilous as these incessant descents into wells kept as dirty as can be imagined and in indifferent repair; and yet who ever heard of a *ghotee-tollah* having died in the execution of his duty?

But have not water-pipes superseded the use of wells in every family residence in Calcutta? asks the English reader entirely innocent of native ways and doings.

No, Aryan brother, they have not. The supply of Municipal water is little to be depended upon, and fails frequently at very inconvenient hours; and our Hindu ladies are so aquatic in their habits, and delight so much in water, that an unfailing supply of it from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M. is an absolute necessity of their lives. Almost every act of housewifery requires the washing of hands or clothes, and many make entire ablutions of the body imperative; and since the filtered water of the Justices is not to be had at all hours there is no alternative for the mass but the well and the *ghotee*. They speak again, of the compulsory setting up of metres in private houses to regulate the supply of water according to the rate paid for it. The idea is not particularly liberal; to our thinking the supply of water, like that of air and light, should be unchecked. But, as our sapient Justices seem to think otherwise, "don't fill up your wells yet" is our warning and advice to all whom it may concern.

II.—THE SONG OF THE MAKHUM CHORA.

THIS is a song of the boyhood of Krishna, when that mischievous urchin used to go about from dairy to dairy stealing butter. The itinerant singer goes, Homer-like, from house to house, singing the delinquencies of the little god, that the morning might be commenced auspiciously by all, with the achievements of the deity fresh in their recollections. It is rather odd giving lessons in thieving to business-people at this early hour, as the instruction is not unapt to stick in the minds of those who buy and sell, and to influence their actions throughout the day. Songs about Rámchandra are also sung. For these regular reminders the singers claim a small *buxis* (varying from four pice to two annas) at the end of each month. The songs are good to hear, and some of the singers have very musical voices; and so, for one reason or another, the imposition is tolerated by all families.

III.—JYE RADHAY—BHIKAYAPYE, BABA!

THE begging appeals in Calcutta are intolerable nuisances that recur from daybreak to dusk; and there is

no means of putting them down, as the Police will *never* interfere. I don't object to an old woman, or a blind or lame man, appealing to one for charity; but for two real objects of sympathy that accost you, there are four or six stalwart claimants whose only plea for appeal is that they are Bysnubs, which they think gives them a right to *demand* alms. They actually give you *gallee* if you send them away empty-handed. "What, such a Burra Baboo, with such a house to live in, and not give alms! Remember there is another place to go to; for he that turns away the beggar from his door gets no admittance in Bycant." Cheek of this sort is constantly given; and as you can't condescend to resent it, you are obliged to submit to it with the best grace you can. Often, very often, a sturdy beggar will refuse to leave your door without a reasonable dole. If you ask the *páháráwallá* to eject him, the man of authority laughs at your face; if you tell your own people to push out the applicant there is an action for assault, sometimes resulting in a fine: at all events I remember having once read of such a case in which the learned (?) Magistrate held that force should not have been used for expulsion, without laying down however how the expulsion was otherwise to be effected when the party to be dealt with is stronglimbed, obstinate, and clamorous.

Of course, as I have said, there are many real objects of charity, who, in a city where there is absolutely no provision for them, well deserve the attention of the humane. But, when your temper is once upset by stubbornness, it rarely happens that you are able to do your duty to the rest. "Don't admit any of them," is the snappish order the master gives to his door-keeper; and so many a poor woman loses the pice or grain that she would otherwise have received.

IV.—SISSEE, BOTTOLE BIKREE!

THIS is an expressive cry, a proof of the march of civilisation as represented by the Brandy-bottle. From house to house the *Bikreewáliá* collects all the empty bottles,

in broad daylight, as a matter of course, and without any attempt whatever at concealment. The cry is constantly raised that Young Bengal is afraid to avow his liberalism; but surely the avowal as regards the consumption of spirituous liquors is distinct enough. *Sissees* (medicine phials) are of course also asked for; but you see every *Bikreewállá* passing by loaded with Champagne, Beer, and Brandy bottles with their labels on. It is an every-day and every-hour matter now, and the number of *Bikreewállás* is so large that one is staggered in attempting to compute the amount of consumption it represents. If you detect me in giving out bottles from my house, I have my answer ready: "Some rose-water bottles only, which I do not know what to do with. But pray, don't smell them; bad gases may have generated in them, and you may fare the worse for doing so."

V.—POORANÁ KÁGOCH!

WHAT a stentorian voice that bearded Mahomedan has who every morning cries out at your door for old newspapers! Do the worthy gents of the fourth estate know what their bad grammar and worse taste actually sell for second-hand in the Calcutta Bazaars? Fourteen pice the quire; not a cowrie more! I haggled very hard once for four annas; but the devout Mahomedan swore by Allah Bismallah that he barely gets that rate from the shopkeepers, and could not therefore give me more than the fixed $3\frac{1}{2}$ annas a quire. Twenty four sheets of an *Indian Thunderer* for fourteen pice only! With this data given, will any B. A. or M. A. work out for us how much each furious leader is appraised at? I am not a dab at figures, but my calculations give just $9\frac{1}{2}$ cowries for the biggest thunder—English or Patriotic. One of these thunder-makers asked sometime ago for immortality in a lamp-post. The immortality of the whole genus will be found in the shops of the *Páunchunwálláhs*, if they will only seek for it there.

Akin to the above cry are the cries of

VI.—POORANĀ LOHĀ BIKRĒE,

VII.—POORANĀ CHĀTTĀ BIKRĒE.

VIII.—POORANĀ NAKRĀ KĀNĪ BIKRĒE.

THERE is no such thing as destruction in the world, says the philosopher. What we consider as such is only change. Your old iron, your old *chatta* or parasol, all your tattered rags, are marketable articles: there is no destruction for them but a salutary change? The broken padlock will do service again in another shape; the *chāttā* will receive a new era of existence after it is mended and a new cloth put on to it; the rags will be converted into paper—probably to print some big daily, to be sold again at $3\frac{1}{2}$ annas a quire! O tempora! O mores.

IX.—DHONG! DHONG! DHONG!

THERE goes the Kānsāri's music! A coolie carries with him all the articles he has for sale. The gong and the bell are for *poojahs*, if you are particularly fond of them; the *thāllā*, or dining plate, for your first-born, if he has commenced to eat rice; the *lotah*, the *pilsorj*, the *gāroo*, anything you stand in need of, Sir! But I don't want anything; still the infernal *dhong! dhong!* continues. It is enough to awaken the dead in their graves!

The Kānsāri is a man well to do in life. He has a shop in the nearest bazaar; and both in going to it and in coming back from it he makes it a point to carry a coolie's load with him, if only to try the temper of the people whose houses he passes by. Braziers from other places, especially from Jagganath, also frequent the streets, crying *Thákoorbáteer bássan go! Thákoo-báteer bássan!* But this you don't hear every day, probably because the sellers are few in number and perambulate different parts of the town by turns.

X.—KATAO SEEL-CHAKTEE, JANTA!

THIS is a horrible voice between a bawl and a screech. I wonder how much the man makes a day by this cry. Who on earth requires grinding-stones to be recut and repaired? And yet here is a man who makes his living by cutting them anew.

XI.—BHALO, BHALO, NAYA, NAYA, SAP, SAPAY.

BANDORAY TAMASAR KHAYLE.

HERE is poetry for you, reader; the serpent-charmer's poetry as he goes about with his baskets full of serpents, a baboon following at his heels that will play many tricks with the serpents, if you will pay a trifle for the *tamáshá*. It is of course well-known that the serpents are fangless; but what if one of the reptiles escapes while being played with and burrows in your house? Wont it get new fangs in time? Why then is the play permitted in a densely crowded city? I never could look at serpents without dread. Our native dress at home gives us no protection against them if they are unwarily crossed, and I would unhesitatingly vote for the expulsion of all such players from the town. I know that there are many who take a delight in looking at the reptiles—particularly children. The impression left on these little fellows is various. One child, after such a sight in the day, woke up at night in convulsions, with the cry of "Sap," "Sap," and with froth foaming in his mouth. But this was an exceptional case. Generally, they are well pleased with the play so long as it lasts, and forget all about it afterwards; what especially delights them being the music of the charmer, which certainly does charm all simple-hearted listeners—including the serpents of course. These charmers, they say, can charm out serpents from their holes and capture them. I saw one attempt myself, but that was a failure. The serpent did come out to listen to the music, but snapped at the charmer every time that he approached it; and, as it was a rather large-sized

cobra, the man did not much like the idea of cultivating any intimate acquaintance with it. But there is no doubt that they do capture many serpents in this way, for many good people have seen them do so.

XII.—CHYE MOONG-KE-DÁL?

A VERY good edible is *Moong-ke-dál*, the Arabica Revelenta of the doctors, which has been known in this country from time anterior to the flood as a very wholesome food for the convalescent. The man who sells the *dál* is an up-country man, and the grains are very clean and have been well picked. The Bengali does not know, or does not care, to clean his grains in the way these up-country people do it. The fact is he is more partial to his fish and his *torkáree* than to his *dál*, though the *dál* is both more wholesome and more strengthening. Altogether, in the matter of food, the natives of Bengal are very much less particular than up-country Hindus. The former will take anything they can get that caste rules allow, and then hurry on to money-making; while the latter, though not less fond of money-making, will still find full time for cleaning and cooking their dinner well.

XIII.—HÁNSAYR DEEM CHYE; HÁNSAYR DEEM, GOL

HÁNSAYR DEEM!

How loud the man bawls! His custom perhaps is not as profitable as it used to be of old. Young Bengal is more fond of *Moorgeer Deem* (fowl's eggs) than of *Hánsayr Deem* (duck's eggs); but of course the former cannot be hawked about openly except in Mahomedan quarters. The *Hánsayr Deem* is a loathesome food. Of fowl's eggs I have no personal experience, but they are said to be better. Both are taken by some people raw!!! and I have heard that doctors advise their being so taken. The idea makes the blood run cold.

XIV.—BELATTEE AMRA CHYE; CHYE PAT-BADAM!

XV.—ALOO CHYE; PIÁZ CHYE?

THE first may pass without comment; but *Aloo* (potatoes) and *Piáz* (onions) selling together in the streets of an orthodox town! O Menu and Vyasa! what are we coming to! There was a time when people lost caste for eating onions; while now potatoes and onions are carried round in the same basket from door to door, and even widows and Bráhmans buy the potatoes quite heedless of their unorthodox contamination.

XVI.—CHYE MÁLSEE DOHI CHYE; MÁLSEE DOHI CHYE, GO!

THE cry is drawn out in lengthened sweetness, and reaches a great distance; and very great is the demand for the *dohi*. All people who can afford to pay for it buy it eagerly, for it very much facilitates the taking of rice—particularly when the days are hot. It is also very wholesome, notwithstanding some medical opinions expressed of late to the contrary. In bowel complaints it acts as a charm. The other variety of it, called *Malýe Dohi*, is less digestible, and is only liked because it is more acid. Both sell in the streets with the greatest promptitude.

XVII.—TOOK-TAP—TOOK-TOOM.

PLAY things to sell! What a crowd of ragged children follow in the wake of the seller; all anxious to buy, but having no pice to pay! And what a variety of nick-nacks the man has got: birds made of colored rags and decked with tinsel, paper palkees, garies, umbrellas, trees, flowers, whistles, bells, cards, balloons, looking glasses; every thing, in fact, that is likely to catch a child's fancy. With villainous pertinacity these are displayed ostentatiously at every door. In vain do poor mothers tell the man to pass on, not having the pice to pay for what their children clamorously ask for. The man knows that the pice will be forthcoming, and generally succeeds in getting it out.

XVIII.—CHOOREE LIBEE, GO!

WHAT a sweet melodious voice that girl has who goes from house to house selling *choorees*, or bracelets made of sealing wax or glass! But all the poetry evoked by her voice vanishes the moment you get a full view of her face. The phiz of Medusa could scarcely have had a more petrifying effect. You close your eyes involuntarily, while the ear continues to drink the melody that floats by. *Chooree libi, ga!* Yes, my love, I will buy up all your *choorees* if you will go on hawking them in your own pretty way; but don't break the spell by turning your face towards me, or you will convert me into stone. Throw a veil over your features, and you will enhance the value of your wares.

XIX.—GHOTEE BATEE SARABAY! GHORA, PILSOOJ SARTAY
ACHYA! BHANGABASUN SARTAY ACHAY!

No man, no; I have no broken utensils to repair; pass on, please; your pertinacity is most annoying. Who can possibly require a tinker at his door every day of the year!

XX.—RIPOOR KORMO!

XXI.—SALIE JOOTEA; JOOTA BROOSH!

XXII.—DO GOLIE SOOTA EK PYSA!

XXIII.—DHAMA BANDA BAY GO?

XXIV.—BAXO SARTAY ACHAY?

THESE shricks and screeches are very trying indeed. There is no poetry in the voices. They are all matter-of-fact calls, for things or services which you cannot possibly stand in need of more than, say, once, twice, or four times a year; and yet you have to bear with the calls every blessed day of your existence, and fortunate is he who does not receive each more than once in twenty-four hours.

XXV.—JARUCK LABOO, BELMOROBA, HUZMEE GOLEE, AMBACHAK
TOPACOO, KASUNDI!

A good long yarn this, and rather melodiously bawled out, hawking for sale *chutnies* and acids which are dear to every epicure and gourmand.

XXVI.—MONDA METOY !

XXVII.—ROOTEE, BISKOOT, NANKHATAYA !

XXVIII.—GOLAPEE AOOREE CHYE ?

XXIX.—CHYE NAKOLE DANA ?

We pass over all these cries as calling for no particular remark.

Immediately after them follows the cry of

XXX.—CHANACHOOR GURMA GURRUM.

YOUR syce is a great scoundrel and steals gram, the horse is getting thinner, you are afraid of being some day hawled up before the Magistrate by the Cruelty-Prevention-Society, which is so vigilant. But where the deuce does the gram go to ? Ask this man and you will know. All the stolen gram is converted into *Chanachoor*, which, made hot with chillies, is much valued by drunkards both of high and low degree. *Brandy-pawny* and *Chanachoor Gurma-Gurru* comprise a feast for the gods, leaving aside the exquisites of the Calcutta University. What Young-Bengal is there who has been able to resist the temptation of sharing them with his syce or his sirdar-bearer, if not in worse company ?

XXXI.—CHYE BUROPH ?

AND there is the Burophwalla coming in good time to cool down both the liquid fire and chillied gram ! Does any one wish to have revelations of pandemonium or the purgatory without the intervention of the Planchette ? Let him accompany a Burophwalla for the nonce, and he will see both places with his own eyes and learn all that he may require to know. O, what secrets these Burophwallas could divulge if they had a mind to !

Night now closes up the city of palaces, brothels, and iniquities for a brief while ; and no calls but those of the Páharáwállá and the jackal will be heard for the next few hours. I may therefore close for the present with

XXXII.—YAPEED MOOSHKILLASHAN KARAYGA,

Which is announced by a broad flaring light in the hands of a bearded *fakir*, who goes about from door to door asking for that dole in the name of a Mahomedan saint which no Hindu housewife dares to refuse. All *Mooshkill*, or difficulties, will be made *ashan*, or easy. Child's sickness, husband's irregularity of life, crustiness of old mother-in-law—every impediment to happiness will be removed at once. And what is the price to pay for this? One pice only!

I wish Maga would pay me a pice per line for this luminous contribution which may not soon be equalled. A pice-a-liner is doubtless a poorer designation than a penny-a-liner; but something is better than nothing, and I am not very hard to please.

THE FAVORITES OF THE HINDU POETS.

IX.—MAYURA—(THE PEACOCK.)

THE Peacock is too well known a bird to require any remarks on his general structure and appearance. The Sanskrit synonyms of the word *Mayūra* are all expressive of the physical characteristics of this magnificent bird of the Old-World and of India in particular. The word वह्निन् or वह्निन् means the bird of the long train of feathers, the epithet नीलकण्ठ means he with a blue throat, भुजङ्ग-भुज् means the snake-eater, शिखावल, शिखिन् and शिखण्डिन् signify the bird ornamented with a crest, while मेघनादानुनाशिन् indicates that the bird delights at the roaring of clouds.

“The peacock during the courting season raises his tail vertically, and with it of course the lengthened train, spreading it out and strutting about to captivate the hen-birds, and he has the power of clattering the feathers in a most curious manner. It is a beautiful sight to come suddenly on twenty or thirty pea-fowls, the males displaying their gorgeous trains and strutting about in all the pomp of pride before the gratified females.” But let us see what our poets have to say of this fine spectacle. The following is from Bhavabhuti, a poet who flourished in the eighth century of the Christian Era :—

अतरुणमदताण्डवोत्सवान्तं
स्वयमचिरौद्धतमुग्धलोलवर्धः ।
मणिमुकुट इवोच्छिखः कदम्बे
नदति स एष बहुसखः शिखण्डी ॥

“Here is this same peacock accompanied by his mate
“uttering his cry upon the Kadamba tree at the end
“of the festive joys of the dance caused by excessive
“gladness, who, as his beautiful waving tail has lately
“grown, appears like a blazing diadem of jewels.”—
Tawney's *Uttara Rāma Charita*.

The Peacock was a great favorite of the Antahpura; he is so still with our ladies. His shanks are very often ornamented with golden bells, which jingle musically when he dances before his mistress, who keeps time by clapping her begemmed fair hands. The following extracts are to the point:—

इदं तदे विविह-मणि-चित्तलिदो विअ अअं
सहरिसं नचन्तो रविकिरणसन्तप्तं पक्खुखेवेहिं
विधुवेदि विअ पासादं घरमेरो।

“The domestic peacock dances about delighted and
“fans the place with gem-emblazoned tail, as if to cool
“its heated walls.”—

Wilson's *Mrichchhakati*.

The following is from the *Meghaduta* of Kālidāsa :—

तन्मध्ये च स्फटिकफलका काञ्चनी वासयष्टि
मूलेवद्धा मणिभिरनतिप्रौढवंशप्रकाशैः ।
तानैः सिञ्चदलय-सभगैर्नर्तितः कान्तया मे
यामध्यास्ते दिवसविगमे नीलकण्ठः सुहृदः ॥”

“There, in their midst, stands the golden house-staff
“surmounted by a blade of crystal, its nether part
“made of a lump of emerald resembling a ripe bamboo
“in lustre; there, at the decline of day, dances thy
“friend, the peacock, while the time is kept by my wife,
“as the bangles jingle in her hands.”

Our poets often compare the long tresses of the fair with the pendent feathery train of the peacock. The hair was generally worn by the ladies in ancient India,

in thick clustering braids ornamented with flowers or gems, as is often seen in the temple sculpture of Southern India. The following passage taken from the *Vicramorvasi* is a gem of its kind :—

वरहिण्यपद्म पद्म अम्भत्येभि आचक्रुहि मे ता
एत्य अरण्ये भमन्ते जड पद्म दिट्टो सा मज्ज कन्ता ।
निसम्माद मिअङ्गसरिसे वच्चे, हंसगई
ए चिण्हे जाणीहिंसि, आचक्रिउ तुज्झ मइ ॥
[चर्चरिकयोपविशं अञ्जलिं वधू ॥]

नीलकण्ठ ममोत्कण्ठा वनेऽस्मिन् वनिता त्वया ।
दीर्घापाङ्गा, सितापाङ्गा दृष्टा दृष्टिदमा भवेत् ॥
कथमदत्तैव प्रतिवचनं नर्तितुमारब्धः ? तत् किन्नु खलु
प्रहर्षकारणमस्य ? आं ज्ञातं ।

मृदुपवनविभिन्नो मत्प्रियायाः प्रणामा
हृनरुचिरकलापो निःसपत्नीऽधजातः ।
रतिविगलितबन्धे केशपाशे मुक्तेश्याः
सति कुसुमसनाथे कं हरेदेष वर्हः ॥

I will speak to this peacock—Oh tell,
If, free on the wing as you soar,
In forest, or meadow, or dell,
You have seen the loved nymph I deplore.
You will know her, the fairest of damsels fair
By her large soft eye, and her graceful air ;
(Advancing to the bird and bowing)
Bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet,
Oh tell me have you seen the lovely face,
Of my fair bride—lost in the dreary wilderness :
Her charms deserve your gaze : How—no reply !
He answers not, but beats a measure. How—
What means this merry mood ! Oh yes, I know
The cause, he now may boast his plumage—
Without a peer, nor shame to shew her glories
Before the floating tresses of my Urvasi.

The following pieces of poetry on the peacock are taken from the *Sārṅgadhara Paddhati*, a collection of Sanscrit verses from various authors; it will be seen that the last two pieces point each a moral :—

केका कणामृतन्ते सकुसुमकवरी कान्तिहारः कलापः
कण्टस्थायाः पुरारेगलरुचि रुचिरा सौहृदं सुधनादैः ।
विश्वदे विदिजिह्वस्फुरदुरुपिशितनित्यमाहारवृत्तिः ।
कैः पुण्यैः प्राप्तमेतत् सकलमपि सखे चित्रवृत्तं मयूर ॥

Thy voice is nectar, thy dazzling train vies with the tresses of lady fair,—bedecked with flowers of gold and gems. The lustrous tints of thy throat rival that of Iswara, thou lovest the musical roarings of clouds. Thy daily meat is the flesh of the double-tongued serpent race, who are deadly enemies to the world. So friend peacock! by what austerities hast thou achieved all these good and noble things?

हारीताःसरसं रसन्तु मधुरं कूजन्तु पुंस्कोकिलाः
सानन्दं गिरमुद्गिरन्तु च शुकाः किन्तैःस्थिरस्थैरपि ।
एकेनापि तलस्थितेन नदता श्लोखण्डनिस्तर्जना—
द्वालानाञ्च शिखण्डिना ननु महत् पाण्डित्यमुत्पादितं ॥

Let the pigeons green, gush forth their liquid notes,
Or Koels coo, or Parrots' prattling throats
Pour out their sweetest talk in blithesome mood.
They all belong to the aerial brotherhood,
But the peacock, tho' confined to lowly ground,
Its one, but one, commanding clarion sound
Strikes the double-tongued serpents dumb, who fly away,
And hurriedly leave the sandal tree.

The moral of course is, that heroism is not incompatible with low station in life.

वेगज्वलद्विष्टपिपुञ्जमहारवोऽयम् ।
गर्ज्जत्यतीव्रतरहेतिरियन्न सम्पा ॥
दावाग्निभूमनिवहोऽमयन्नमेघः ।
किं नृत्यसि द्रुतमितो ब्रज तत् कलापिन् ॥

The woods are in fire, and hence the roar,
'Tis not the noise of clouds o'er
Thy head, thou bird o' the lengthened train,
'Tis not the lightning's glare but rise amain
The flames' splendour, 'mong vapours dense,
Which thou takest for the cloud's presence ;
Then why this dance, mid smoke and fire ?
Ah ! fly my friend ! this forest dire.

The moral is, that appearances often deceive.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

Chapter XXIX.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF EARLY MARRIAGE.—DIFFERENT FORMATIONS PRECEDING A HUSBAND'S APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE. AN EMBRYO HUSBAND APPEARS IN THE FORM OF A VEGETABLE (PREPARATION), IS THEN SUCCEEDED BY A WINGED BIPED, WHICH GRADUALLY DEVELOPES INTO A MONKEY,—FROM WHICH, IN DUE COURSE, IS DESCENDED MAN OR HUSBAND,—THUS PROVING THE TRUTH OF DARWIN'S THEORY. BHOOBONESHOREE'S NOW EXPERIENCE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

BUT (continued Preonath) however advantageous or interesting the approaching marriage might be to other parties, it was not so to the poor infant bride. For the little boys and girls surrounding Jogen, frightened her with a description of the bridegroom. At first she seems to have thought that a bridegroom, or husband as it was otherwise called, was something eatable,—very sweet to the taste. It was in her estimation the name of a peculiarly delicious sweetmeat, which was to be kept in an earthen jar suspended from the ceiling, and given to her alone by little and little every day, no other boys or girls sharing in it,—no, not even her younger brother, who generally had a lion's share of her parents' favors. When it was consumed or became unfit for use, her great-grandfather would again send Ghottocks to purchase another earthen pot full of bridegroom or husband, and she would eat it alone sitting in a corner where no one else would be admitted.

This was the impression formed in her mind from the imperfect description of the article and its use that she had yet heard. For the women had taught her to be

shy when the subject was mentioned in her presence : they laughed and reproached her if she asked any question about it. But afterwards she often heard verbs of motion predicated about her bridegroom. It could not be a sweetmeat, she thought. It must be a nice bird, far superior to any of those which her grand-father Sham owned in his menagerie. O ! how, when first confined, it would try to come out of its cage !! With its beautiful little beak, it would be now picking this part of the cage, now that part : but all to no purpose ! She would feed the husband with her own hand, and stroke its back ! By degrees, it would become so fond of her, that her sight would make it impatient in its prison house ! She would then take it out of its cage, and keep it near her heart ! It would sit over her fingers, and thrusting its pretty beak between her lips, take the food from her mouth ! When going to bed at night, she would, in spite of its struggles, again put it into its cage !

Poor Jogen did not know that a husband could be made to do all she proposed, except the last. She had however no objection to its being released from cage at night, provided there was no cat to pounce upon it.

But she was horror-struck at the description which the little boys and girls gave of her intended play-thing. They said her husband had a very thick pair of mustaches and large eyes, not to say big hands with which it would raise her to his Palkee, shut the door and carry her away, leaving her parents weeping behind. To frighten her the more, one little urchin said, “ your husband’s eyes would swallow you up-entire.” Another said, “ O ! look ! behold, there it is coming !”

At this last exclamation, made with a shew of affected fear, the poor girl ran without turning behind, or right or left, followed by the wicked boys and girls with a chorus. “ Oh, there it is coming !” Jogen rushed into Bhooboneshoree’s chamber, and plunging into her breast, burst into tears. The urchins finding whom she had got for her protector, sneaked away, being afraid to lose the good opinion of one whom they regarded as their common mother. Bhooboneshoree had great difficulty in

soothing the child. She kissed away her tears, pressed her to her bosom, bid her fear no one, and encouraged her to explain the cause of her fright.

"Mother!" said Jogen at last, "the terrible husband is coming to swallow me with its eyes!"

Bhooboneshoree saw what mischief the little urchins had done, and said:—"No, child, your bridegroom is not so hideous as you imagine. He is a very beautiful young man, and will fall in love with your pretty face."

"No, mother, I don't want it, I don't want it, give it to any other child!"—and Jogen plunged deeper and deeper into her bosom, while her whole body trembled with fear, as if the obnoxious animal was at the door to carry her off.

"Don't you be afraid, my child. There is no one here to molest you in my arms. Your bridegroom lives a day's journey from this place, and would not be here till several days hence. Even if he were here, there would be no cause for fear."

"No, mother! shut the door, good mother, do not let it be brought here. I will die if you do so!"

The "good mother," seeing the child still tremble and cast affrighted looks behind, rose and shut the door. Jogen raised her head and surveyed the apartment very carefully, while Bhooboneshoree proceeded to disabuse her mind of the false impressions it had imbibed. Jogen had now evidently got into her head that the husband was neither an eatable nor a bird, but a large doll,—probably an imitation monkey—which by Feringee ingenuity, could roll its eyes, open its jaws, move its head and stretch its arms. She preferred her little dolls to this frightful monster. So after Bhooboneshoree had graphically described the joys to be derived from associating with a husband, the child asked:—"Does it bite, mother? my cousins say, it will bite my lips and cheeks till they are red."

"Your husband," said the fair aunt, "won't bite you, but will only kiss you as I do"—and she kissed her

"But will those kisses be like yours, mother? Will that horrid monster clasp me in his arms as your fair arms do?"

"His kisses," replied Bhooboneshoree smiling, "may not seem very agreeable at first, but when you learn to love him, they will appear more delicious than any thing you have ever tasted. He is not a terrible monster, but a nice young man, just like your uncles who are husbands to your aunts. Your aunts, instead of being frightened, are fond of their respective husbands' company."

"No, mother! my aunts are not at all fond of my uncles' company. On the contrary, they are much afraid of them, and shun their very sight."

Bhooboneshoree hardly knew how to make the child understand that the Hindoo lady's seeming aversion to her husband during the day, proceeded from false modesty, and that during the night they were as great friends as ever. She tried her best to explain the mystery, but Jogen was still incredulous.

"Mother!" said she, "I prefer my little dolls to a big man. The money your grandfather is about to spend in my marriage, will purchase several nice dolls, which will retire with me to bed, lie in my arms, and may kiss me as often as they like. I don't want to sleep with a big man. If husbands are really so very nice things to sleep with, why, mother, don't you take the one your grandfather is bringing for me?"

Bhooboneshoree hardly knew whether to laugh or weep. After a pause she said she had possessed a husband whom she loved better than her life, but it had pleased Heaven to take him away, and she hoped to join him at an early date.

Seeing tears glide down her aunt's cheeks, Jogen kissed them away and said, "mother! do not weep. Tell me what you require of me, and I will do it to please you."

Several minutes elapsed before Bhooboneshoree found voice amidst her sobs and tears.

"My child! your feelings are natural. How can girls
of my age appreciate the inestimable jewel of a hus-

of early marriage or the evils attendant upon it. You cannot possibly help regarding your husband with horror, although you will be enjoined on the altar to love him with all your soul and to revere him next to the Deity. But when you come to years of discretion, you will deeply repent of the feelings which now find a place in your heart. I was married in my thirteenth year, an age in which Hindoo ladies generally become mothers. Even then I did not know the value of a husband. He did not love me at first, as he was forced to marry me against his will, his heart having been previously captivated by a lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments. I was partly to blame for his indifference. Force was at first required to lead me to his room, and to detain me there at night. My cousins carried me thither and left me, but as my husband, in spite of their remonstrances, did not care to compel me to remain, I often slipped out of the room, though sure to be again pushed in by them. One night before they could again push me in, my husband had shut the door, and as I could not return to my own room for fear of my mother's reproaches, I had to stand out in the cold with them the whole night through, their entreaties to him to open the door having proved unavailing. In justice to myself I must say that far from feeling the aversion that I shewed, I cherished a secret love for my husband which I was not willing to express in my actions. This was owing to the coyness of our sex, encouraged as it had been by the wretched custom of our country. For if I made any advances towards my husband, my cousins who, surrounding our room in private, watched our slightest motions and overheard our faintest whispers, would raise a laugh at my expense, as if I had done something wrong. So I stifled all the regard I felt for him, and manifested uncompromising aversion. But, thanks to his education and religious turn of mind, though he did not at the time feel a particle of affection for me, yet his sense of duty to his wife made him not only bear with my petulance, but show great kindness in return. Thus when he discovered that I passed the night standing like a pillar at his door, he would gently lead me to

his bed, and that I might not feel uncomfortable, would turn his back upon me, and fall asleep. In a day or two coming to know that I passed the night sitting in the posture he left me in, he made me lie down. But I moved slowly to the hard brink of the bed, that my cousins might see how I placed the greatest distance between him and me. To allow me greater space for the motion of my limbs without coming in contact with him, which I seemed to dread, he betook himself to the other brink of the bed, and carefully covering me with the entire quilt meant for the use of us both, himself lay exposed to cold. Finding all attempts unavailing, he left the whole bed to myself at last, and spreading a mat on the bare floor, there lay down to sleep."

Here the fair narrator's voice was choked, and streams ran down her cheeks. When she recovered her voice, she continued:—

"My child! you will be surprised to hear that for about a year after our marriage, he did not see my face. We met only for a fortnight or so during the Durga Pooja vacation when he came home from College. After our cousins had relaxed their espionage over our actions, we exchanged a word or two in whispers, but not till the candle had been extinguished. As I grew up, my feelings towards him underwent a change, and at last we began to love each other so intensely that unable to express it in words, we often expressed our love in tears. Then as often as I cast my eyes on the bed and rooms in which I had played the part of a coy maiden, I felt supremely wretched. I know that every lady in Bengal, married very young, was more or less guilty like myself, and that I was not so much to blame as the wretched custom of our country which promotes early marriage, discourages conjugal love, and prohibits the husband's company during the day. But still my feelings of repentance were not the less acute. I cursed myself for throwing away in wretched coyness the long period of three years during which I might have enjoyed the highest felicity that human life could bestow. For when I learnt to love my husband, I seemed to tread the land

of enchantment; every object on which I cast my eyes seemed redolent with joy; I often doubted whether I was awake or dreaming of happiness which I did not feel; whether everything around me was not created solely for imparting pleasure to me, and whether heaven was a place distinct from this sublunary world. There occurred nothing to break this illusion till—till—.”

Here the fair narrator's voice was again choked, and tears ran down her cheeks. Jogen was alarmed and shrieked—which put a check to the torrent from her aunt's eyes that had threatened to carry her away.

“Do not weep, mother! my dear mother, do not weep! I will marry the big man you give me, and sleep with him in the same bed, even though his eyes actually swallow me.”

The poor child was evidently convinced by Bhooboneshoree's tears, and not by her arguments, which she could not understand. Indeed I doubt whether I understand them myself. Finding a docile child for her listener, she indulged herself in a subject on which she was known to be crazy. Those who know the monomania with which she is afflicted, change the subject whenever she tries to enlarge on it. You laugh, Doctor, to hear me characterize her disease by the name of monomania. Pray, who, in discussing the subject of early marriage, would ever pour her griefs into the ear of a child six years old, unless she had been afflicted with some such mental disease! Had Bhooboneshoree known what sort of husband Jogen was going to be united to, she would have shed more tears for the poor girl than for herself, instead of trying to reconcile her to her doom. But of this when we come to the marriage.

Chapter XXX.

SHews HOW JOGEN TASTES, IN ANTICIPATION, THE SWEETS OF EARLY MARRIAGE, AND HOW A HUSBAND IS A STANDING SUBJECT OF JEST AMONG HINDU LADIES. BHOOBONESHOREE EXPOSES THE EVILS OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

ALTHOUGH (continued Preonath) Jogen had promised to submit quietly to the marriage ceremony,

she found it not easy to conquer her infant feelings. When the children again attempted to frighten her with a description of the bridegroom, she told them indeed that her "better mother" had assured her there was very great pleasure in the company of a husband. But at night she would often get up in bed dreaming that a man with large mustaches, big eyes, and wide mouth came to swallow her up. Her cries on such occasions were so loud and incessant that her mother Mukhoda finding it impossible to soothe her, sent for Bhooboneshoree who, she said, knew some charms to govern little children at her pleasure. As these fits came upon Jogen several times at night, it was at last thought necessary to transfer her entirely to the charge of Bhooboneshoree till the time of marriage. The latter not only tried all her arts to disabuse her mind of every wrong impression on the subject, but also forbade her playmates to frighten her any more.

But the fears and prejudices of childhood could not be eradicated in a day. Though Jogen generally lay quiet in Bhooboneshoree's bed, the idea of being wedded to a frightful monster whom she had seen in her dreams, haunted her even during her waking hours. When questioned by the ladies, (who take especial delight in jesting on such subjects,) Jogen refused, in spite of Bhooboneshoree's coaxing, to sleep with her husband unless that more-than-mother accompanied her to his bed. This excited great laughter, and the ladies proposed that Bhooboneshoree should sleep with Jogen and her husband at least for the first two nights. Bhooboneshoree replied that being nearest to Jogen, they ought to have the preference. But some of them retorted that if the bridegroom were left to choose, he was sure to prefer Bhooboneshoree to the rest. As Bhooboneshoree disputed the truth of this proposition, they proposed to ask Jogen's opinion on the point, but this Bhooboneshoree would by no means allow to be done, which caused increased merriment.

But however they might laugh and jest, it was no light matter to Jogen. The poor girl burst into tears,

and implored Bhooboneshoree to take pity upon her. Mukhoda happening just to come in, thought this a good opportunity of venting her spleen.

"I curse myself," said she, "for allowing Jogen to associate with Bhooboneshoree. She has spoilt the child so much, that I do not know how to eradicate from her mind the pernicious ideas she has apparently imbibed. Who has ever heard of a girl being afraid to approach her husband's bed-room, unless she is cursed with some hysteric fits!! When first married, girls feign a repugnance to their husband's company, because a contrary conduct exposes them to ridicule. I do not wonder if my Jogen learns all the evil principles which have made Bhooboneshoree's name a bye word of reproach everywhere. Oh! may I not live to see Jogen renounce Hindu dress, Hindu customs, and Hindu religion, shew her face to strangers, speak with her husband in public, write to his elder brother, and, when a widow, eat on the eleventh day of the moon!" Then hearing the ladies tax her with ingratitude, Mukhoda continued:—"Ingratitude indeed! My girl's affections have been alienated from me. Your children have also been spoilt in that way. But you can bear to see you children prefer another—I cannot."

Saying this, Mukhoda snatched up Jogen from Bhooboneshoree's arms, and striking her blow after blow, threatened to kill her if she was again found in Bhooboneshoree's company. But as soon as Jogen had got loose from her mother's iron grasp, she ran and plunged into Bhooboneshoree's breast. Mukhoda now came in a still more furious rage, and wrenching her with great force, dashed her to the ground. The child stunned by the blow, cast appealing looks towards Bhooboneshoree, though evidently afraid to seek her protection. Bhooboneshoree covered her face with her hands.

Before Jogen had ceased crying, or before Bhooboneshoree could efface all traces of her recent emotions, a maid-servant announced the near approach of Bindoo, the mother of Mukhoda. The latter aware of her mother's extreme partiality and fondness for Jogen, looked aghast, fearing a terrific explosion over her own

head. She wished to conceal all marks of her cruelty, but stood irresolute, not knowing how to do it. She was however relieved by Bhooboneshoree, who snatching up Jogen from the ground, covered her with the skirts of her cloth, and kissed away her tears. Before the necessary precautions could however be taken, Bindoo arrived.

"Why is that angelic face," said she looking at Bhooboneshoree, "covered with a cloud, instead of beaming with smile which eternally plays on those lips. Ah! Jogen is trembling. Has that monster of cruelty, my Mukhoda, been again beating the girl?"

As Bindoo approached to examine Jogen's body, Bhooboneshoree bent over the child, and said with a smile—"Mother, the long and short of the matter is, we have usurped your function, and been gravely discussing whether we cannot dispense with that idle ceremony which requires a bride to associate with the bridegroom on the marriage night. For Jogen is mortally afraid to enter her husband's room, unless you or some of us accompany her"—and she attempted a laugh.

"No child, no, we cannot dispense with that part of the ceremony which is essential to the marriage. If you were to remain with Jogen in her husband's room, you will not, I assure you, find it an idle ceremony after all."

This sally was followed by tremendous laughter. Seeing Bhooboneshoree glide along with the current of merriment instead of attempting a retort on which she was known to be expert, the old lady expressed surprise.

"It is natural," said Bhooboneshoree, "for a niece to yield victory to her aunt. I am not ashamed to own my defeat to *you*."

Bindoo was highly delighted, and lifting Bhooboneshoree with her burden into her lap, repeatedly kissed her cheeks.

"Dear aunt" said Bhooboneshoree, "you appear younger than myself, displaying such strength as you do."

"Is not this sight very happy," said the aunt, evidently pleased with the compliment, "we are three genera-

tions joined here, and in four or five years, there may be four generations thus sitting in one another's lap. For Jogen may get children at eleven, and then how happy we shall be!"

"Why, aunt! should you wish Jogen to be a mother before she has passed her childhood? If you are so very anxious to see four generations sitting in one another's lap, let us go to my grand-father. You will sit in his lap, I will sit in yours, and Jogen will sit in mine. I assure you, aunt, the old man will feel his youth revive in having in his arms a daughter-in-law who is stronger than myself, and looks so beautiful and young."

In spite of the compliment, Bindoo could not forgive the thrust which made the young ladies merry at her expense.

"There is no harm," said she, "in wishing Jogen a mother at eleven. In this iron age, ladies become almost old at sixteen. Men like your husband are very rare: though you were married at 13, still he would not taste so much beauty and loveliness for three long years, considering it criminal to become a father till you had passed the fifteenth year of your age. The man must have been a Jogee to resist such extraordinary charms and temptations, and to starve in the midst of nectar piled on every side."

The laugh was loud and long. Bhooboneshoree's face was, however, overspread with blushes, which Bindoo observed.

"Why, child! there is no shame. In one respect, your husband was right. A girl getting children at eleven, would become old at sixteen. But you appeared to have hardly reached your sixteenth. For all that, I would wish to see Jogen a mother of at least three children before she arrives at her *marriageable* age according to your husbands' ethics."

Bhooboneshoree could not let this opportunity pass without speaking a word in her husband's defence.

"Dear aunt," said she, "a girl who is a mother at an early age, not only becomes prematurely old, but her children are all weak in body and mind. It is no

wonder, therefore, that the Hindoos die so young, and that their minds, after attaining a certain development are arrested in their progress. It is a subject of common remark that our boys appear to be highly gifted, but are incapable of achieving in their manhood, what was expected from the promises of their childhood. Indeed how can it be otherwise? A diseased or imperfectly developed seed cannot produce a healthy plant. Nor can you expect a good milch-cow or strong swift horse from parents wanting in those qualities. Many diseases and peculiarities in us are known to be hereditary. Hence it follows that children, born of a mother at an early age, partake of her bodily and mental imperfections, diversified by their father's peculiarities at the time. As this untimely birth cannot fail to affect the mother's system, children born even at her mature age, do not escape quite scatheless. A forced culture impairs the strength of the soil."

"Yes child," said the jovial aunt, "I understand you. It is by such arguments as these that your husband managed to console you during your long fast of fifteen years."

The modesty of the young ladies could no longer curb their risible faculty, and they burst into uproarious laughter. The more they tried to suppress it, the more it grew ungovernable. From the eager looks directed towards Bhooboneshoree, it appeared they immediately expected from her a retort. But it was soon evident that she would not deal with her respected aunt as she would treat her other antagonists. The old lady felt and appreciated this, and rewarded her forbearance with redoubling her kisses, as she said :—

"Don't you, my darling, mind what a foolish old woman like myself may say. I doubt whether I will be able to survive your departure from this house. For a long time I will miss from my bed the angel who has converted it into a heaven."

A maidservant whom Bhooboneshoree had sent to fetch some sweetmeat, now came and handed it to Mukhoda.

"My child!" said Bhooboneshoree to Jogen, "see, your mother calls you, holding in her dear hand the delicacy of which you are so fond. Don't you be afraid of the bridegroom. Go and take it."

The simple speech, contrived to conciliate Mukhoda, to encourage Jogen and hide from Bindoo her daughter's cruelty, drew tears from Radhica. Mukhoda's ill-nature had disappeared, and she affectionately called Jogen to her side. The child went and sat at Mukhoda's lap, and before taking the sweetmeat, raised her eyes to her mother's face to see whether she was still angry. The look seemed to upbraid her for her cruelty, and Bhooboneshoree applied the corner of her cloth to her eyes.

THE LEGENDS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

AMONG the many subsidiary branches of enquiry which recent oriental researches have given rise to, few are more interesting than that which is directed to the origin and dispersion of the legends of ancient times. It brings to light many a missing link in the history of nations, and affords most curious illustrations of the working of the human mind under different physical, social and moral circumstances. Mr. Thomas Lumsden Strange, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras, has directed this enquiry to the legends of the Old Testament, and the results he has arrived at, are of a character which cannot fail greatly to interest our readers. We propose, therefore, to give, in this paper, a short notice of the little book which he has recently published on the subject. We can easily conceive the deafening tattoo on the "drum ecclesiastic" which our attempt may lead to among perverts from Hinduism and European missionaries in India, and it is not without some reluctance, therefore, that we enter upon the task; but it is due to the learned author that we should not allow his labours to remain unknown to the people of this country, with whose ancient history they are so intimately associated. The author belongs to a class of scholars whose number is daily and rapidly increasing in Europe. The thralldom which a family religion exercises on the human intellect, has been shaken off by the members of this class; and they have taken it upon themselves to examine, critically and intelligently with the light of science and history, how far the pretensions of Christianity, the most successful of all the different systems of religion which exercise their potent influence

* The Legends of the Old Testament traced to their apparent primitive sources.
By Thomas Lumsden Strange, London, Trübner & Co., 1874.

to govern, for good or evil, the mind of man, are consistent with reason and truth. Such enquirers after the truth of religious systems have lived in all ages and in every civilized country, and their behaviour towards the so-called "revealed religions" of their times and countries has everywhere and at all times been the subject of the direst anathemas on the part of the faithful. "A reviler of the Vedas," "a heretic," "an atheist," "a kafir," are the mildest terms of reproach designed for them, and the pains and penalties they were at one time subjected to, including out-casting and excommunication, were the most distressing possible. Progress of education and civilization have, to a great extent, softened the rigours of these penalties, but they have not yet become obsolete; and Mr. Strange, as one of the band of "rationalists," or, as we in India would call them, *Bauddhas*, or men who resort to reason (*buddhi*) as the final court of appeal in all matters concerning religion, must have, doubtless, already in his own country, paid the penalty of his recusancy to float with the current, and for his determination to judge for himself the true character of his national religion. It is gratifying to see, therefore, that the dread of that penalty has not deterred him from persevering in his labours through four successive volumes, in exposing the hollowness of the claims which Christianity has on the respect of mankind.

The first work published by Mr. Strange was entitled "The Bible; is it the word of God?" This was followed by a dissertation on the Speaker's Commentary on the Bible, under the title of "The Speaker's Commentary Reviewed," and in it he exposed the utter worthlessness of the attempt, made by a Committee appointed by the English House of Commons, to reconcile the contradictions of the different parts of the Bible and of the Bible with modern science. He next published an essay on the "Development of Creation on Earth," in which, taking his stand on the scientific discoveries of the Huxleys and the Darwins and the Thomsons of the age, the author attempted to prove that the cosmogony of the Bible could not be true, and, therefore, not revealed by God. The last work forms the subject of this notice.

The object of the book is not to put forth the results of any original research on the subject of Biblical criticism, but to bring home to popular readers the inferences, deductions and conclusions, which have been arrived at by the more scientific workers in the field, but whose works are, from their nature, not easily accessible to the general public. This has necessitated the introduction, into the book, of much matter which does not directly bear on its main object. The dissertations, for instance, on the Aryan migration and on the history of Hinduism which take up nearly one third of the book, are quite foreign to the legends of the Bible, but they are required to prepare the readers who are not familiar with them for what follows. The same may be said of the Jewish history, which forms the next chapter of the book. The legends of the Old Testament are treated of in the last chapter (pp. 160 to 243), and as they are indubitably the best exponents of the true character of the Mosaic record, we shall attempt a summary of the author's views on the subject.

The first legend naturally refers to the creation of the universe; the author, therefore, dwells at considerable length on the discordance between the Elohistie and the Jehovistic accounts, and the relation they bear to the ancient legends on the subject current among the Hindus, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptians. The reign of Chaos forms the cardinal point in the cosmogonia of the Hindus. The Hellenic races carried the tradition to the west; "it having been delivered down from Orpheus and Linus by Hesiod and Homer, acknowledged by Epicharmus, and embraced by Thales, Anaxagoras, Plato, and other philosophers who were theists" (Vans Kennedy, *Hindu Myth.* 82, citing Cudworth). "Thus far the Hebrews," the author comes to the conclusion, "it is apparent have been indebted to the Hindus and their imitators for their ideas of the primitive condition of the earth and the first processes of creation. The representation that six periods were occupied in the creative action, it is equally clear, is traceable to the ancient Persians. The Zend Avesta so divides these

acts into six portions, occupying in all a year, making the last of the acts, as in Genesis, the formation of man (Max Muller, *Chips*, I, 155). The Chaldeans also described the creation as effected in six periods (Higgins, *Anac.* I. 61). The Etruscans likewise, adopted this idea, making the periods, however, extend each to a thousand years. In the first, the planets and the earth were made; in the second, the firmament; in the third, the sea and waters; in the fourth, the sun, moon, and stars; in the fifth, living creatures; and in the sixth, man (*Ibid.*, I. 181). The Tyrrhenians had precisely the same cosmogony (Cory, *Anc. Frag.*, 309). It required the ignorance of the Hebraic mind to conceive it possible that the whole of these vast operations might be limited to the compass of six days." (pp. 174f). It should be added, however, that though the resemblance is strong between the Hindu and the Hebraic legends about the generation of the world, it is not altogether conclusive. The ancient Assyrians, a Semetic race, had current among them traditions which run on all fours with the Hebrew legend. Some remarkable discoveries have lately been made by Mr. George Smith of the British Museum, which throw quite a new light on the subject. Adverting to certain recent researches in connexion with the tablets brought to England by a body of explorers deputed sometime ago to Assyria by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, that gentleman says: "The narrative on the Assyrian tablets commences with a description of the period before the world was created, when there existed a chaos or confusion. The desolate and empty state of the universe and the generation by chaos of monsters are vividly given. The chaos is presided over by a female power named Tislat or Tismat, corresponding to the Thalath of Berossus; but as it proceeds, the Assyrian account agrees rather with the Bible than with the short account from Berossus. We are told in the inscriptions, of the fall of the celestial being who appears to correspond to Satan. In his ambition, he raises his hand against the sanctuary of the God of heaven, and the description of him is really magnificent. He is re-

presented riding in a chariot through celestial space surrounded by the storms, with the lightning playing before him, and wielding a thunderbolt as a weapon.

"This rebellion leads to a war in heaven and the conquest of the powers of evil, the gods, in due course, creating the universe in stages, as in the Mosaic narrative, surveying each step of the work and pronouncing it good. The divine work culminates in the creation of man, who is made upright and free from evil, and endowed by the gods with the noble faculty of speech.

"The Deity then delivers a long address to the newly-created being, instructing him in all his duties and privileges, and pointing out the glory of his state. But this condition of blessing does not last long before man, yielding to temptation, falls; and the Deity then pronounces upon him a terrible curse, invoking on his head all the evils which have since afflicted humanity. These last details are, as I have before stated, upon the fragment which I excavated during my first journey to Assyria, and the discovery of this single relic, in my opinion, increases many times over the value of "The Daily Telegraph Collection."

The Indian reader will at once perceive how close is the resemblance of Tismat, of the above extract, with the Máya of the Táutric cosmogony, but the coincidence need not necessarily lead to the conclusion, that the one is borrowed from the other. Of all mysteries that of generation struck mankind, in primitive times, as the most wonderful, and in the aspirations of man to unfold the nature of creation, the practice has everywhere been to apply to the Godhead—to the unknown—the known mystery of human genesis, and hence it is that a sexual agency has found a place, in some form or other, in almost every system of ancient cosmogony. It is the natural result of weak finite humanity trying to unveil the infinite. The nature of the human mind being everywhere the same, and being every where directed to the same end, the result cannot but be very much the same, even without any interchange of opinion and ideas. Local colourings apart, even as a lover in

the torrid zone, giving vent to his feelings in a love song; must express ideas very similar to what a person would do under like circumstances in the freezing cold of Lapland, so must other human thoughts and ideas in different climes bear a close relation to each other. And this being the case we are loath to attribute to interchange of opinion or necessary borrowing every similitude in old legends that turns up. The case doubtless becomes different when circumstantial details and local colouring are of a character that cannot result except on the assumption of borrowing, and historical evidence is of a nature which creates a strong presumption in favour of it. This is, however, not exactly what happens in regard to the Mosaic records. The race which got them up lived in close neighbourhood with the Assyrians on the one hand, and the Egyptian and the Hellenic races on the other, and it is to be presumed that many traditions must have been current among them, in common, and when internal evidence of the community of such traditions are manifest, the conclusion must be inevitable that the later records borrowed from the more ancient ones. Assyrian researches, however, are yet in their infancy, and until they are matured it would be unsafe to decide dogmatically whether the Hebrew chroniclers borrowed from the Aryans, or the Assyrians, or the Egyptians, though the fact of borrowing may at once be conceded.

The next legend concerns the form in which man was originally fashioned. According to the Old Testament "Elohim created man in his own image; in the image of Elohim created he him; male and female created he them." Again, "this is the book of the generations of Adam and Eve. In the day that Elohim created man, in the likeness of Elohim made he him; male and female created he them." The obvious meaning of these passages is that the external or corporeal form of man is the counterpart of that of Elohim. It must follow consequently that the Deity had sexual attributes, the counterparts of which were reproduced in man. Some Bibli- cists deny this, and wish to imply that the image meant

is the moral and not the corporeal one; but in so doing they only fly from Scylla to fall into Charybdis. The legend of the fall of man is founded entirely on his ignorance of the distinction between good and evil, and omniscience is avowedly the foremost attribute of the Divinity. That the outward lineament is what the chronicler meant is evident, not only from the context but, from various passages which follow. Thus, when Cain was born, Eve recognised him as the exact counterpart of the creator. "I have gotten a man," she said, "even Jahvah himself." This passage is incorrectly translated in the current English version, but this much is certain that Cain, born after the transgression, could not have been in the moral image of the Divinity, and yet Eve sees in him the image of the Divinity. The phrase is used again of Seth whom Adam "begat in his own likeness, after his image." Nor is it remarkable that a human writer, in describing the origin of his own race, should lay claim to divine character even in his outward make. It is only the story of the lion and the painter reproduced in the genesis of man. Had the lion written the story, the details would have been different, and in favour of the lord of the forest. Mr. Strange has quoted several passages to show that the story is borrowed from the Hindus; but he seems not to have been aware of the most remarkable one in the Gopatha Bráhmāna of the Atharva Veda which is evidently the model on which the story is founded. As the Vedic legend is not well-known we will quote it entire. It runs thus: "Om! Verily, Brahma alone and only by itself existed at first. It willed. 'I alone exist as the highly adorable. Ho! I must create from myself a second Deva like unto me.' It worked upon, it well warmed, it fully heated itself. On the forehead of this working, well-warmed and fully heated (being) perspiration broke forth. Well pleased thereby, it said, 'I, the highly adorable, know well all that should be known.' It worked again, it warmed itself well again, it fully heated itself; thereupon separate streams of perspiration flowed from all the pores of the body of that

working, well-warmed, and fully-heated being. They pleased it. It said, 'by these I shall support all and every thing whatever; by these I shall create all and every thing whatever; by these I shall attain all and every thing whatever.'

"Having thus created water* it looked down, and in the water beheld its own shadow. The seed of the beholder, of its own accord, oozed out, and dropped into the water. It (Brahma) thereupon worked and well-warmed and fully heated the water. The belaboured well-warmed and fully-heated water, along with the seed, divided into two. - Thereof that which was gross, common, very saline, unpotable, unpalatable, and unsteady, along with the seed in it, became the ocean; the other which was potable, palatable and quiet, was worked upon and well-warmed and fully heated, and thereby whatever seed was in it, dried up, and because it dried up (*abhrījyata*,) therefore it became Bhrigu," the first created man."†

The Biblical statement of man having been made last, after all other animals had been created, next engages Mr. Strange's attention; but the obvious fallacy of the statement needs no elaborate comment to expose it. The parasites which are destined to live within the body of man could not have been created with their present constitution until after the creation of man in whose body alone they could live and thrive. The same may be said of many other parasites, and parasites constitute about one half of the animal kingdom—though to the general reader this may not be at once manifest. Naturalists further know that various forms of Infusoria are even now being daily formed, and they are standing protests against the Biblical theory.

The dogma of the Sabbath, on which day the Divinity rested after his six days of arduous labour, needs no argument to show that it is founded entirely on an anthropomorphic notion of the Godhead, and is entirely

* The word is in the plural number in the text.

† Gopatha Brāhmaṇa, Introduction, pp. 12 f.

at variance with His omnipotence. Weak narrow-minded men of the lowest calibre alone could conceive the idea of God becoming tired after his six days' labour.

The most important legend of the Old Testament is, however, that regarding the fall of man. It forms the corner stone of Christianity, and the theory of our moral responsibility and final redemption rests entirely on it. It has been conceived in unquestionably a highly poetical spirit, and the highest meed of praise is due to who elaborated it. But for all that it is evident it is a mythe founded on the relation of the sexes, and has no claim whatever to be considered as a historical event of such momentous importance as the Mosaic record would make it out to be. Its earliest form appears in the Zend Avesta, in which its gross carnal character is fully exposed. We read in the Banduhesh that "Meschi and Meschiane, the first man and woman, were seduced by Ahriman under the form of a serpent, and they then committed in thought, word and action, the cannal sin, and thereby tainted with the original sin all their descendants." The coarseness of this version was first taken off by the Hellenic legend of Pandora. According to it Zeus once deprived the brothers Prométheus, and Epimétheus, the first two of mankind, of the celestial fire of which they had possessed themselves. Prométheus thereupon stole and brought it back to earth. "Zeus then, the mythe goes on to relate, was incensed at this daring deed, and resolved to punish the men for it. He therefore directed Hephæstas to knead earth and water, to give it human voice and strength, and to make the fair form of a virgin like the immortal goddesses; he desired Athéna to endow her with artist-knowledge, Aphrodité to give her beauty and desire, and Hermés to inspire her with an impudent and artful disposition. When formed she was attired by the Seasons and Graces; each of the deities gave the commanded gifts, and she was named Pandóra (All-gift). Thus furnished she was brought by Hermés to the dwelling of Epimétheus; who, though his brother Prométheus had warned him to be upon his guard and to receive no gifts

from Zeus, dazzled with her charms, took her to his house, and made her his wife. The evil effects of this imprudent act were speedily felt. In the house of these first men stood a closed jar, which they had been forbidden to open. Forethought, as may be supposed, had rigidly obeyed this direction, and had hitherto kept his brother also from transgressing it. But the case was now altered: a woman, whose chief attribute is curiosity,

came into the house: dying to know what the jar contained, she raised the lid, and all the evils, hitherto unknown to man, poured out and spread over the earth. In terror at the sight of these monsters she clapped down the lid just in time to prevent the escape of Hope, who thus remained with man, his chief support and comfort.

Other versions of this story are also current, all founded on the same basis, and having for their substance, the creation of woman out of earth, even as Eve was made of the left rib of the first created man, and Pandora's curiosity to open a closed jar or box, even as Eve's lead to the tasting of the forbidden apple—both old emblems of the unimpregnated womb. The tree and the serpent do not occur in the Greek story, but they are prominent in the Zend version. They are well-known phallic emblems,† and they all tend to the same result, the pains of travail and the evils of human existence proceeding from our carnal desires. The names of Prométheus (*fore-thought*) and Epimétheus (*after-thought*, i.e. of Prudence and Folly,) give the true key to the meaning of the legend, and we have no reason to doubt that the two-fold object of the myth, whether we accept the Zend, the Greek, or the Mosaic version, is first to establish a primitive state of purity from which men fell by their own acts, and 2nd, the part which our animal desires have played in bringing on that fall, making weak woman the instrument of it.

That hermits, sick of the world and its manifold evils, should entertain such notions and develop

* Keightley's Mythology of Greece and Italy, p. 259.

† Some of our readers may recall to mind the popular belief in Bengal that the dream of a serpent is a sure presage of pregnancy.

them into fables and allegories is but natural, but it can have no claim to special regard as a historical revelation inspired by the Divinity. Certain it is that versions of the story more ancient than the Mosaic one being extant, right reasoning would indicate the latter to be an improvement, or amplification, of the former, and not founded on an historical basis. Bishop Harold Browne, in the *Speaker's Commentary*, has found himself obliged to allow the identity of the Zoroastrian and the Hebrew versions of the fall of man, and suggests how the correspondence may have been brought about. "The Persians," he says, "of all people except the Hebrews, were the most likely to have retained the memory of primitive traditions, and secondly, Zoroaster was probably brought into contact with the Hebrews, and with the prophet Daniel in the court of Darius, and may have learned much from such association." "He designates the legend as 'the great Semitic tradition,' for which he claims the possibility of a 'real historic basis' (I. 36, 49). But if the legend is to be accepted as a tradition, resting on an historic basis, it is removed at once from the sphere of revelation. It is a tale that has passed, through human channels, from mouth to mouth; it may be founded on truth, or otherwise; it may be accurately reported, or seriously impaired by exaggerations and direct misrepresentation. We must take it for what it is worth, and require to know the channels of its transmission. The learned bishop calls it 'primeval,' but we know nothing of its primitive origin, and nothing of its transmitters. We have records of the religious views of a very ancient race, the early Aryans. There were among them faint germs for such a legend, but they were far from having the legend itself. We meet with it first among an offshoot from this stock, at a time when mythological fancies had begun to take solid shapes. Because we find it transferred to the records of a much more recent and barbaric people, are these representations of a speaking serpent and a life-giving tree entitled to any more credence than any other of the superstitious imagery of the day and people from whom they have descended? To make of the younger and

more barbaric race the originators of the legend, and not its adopters, and to suppose an intercourse between Daniel and Zoroaster, to account for the transmission, is a last resource taken in a desperate cause. The age of Zoroaster is quite uncertain, occupying a range from B. C. 300 to B. C. 512 (Scholten, *Comparative view of Religions*, 13). 'It is impossible,' says Dr. Dollinger, 'to fix the age of Zoroaster precisely. He may have been somewhat junior to Moses (perhaps about 1300 B. C.); in any case he did not live, as has been frequently asserted by mistake, under the father of Darius Hystaspes' (or about B. C. 550). (*Gentile and Jew*, I. 380). The author of the book of Daniel professes to have lived during the Babylonish captivity. He has been convicted of ignorance of those days, and is unnamed among the Hebrew prophets by the author of Ecclesiasticus, writing about B. C. 200.* "How the legend may have found its way from the Persian into the Jewish scriptures is easily illustrated. 'Now, it is known that about the same time, and in the same place, namely, at Alexandria where the Old Testament was rendered into Greek, the Avesta was also translated into the same language, so that we have at Alexandria, in the third century B. C., a well-established historical contact between the believers in Genesis and the believers in the Avesta, and an easy opening for exchange of ideas' (Max-Muller, *Chips*, I., 152). That the narrative of the fall was a late introduction in the Jewish record, is also apparent from the circumstance that, notwithstanding its doctrinal import, it is not adverted to, from Genesis to Malachi, by any of the sacred personages occupied in the religious training of the people." †

Adverting to the part played by the serpent in the Mosaic story, Mr. Strange very logically observes: "The agent for the temptation is a serpent, described as more subtle than any other of the animal creation which had been formed. Subtlety implies possessing the means of judgment, so

* "The Bible, is it the Word of God?" 175-177.

† The Legends of the Old Testament, pp. 190f.

as to be able to weigh consequences and choose the more eligible course, in view of gaining some advantage over another. The animals, consequently, were more highly endowed than man who knew not good from evil. The serpent thus acting was cursed above all other animals, and, as a special punishment, reduced to go thenceforth upon his belly, and to subsist on dust. But we know that he has always thus moved from the remotest ages, as his fossil remains indicate; that in his movement he is graceful and surpassingly agile; that his form is not a monstrosity assigned to him in punishment, but is one of the innumerable manifestations of the resources of the Almighty in varying his creation; and that dust is not his food. Doubtless it has been argued that the serpent of the old Testament was not an ordinary reptile, but Satan himself in that shape, but if this be admitted it would follow that the Godhead cursed the race of serpents, which were innocent, for the transgression of a person who did not belong to that race, an act which would be highly reprehensible in a mortal judge, and infinitely more so in the Divinity whose impartial justice is his highest attribute. The Jewish chronicler seems, however, to entertain a particular predilection for curses. According to him the earth is cursed with sterility for the sake of man. One such curse, heartily pronounced by the originator and upholder of all things, would obliterate creation. But the earth stands in perpetual refutation of the Jewish scribe. It teems with regions of surpassing beauty and fertility, and in lieu of producing nothing but thorns and thistles, it liberally remunerates the labour of man. The impotency of the cursing is manifested in its repetitions, the Creator being made to go on cursing through Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, and the further books, until the process culminates in the end of all at the book of Revelation. No one having a real sense of the Almighty could thus represent him. The portraiture is that of a coarse and ignorant mind. We have its type among the Hindus when they had become debased by their advanced mythologies. By

worship; Siva himself was deprived of his share of sacrifices by the curse of Daksha; Vishnu's avatars were the consequence of his being cursed by Bhrigu; and the thousand eyes of Indra were substituted, as an alleviation of a curse pronounced by Gautama, for other unseemly marks of the saint's displeasure. In short, the whole Hindu mythology rests principally on the effects produced by such curses; and on the devotional means adopted for procuring liberation from their effects.*

Turning now to the legends after the fall, we have the same obvious proof of adaptations and plagiarisms which characterize the so-called history of creation and of the period of innocence in the garden of Eden. The first persons born after the fall, according to the Bible, were the brothers Cain and Abel, who are obviously the counterparts of the Egyptian Osiris and Typhon. These latter, though gods according to later legends are considered to have been originally earth-born mortals, and remarkable for their being, like Cain and Abel, the representatives of goodness and evil. "Typhon, the wicked one kills Osiris, the righteous one, as Cain killed Abel; but the Egyptian legend had a significancy. Osiris stood for the defence of all that bespoke his fertilizing and beneficent influences. Typhon represented the winter and is associated with sterility,—whatever, in fact, was in contrast to the genial operations of Osiris. Typhon killing Osiris is, therefore, the winter season overcoming the Solar power. The Jewish copyist adopts as historical the elements of the myth without apprehending its meaning." (p. 201.)

The idea of purity being associated with primitive simplicity, the conclusion was at once arrived at that the span of human life in such times of purity must have been excessively long, and all ancient systems of religion adopted the theory. The Biblical writers could not resist the temptation, and accordingly they made "Adam live 930 years, Seth 912, Enos 905, and so on. This is in keeping with the lengthened years ascribed to man in the Krita Yuga of the Hindus, and the golden age of the Greeks."

* Legends pp. 195f.

But there is nothing to show that there is any truth in the statement. Man in those days must have been very differently constituted to have withstood the wear and tear of such lengthened periods. If we may draw any inference from the lives of races now living in primitive simplicity, the conclusion should go quite the other way.

In their conception of angelic purity the authors of the Old Testament seem to have been as unfortunate as in their notions of divinity. In Jude we have 'angels which kept at their first state, but left their own habitation, giving themselves over to fornication and going after strange flesh.' "We have here, seemingly," says our author 'the sons of God' of Genesis, who in like manner, left their habitation under the temptation of 'strange flesh.' Bibli-cists seek to give the passage an inoffensive construction, by taking the sons of God who allied themselves to the daughters of men to mean a godly race mixing with an ungodly one. It would be singular that all the godly ones should be males, and the ungodly all females. Nor was there such a godly race to point to, especially in view of the later teaching which has included all under sin. The Hebrew scripture is in exact consonance with the credulous ideas of the early days. It was a common notion that celestials might consort with the human race and raise up progeny from them, according to the Hindu legends, as we have seen, the bisexual deity begot the race of man. The earliest beings so generated were great Rishis, possessing semi-divine constitutions and powers; others such also appeared upon the scene. Agasti was the joint son of the deities Mitra and Varuna by Urvasi; Kardama was born from the shadow of Brahmá; the sage Pulastya was the son of Brahmá; the seventh Manu was a son of Surya; Indra seduced the wife of the sage Gautama; Ráma and his three brothers were produced by Vishnu imparting the *Páyasa* or nectar of the gods to their mothers; Sitá sprung from the furrow; the five Pándavas were the sons of the divinities, Indra, Dharma, Márit and the Aswins, and Prithá had Karna by the sun. The Egyptians and Chaldeans had dynasties of gods

and demi-gods, who at length gave place to their mortal descendants.* * * * The Greeks adopted similar ideas. Jupiter was the father of Bacchus, Castor and Pollux, Hercules, Perseus, Minos, and Amphion by human mothers. He also seduced Calliste, Io, and Antiope, daughters of various kings of Greece." Apollo, Neptune and Mars had sons also by human mothers, and amours with mortal females. Vulcan, Saturn and Mercury, likewise, mated themselves with daughters of men. Few will venture to urge on the face of these facts that the amours of the Biblic angels were other than copies of these.

We now come to the Deluge. "The earth being filled with wickedness, and 'every imagination' of the heart of man being 'only evil continually,' 'it repented Jahveh that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.' The wrath of Jahveh extended itself from man to the insentient brute creation, and he determined to 'destroy from the face of the earth, both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air,' saying that, 'it repented him that he had made them.' The representation given of the Creator is a most unworthy one. He had already cursed his creation, and what was to be expected of mankind ejected from his favor and guidance, but wickedness? * * * To describe the Creator as disappointed and grieved on witnessing, after a trial of 1550 years, the inevitable consequences of his own appointments, is an absurdity. To extend the judgment to the irresponsible animals was an unwarrantable sacrifice of life; and if founded on any possible sense of justice, why were the fishes not embraced in the sentence? * * * The judgment was, moreover, wholly ineffectual as a remedial measure. What was to be gained by sweeping off one wicked generation, to renew the earth with fresh generations of inevitable sinners? And why, if the judgment was suitable for correction, should the divinity have pledged himself never to repeat it? The guilt was to occur, and why not the punishment? The expression of Jahveh is, 'I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake.' " (pp. 205-6.)

It has been often said that the tradition of the flood has been preserved by almost all the ancient nations, and this universality of belief may be accepted as an evidence of the actuality of the visitation. This is, however, a mere begging of the question, and may, therefore, be dismissed without a remark. There are records of several ancient nations who have had no such tradition, and those who have it may very reasonably be named as the prompters from whom the Jews borrowed it.

"The legend first appears among the Hindus in the Satapatha Bráhmaṇa, which is an adjunct of the Yajur-Veda, and one of the latest of the Bráhmaṇas (Max Muller, Chips, I 158; Muir, Sansk. Texts, II XVIII, XIX.). This is the most ancient known version of the story. It is not where it should be if based upon reality, namely, in the primitive Vedic literature." "The Satapatha Bráhmaṇa describes Manu as the one person saved from the flood. A fish, which had claimed and received his protection, warned him that in a certain number of years the flood would visit the earth, and directed him to construct a ship, in which he should be saved. This he accordingly did; and when the deluge came, the fish conducted the vessel, and fastened it to a northern mountain, which the commentator explains was the Himálaya.

"The tale next appears in the Mahábhárata, where it is entitled the Mátsyaka Purána, (*sic*) or Legend of the Fish. The particulars are the same as those in the Bráhmaṇa, but with sundry embellishments and additions. The fish is described to be an incarnation of Brahmá, and the mountain to which the vessel was secured is explicitly stated to have been the Himavan. The world is described as submerged for many years, and the seven primeval Rishis are said to have been saved, together with Manu; the number of the saved persons being thus brought up to eight, as in the later Jewish narrative." (p. 211.)

"The legend, among the Hindus, next occurs in the Puráṇas, which, it will be remembered, are modern representations of ancient traditions. It appears in the Matsya,

Bhágavata, and Agni Puránas. The saved being is now said to have been the royal rishi Satyavrata, who became appointed to the office of Manu, and was thus the seventh Manu. Satya-vrata means "upright in conduct," "adhering to truth." We thus have the "just man, perfect in his generations," adopted by the Jewish narrator. The fish who saves him is represented to be an incarnation of Vishnu, the then popular divinity. The seven rishis are also among the saved, and Satyavrata provides himself not only with plants and seeds, but with specimens of all living creatures (Williams. *Ind. Ep. Poet.* 36; Muir, *Sansk. Texts*, I. 206, 209, 212.)

"The Chaldean version of the story is perhaps the oldest known, and it has recently been brought to light. In it the name of the hero is Sisit, who, Mr. Smith thinks, "may be identified with Xisuthrus, the saved personage figuring in Berossus's account of the flood." "He is adverted to by Sir Henry Rawlinson as a deified sage, who may have been the first civilizer of the Babylonians, and have lived about B. C. 6400." According to this version the flood was sent in judgment, "the world having turned to sin." Sisit, warned of the event, was directed to take refuge in a ship. "The deity said to him, 'I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily. Enter to the midst of the ship, and shut thy door.' Sisit accordingly embarked with 'all his male and female servants, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field, and the sons of the army.'"

"The deluge of Xisuthrus is recorded by the Babylonian historian Berossus, who has a priest of Belus, and of the time of Alexander the Great. The saved man was the tenth in descent of the first Chaldean kings, as Noah was the tenth from Adam. The deity Cronus (Saturn) warned him of the day when the flood should descend, and directed him to build a vessel, and take with him his friends and relations, all that was necessary to sustain life, and all species of animals, both birds and quadrupeds, and so escape the danger."

"This Xisuthrus, was the tenth Chaldean king, just as Noah comes in as the tenth in descent from Adam (Cory,

Anc. Frag. 26.) and the age of these Chaldean patriarchs with those the Hindus. Thus the ten Chaldean kings reigned for a total of 120 sari or 432,000 years (*Cory*, 26.) and it forms the sum of the Kali Yuga, the aggregate of the four Yugas being 4,320,000 years, called a Maha or great Yuga, and a day of Brahmá, consisting of a thousand Yugas, extends to 432,000,000 years (*Williams, Sansk. Dist.* 213, 818).

"The Phœnician accounts of the deluge désignates the saved man as Sydyk, a name sinifying "the just man;" of whom the Hebrew Noah is descriptive. He had with him his sons, who were the seven mythical being called the Cabiri."

"The Greeks have accounts of two deluges. One is said to have occurred 1600 years before the first Olympiad, or B. C. 2376, bringing it within twenty-seven years of the Hebrew flood (*Anthon's Lemp.*) Another is said to have happened B. C. 1503 (*Anthon's Lemp.*)"

So far the correspondence of the Hebrew and other ancient accounts is as close as could be made without positive and simple copying, and it is carried to the extent of even borrowing the names of the hero. In the Hebrew legend, it is "Noah," or "Nuh," which says our author, "is fairly identifiable with that of the hero of the Sanskrit legend, "Ma-un" (*Faber, Pag. Idol, III.* 468; *Maurice, Hist. of Hindostan, I* pref. IX) "Nuh" was one of the most ancient of the Egyptian gods, and a divinity of the waters (*Osburn, Monumental Hist. of Egypt, I* 238). The name written as "Nus," or "Nusús," is also identifiable with "Dio-nusus," "the god Nusús," this being a designation of Bacchus, the god of wine. Dionusus, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, taught men to plant the vine and to make wine (*Bryant, Anc. Myth, III*, 19, 21; *Faber, Pag. Idol, II.* 268.); in keeping with which Noah is no sooner delivered from the flood than he 'began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, and was drunken.' Another connection is Osiris, the Egyptian divinity, who was born of Mount Nysa. The Hebrew deity is accordingly termed Jahveh-Nissi in *Exod. XVII.*

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15, and, by trasposition of the syllables, his holy place is termed Mount Sinai (Sharpe, Egyp. Myth., 10, 11). Osiris, by a stratagem, was shut up by his wicked brother Typhon in a chest, or ark, and thrown into the Nile. This occurred on the seventeenth day of the month of Athyr (Prichard, Egyp. Myth., 58, 59.) Great emphasis is laid upon Noah having been incarcerated in his ark on a given day. 'In the self-same day, the Hebrew writer points, out, he entered it. This was the 17th day of the 2nd month, or the very day in which Osiris was entombed in his ark' (Faber, Pag. Idol, II. 241, 242.) That Noah was the embodiment of the Pagan divinities Dionysus and Osiris, is sufficiently apparent; and as 'the just man' we recognize in him the Hindu Satya-vrata and the Phœnician Sydyk; and as the tenth in descent from the primeval man, the Chaldean Xisuthrus.' (p. 215)

The next most important legend is that of the Tower of Babel. The Hebrew delineator of the story has, as usual, been drawing his materials from pagan sources. "The legend has been recorded by Berosus as of Chaldean origin, and has been adopted by the Greek writers Hesticeus, Abydenus, and Eupolemus. It appears also in the Sibylline writings of Babylonia and of Greece, and is a version of the Titanic war (Cory, Anc. Frag. 34, 50, 57.). In far nobler form the Homeric poet imagines the rebellious Titans endeavouring to scale the abode of Zeus, by piling Ossa upon Pelion and Olympus."

"The story of Lot is revolting in all its details, and it has not even the merit of being original. The change of Lot's wife into a pillar of Salt has a parallel in the Greek story of the change of Philemon and Baucis into trees, but while the Hebrew story is coarse and revolting in all its parts, the Greek versionist gives us a pleasant tale consistent in its details. Lot is ready to sacrifice the virtue of his daughters to the lusts of a depraved multitude, and they first inebriate and then commit incest with him. In the Greek story, the saved beings are an old couple who retained their virtue in the midst of surrounding profligacy." (p. 221.)

Though the idea of human sacrifice has been reprobated in several parts of the Scriptures, Abraham is said to have intended the sacrifice of his son to Jehovah in obedience to a divine command. Jephtha again is said to have been moved by the "spirit of Jahveh" to vow that if he was successful in a certain encounter with his enemies, he would offer up as a burnt offering "whatsoever came forth from his house to meet him on his return," and the victim was his own daughter. Jephtha's sacrifice is identifiable with that of Iphigenia ("born of Iptha" or Jephtha) by her father Agamemnon. The story has a model in the ancient Sanskrit legend of the sacrifice of Sunahsepha as a substitute for Rohita, the son of king Harishchandra, but while in the Sanskrit and the Greek legends the intended victims are ultimately saved, the Hebrew story of Jephtha's sacrifice has a tragical conclusion.

The leaning the Hebrew writers evince to wars between divine beings and mortals, is of itself a proof positive of the human origin of their narratives—a *proof* of men anxious to enhance the glory of their heroes by making them victorious over gods, and one which is enough to deprive them of all claim to inspiration, and that of their writings to revelation. Nor is this peculiarity by any means original. It may be noticed in many eastern legends. In the Mahá-bhárata there are poetical delineations of mortals engaging themselves in physical struggles with Godhead. Both Arjuna and Asvathámá are said to have fought with Siva, but in their case without in the first instance having any idea of the nature of the contest they were engaged in, and the character of their opponent; while "the Hebrew Scriptures have presented to us the bald, coarse, and purposeless story of Jacob wrestling with a Divine Being as sober history."

Much of what has been said of Moses in the Hebrew Scriptures has been drawn from mythical sources. The exposure in an ark of bulrushes has a counterpart in Bacchus with his mother having been enclosed in an ark and cast into the sea. Danae and her infant Perseus, Telephus, son of Hercules, with his mother were similarly

exposed. Romulus was exposed on a river's bank, and Karna of the Mahá-bhárata was exposed in a similar way to save the credit of his mother.

Again, the idea of the visible manifestations of the deity given in the Hebrew Scriptures is certainly not a new one. "The brilliant descriptions of the Court of Mahadeva on Mount Kailasa and of Vishnu's abode on Mount Meru, resplendent with gold and jewels, exceeding in radiance the blended brightness of a dozen suns, and the splendours of the residence of Jove on Olympus, have their counterparts in what Aardi and others, invited by Moses, has in a mount (Exod. XXIV. 10) in what Micaiah (I Kings XXII. 19) Isaiah (VI. 1-4) and Ezekiel (I. 26-28) beheld.

No one in the present day can be made to believe it possible that the sun and moon can be stopped in their daily course, yet the Hebrew Scriptures ascribe to the Jewish leader such a feat. The idea, however, is not a new one. Ravana, it is narrated in the Rámáyana, seized on the sun and the moon with his arms and prevented their rising (73); and the great Hanumána induced the sun to "standstill, and not rise till midday. Bacchus also is said to have wrested the sun and moon when on his march to India" (Higgins, *Anac*, II. 19).

Samson and Hercules are but counterparts of each other. Dupuis thinks Hercules represents the sun, and his twelve labors the twelve signs of the Zodiac. "The name of Samson is derivable from Shems the sun." "But while Hercules is an example of obedience, patience and fortitude, the Jewish hero exhibits nothing but brute strength."

Most of the other legends of the Old Testament have, in the same way, been traced to more ancient and foreign sources, but we have already exceeded our limit, and quoted more largely than we at first intended; we cannot, however, close this resumé of Mr. Strange's highly interesting and able work, without offering to our readers one more quotation. It illustrates in a marked manner the most vital point in the Old Testament, namely, its

morality. We take it from Inman's remarkable work on "Ancient Faiths in Ancient Names."

"Those who are," says Inman, "acquainted with the doctrine of 'election,' as enunciated by St. Paul, may well be shocked when they develop the arguments used by the apostle (Rom. IX. 41, 13, X. 15, 7, 28) and examine into the elections, or, what amounts to the same thing, the selections recorded in the Old Testament as having been made by the Almighty from amongst men. Can profane history show us a more drunken character than Noah, the inventor of wine-bibbing and bestial intoxication; one more contemptible than Abraham, who traded on his wife's infamy and sacrificed (in intention) his two sons without a qualm; and one more mean, deceptive, and cowardly than Jacob? Can we find therein any one to surpass David in cruelty, ruthlessness, credulity, lip-reverence, and revenge, or to equal Solomon, the damning blot on his father's life, the child of adultery, associated with two attempts at murder, and himself the personification of barbaric pomp and unbridled lust? Surely if these considerations stood alone we ought to recognise with certainty that what is called election by the Lord is nothing more than a fiction of the historian, who, in depicting others, to a great extent describes what he himself would be under the circumstances with which he surrounds his heroes."

KAPILA.

AN HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL MEMOIR ON
SUB-DIVISION BANKA IN BHAUGULPORE,
WITH A SHORT NOTICE OF THE CELEBRATED SHRINE AT DEOGHUR.

FROM the present condition of the Sub-Division,—its sparse population, the primitive state of society existing in it, and extensive forests abounding in wild beasts,—one would suppose that this part of the country has very lately become the abode of men. There are, nevertheless, remains which indisputably prove it to have been peopled from the most ancient times. The hill Mandár near Boicorse is mentioned in Hindu Mythology in connection with the creation of the world when the Supreme Being floated over the waters in the form of an egg, and also with the churning of the ocean that led to eternal warfare between the Gods and the Asuras. Towards the south stands the Holy City,¹ where Ravana is said to have left Shiva before Válmiki sung² his exploits from the Jungles near Bithoor. On the north is the scene of Chánd Sadágar's sufferings,³ rendered memorable by the heroic virtue and devotion of his beautiful daughter-in-law described in the Manasár Bhásán. A few miles off⁴ near the river, might still be seen mud pillars and vaulted roofs underground attesting the remains of human dwellings which in the lapse of ages have been swallowed up in the bosom of the earth.

Traditions again points out the foot of the Mandár as the place where once flourished a large city containing 52 bazaars, 53 streets, 88 tanks,⁵—a city which, as proved

1. The present Deoghur.

2. In the Rámáyan.

3. Chámpánagar near Bhaugulpore.

4. The Ganges near Bhaugulpore.

5. Vide Account of the Mandár Hill in the "Indian Antiquary" for Feb. 1872.

by an inscription ⁶ on a triumphal arch still standing there, continued to exist till 276 years ago ⁷. Across the Sub-Division runs the rapid Chandan, which, according to Col. Francklin, is the Eranaboas ⁸ described by the Greek Historians when Chandra Gupta reigned at Pataliputra. The inscription on the brass image dug up at the foot of the hill near Kakkowára ⁹, as far as it has been yet deciphered, goes to shew that there were rich towns and villages within these jungles and hills in the 23rd year of Govind Pála's reign. ¹⁰ Contiguous to the western boundary of the Sub-Division, flourished the kingdom of Kharakpur whose sway once extended over fifty-two Rajas of the Kshattriya race. The remains of an old fort at Dumráwan near Amarpur (the Immortal City) which tradition connects with the last struggle of Hindu independence, ¹¹ together with the ruins of many other forts and buildings belonging to the Kshattriya Rajas as situated in different parts of the Sub-Division, ¹² points to the existence of several Hindu principalities previous to the appearance of the Mahomedan crescent in Behar.

Again, the inscription on the mosque erected by Aláuddin Husain Sháh at Bonhurra, contiguous to the so-called Immortal City, as well as the names of such places as Bádsháhganj (the Imperial Ganj or mart) and Mahomedpore in its vicinity, prove that those principalities were succeeded by the establishment of a Mahomedan kingdom in the fifteenth century of the Christian era. ¹³

6. *Vide* Asiatic Society's Proceedings for Nov. 1870, page 295.

7. *Vide* Accounts of the Mandár Hill as above.

8. *Vide* Col. Francklin's Inquiry concerning the site of ancient Palibotra. Part II.

9. *Vide* Account of the Image in Mookerjee's Magazine for October 1872, page 154.

10. This is the translation of the Inscription by Mr. J. Burgess, Editor of the Indian Antiquary, to whom facsimile of it was sent.

11. *Vide* Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal. Vol. XXXIX. Part 1. No. III. of 1870, page 234.

12. *Vide Ditto* Vol. XL. Part 1, No. 1. of 1871, pages 27-33.

13. *Vide* Bengal Asiatic Society's Proceedings for Nov. 1870, pp. 297-298.

But the Sub-Division, so rich in historical associations, and once the scene of mighty contests between rival dynasties and races, is now in most parts little better than a desert where beasts contend with man for sovereignty. Immense forests infested by tigers, innumerable hills abounding in wolves' dens, with patches of cultivation at considerable intervals, and dotted with miserable hamlets inhabited by the lowest specimens of humanity, almost every where meet the eye.

PRESENT CON-
DITION.

These tracts have been so little explored that the mineral and forest productions of the Sub-Division are scarcely known. There is a silver mine lately discovered at a place, called Khyrakhand, and a copper mine at Bagmaree, but though the ores in the former have been pronounced by competent authorities to contain the metal in quantities sufficient to repay the necessary outlay for digging, very few people appear to have ever heard anything about them. The savages in the neighbourhood, to whom the mines have been long known, entertain the apprehension that some sacrifices will be necessary to appease the presiding demon before his wealth can be appropriated to our use. This belief could not perhaps curb their cupidity if they knew how to extract the metals from the ores.

MINERAL PRO-
DUCTS.

SILVER.

COPPER.

None of these difficulties stand in the way of their utilizing the iron ores which would appear to abound in the Sub-Division. There is, however, another kind of superstition connected with the smelting of iron. For none would carry on the operation except the Kols. Supposing it is not profitable enough to tempt the superior classes of the population, still there are the Scnthals, Mosars, &c., who are equally poor like the Kols. The belief that the ore would not melt unless the bellows be worked by a man with the arms of his younger brother's wife round his waist,¹⁴ has probably something to do with this monopoly.

IRON.

14. Vide Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal. Vol. XL. Part 1. No. 1, page 29.

Coal is also to be found within the Sub-Division, as appears from its being used in smelting iron. But the site and extent of the mines are only known to the Kols, no other people appearing to be inquisitive on the subject. The abundance and extreme cheapness of wood may account for this apathy.

COALS.

There are kinds of white and red earth to be found in various parts of the Sub-Division. They serve the purposes of stone lime, and are used by the well-to-do people in whitewashing or painting their houses. They scarcely fetch any price, and may be had for the mere trouble of digging.

WHITE & RED EARTH.

The productions of the forest are also rich and various. The Sál, Ebony, and Shishu wood may be had in abundance. These Sál trees yield silk cocoons that go to the manufacture of those unrivalled Tussur fabrics for which Bhaugulpore is so famous.

FOREST PRODUCTION.

SILK COCOONS.

Beyond the trouble of protecting the worms from birds and monkeys, the cocoons hardly demand any care or attention on the part of the men who deal in them. In going from Katooria to Chanun, one has to pass through forests of trees yielding Kuth or Catechu, but as yet the

KUTH.

Zemindars have done very little to turn them into a source of profit. Almost every where, both in inhabited as well as uninhabited portions, may be met trees producing lac. This is collected principally, because it is so much

LAC.

prized, by the women, whose arms from the wrist to the elbow joint are entirely covered by it in the shape of ornament. But the forest production that is in great demand among the inhabitants, is the Mohua,

MOHUA.

the flower of which is used as an article of food and enter into the manufacture of wine, while its fruit yields an inferior kind of oil, called Koonree, which is largely consumed by the lower orders.

The general appearance of the villages is in keeping with the surrounding scenery. Especially towards the north, it is often difficult to know what a village is. A village is frequently composed of neighbourhoods Tolahs, which are very distinct from one another. One Tolah has apparently 6 or 7 houses,—another containing 3 or 4, is perhaps a mile off—a third, as sparsely peopled, is situated a mile and half from both,—and so on. Yet all these Tolahs are said to constitute a single village.

CONSTRUCTION OF
A VILLAGE.

SEVERAL PARTS.

The houses of the lower castes, such as, Moosars, Kaders, Domes, and Dosads, who reside in the out-skirts, are so small, low and huddled together, that on nearer inspection, one would find 20 or 30 houses where before he expected to meet with 5 or 6. These hovels are often solely made of grass, and may be carried from one place to another by the owner on his shoulder. They are hardly large enough to contain a man lying on his whole length. Each accommodates a man and his wife, and at most his little child besides, but low caste families do

HOUSES OF THE
LOWER ORDERS.

not generally exceed that number. Two brothers living together in the same house, or a father dwelling with his elderly children under the same roof, is an exception rather than the rule. As soon as a young man is able to earn his bread, he separates from his parents, and sets up a hovel of his own. As might be expected, these lower castes feel no attachment for their village, and the feelings which Hindoos are universally known to cherish for their birth-place and hereditary fields, are wanting in their case. They have no tie to bind them to the place except a wretched hovel, which costs them a day's labour to build. Emigrations from one village to another are therefore very frequent. This, however, answers one useful purpose, for it serves as a check on the oppressions of the landlord.

THEIR FAMILIES.

The higher orders, *viz.*, the Rajputs, Brahmans, &c., who occupy the interior of the villages, dwell of course in

HOUSES OF THE
BETTER CLASSES.

larger and better houses. But all these are built of mud and straw,—a pucca building being almost unknown. Zemindars owning extensive estates, and bankers counting Rajahs among their debtors are content to live within mud walls, and under a tiled roof, although they consider it necessary to their dignity to parade elephants in their train.

The interior of these mudhouses as well as the courtyards in front however look remarkably neat and clean.

WALL PLASTER.

The women daily mop them with a solution of white or red earth mixed with the sacred cow-dung, thus covering the floor and walls, with a rice plaster, which is also believed to be a protection against damp. The process lends to the whole a pleasing appearance, and imparts a degree of the neatness and freshness which is not inferior to what is worn by brick-built houses in their best days.

But however cleanly the interior of the houses may appear, the contrast between it and the outside is very striking. The latter is all plastered over with cakes of cow-dung (for fuel) stuck every where. As soon as the old cakes are removed to the kitchen, new cakes are put on in their places. So the outer walls are always disfigured with these unsightly appendages, unless the owner of the house is rich enough to dispense with the use of cowdung as fuel. But whether he uses dried cow-dung in the kitchen or not, he never thinks it worth his while to keep the outside walls neat and clean. The reason is, the women who take so much care of the interior, cannot work outside the house with propriety. It is only such as can afford to employ paid coolies or unpaid tenants in the duty, who try to improve the outward appearance of their houses.

There are stinking drains running through the alleys and bye-paths of every large village. Each

SANITARY AR-
RANGEMENTS.

house has in its immediate neighbourhood some place for the deposit of human ordure and all sorts of filth. The sides of wells are generally low, and filled with stinking water as well as the decomposition of vegetable matter, consequence of

the ablutions which the inhabitants love to perform on their banks. Not only does the poisonous matter filter into the water below, but the refuse of *Sál* and plantain leaves once used by the people for taking their meals on, are often seen to float on the surface without any body caring to remove them from the reservoir of the necessary and prized element. The dwelling houses may almost be said to be proof against light and air, which can find no admission within except through a small door. In short, no efforts seem to be spared to show a total disregard of the sanitary laws. But, though this is the general characteristic of all the villages in the Sub-Division, yet the inhabitants enjoy very good health throughout the year. They laugh when you explain to them the breach of sanitary laws of which they are guilty, and, indeed, they can afford to laugh with impunity. Had any medical gentleman found the above conditions existing in any epidemic stricken villages in Bengal, he would have laid the whole blame on the inhabitants, and considered them justly punished for their disregard of the commonest requirements for keeping health in the midst of a cluster of habitations.

If we turn from the construction of the villages and houses to the people who dwell in them, we find unmistakable evidence of a very primitive state of society. This

PRIMITIVE STATE
OF SOCIETY.

is nowhere more manifest than in the wages of labor which still continue to be paid in kind, and have remained unaffected by the changes introduced by time in the general standard of living and habits

WAGES OF LABOR.

among the different classes. These wages having been fixed in ancient times with reference to the wants of the then state of society are, as might be expected, extremely low, and have the effect of keeping down the people in abject poverty. But the laborers are apparently content with them, and never think of rebelling against what has been hallowed by time. Every old rule among them is observed as an article of faith, and local customs are regarded as immutable as their religion. The son will not pay more than what the father did, and the receiver does not dream

of demanding more than what his revered ancestors were content with,—no matter whether it will buy him all the comforts of which they were in possession.

The rates slightly vary as regards different parts of the Sub-Division, but in the main are as follows. Day-

laborers, whether male or female, when employed in transplanting paddy, get 6 poilas of Dhan or unhusked rice, equal to about one seer and 3 chattacks, 2 poila Satoo, or choora equal to about half a seer, and 2 poila Mooree equal to 2 chattacks [powas?]
DAY LABORERS.—costing altogether from 2 to 4 pice according to the price of those articles in different years. If the laborer is employed in ploughing, and has received a small sum of money in advance binding himself to plough his creditor's lands till it is repaid,—a thing which is common in this Sub-Division,—he is allowed only 1 seer and 10 chattacks of Dhan, which would cost from 2 to 2½ pice. When cutting paddy he gets one bundle in 12, and when cutting Kullae one bundle in 9. But if a man who has not taken any such advances is employed in those works, he receives one bundle in 16 and 12 respectively. The reason of this distinction in favour of the former, is that he has also to gather the bundles, and to separate the grains from the chaff.

Now to take skilled labor employed in agriculture.

SKILLED LABOR. The carpenter who makes and mends the plough and other agricultural implements, receives 2 bundles of paddy per plough. A bundle is understood to be such as a man of ordinary strength is able to carry on his shoulders, and generally yields from 15 to 17½ seers. The chámár who supplies all the leather required in agricultural operations, receives one such bundle per plough. For this payment, he is also expected to furnish the owner with as many pairs of shoes as there are ploughs; just as the carpenter is expected to make and mend all the cots or bed-steads and all the materials used in building his house without receiving any additional payment. When the carpenter is employed in making a chest, a box, &c., he is paid 2 annas per diem, besides two meals a day.

The washerman (Dhopa) receives an annual allowance of 30 seers of paddy per house-holder.

WASHERMAN.

In return he must wash the clothes of all the members of the latter's family, male and female, young and old. But, on the other hand, the above allowance cannot be reduced or raised, whether the family consists of one member or of fifty. This payment is of course exclusive of any gratuity expected to be paid at the time of marriage, shradh, tonsure, and the like ceremonies of a happy or melancholy nature.

The barber is paid according to the number of beards

BARBER.

in the family, and not to the number of the members composing it. He gets 15 seers of paddy per beard shaved, and must not expect anything for cutting the nails of women or shaving the heads of children, although the last operation in this part of the country is as arduous and often as bloody as the first. He has however his consolation in the thought that as soon as the male children are blessed with hair on their chins, he will have his allowance trebled or quadrupled according to circumstances. He is naturally considered to be a well-wisher of the family, while the Dhopa is regarded the reverse. For the interest of the former leads him to wish an increase and long life to the male children, just as the latter's make him eagerly long for disputes and separation in the family. It is not therefore surprising that the barber plays an important part in the social and religious ceremonies of the Hindus. He is the messenger to announce a birth to the relations and distant members of the family, who pay him handsomely for the happy news. In marriages and sradhas, he is as indispensable as the family priest, and receives nearly as large fees as he.

Palkee-bearers if engaged for the week or so, receive

PALKEE-BEARERS.

two annas each per day, besides one meal, or else 6 pice and two meals. If they are however engaged to carry a Palkee from one place to another, they must expect not more than what has been paid for the journey in the family from generation to generation. The owner's great grand-father had

an occasion to travel in Palkee from Belhur to Banka and to pay the bearers only 3 annas, as mentioned in his old Jumma Kharach Bākee. The present owner of the house must not tarnish his family escutcheon by paying a pice more. Nor would the bearers suffer to have the legitimacy of their birth called in question by demanding any thing over and above what their great ancestors were content to receive for the trouble.

It may be naturally expected from the above, that the carpenter, chamar, dhopa and barber are all inseparably attached to the families from whom they are thus content to receive such low wages. As long as those families require their services, they must not lend their labor to others. This is the reason why in the sowing and reaping seasons, it is so difficult for outsiders to procure coolies in this Sub-Division, and why even at other times, the Zemindars and Ijardars must be occasionally applied to before the services of bearers, carpenters, &c., can be secured. Of course the outsiders, including the Government ser-

WAGES AS RE-
GARDS OUTSIDERS.

vants, cannot plead any prescriptive right to obtain labor at cheap prices, but must pay for it at a higher rate. For instance, they have to pay six pice for adult male coolies, 5 pice for adult female coolies, 3 and 4 pice for boys and girls according to their age. A carpenter's daily wages vary from 10 pice to 4 annas according to his reputed skill and the nature of the work on which he is employed. A Palkee-bearer receives 3 annas per day, and occasionally 4 annas, but would not cease to grumble even if you increased it to five, as he is always fond of comparing his lot with that of his brethren at other places who charge by stages, and thereby get nearly double for the self-same journey. The dhopas and barbers, as in other places, have no settled daily wages, but are paid monthly salaries which vary, not always according to their skill and proficiency, but often according to the rank of their patron. The blacksmith is rewarded for his labour by the job. In this respect, the householder enjoys no advantages over the outsider. The reason is obvious.

The blacksmith has entered into no hereditary contract with the former in order to supply agricultural implements, which are therefore purchased at the market-price of the day. Nor is he, like his brethren in Bengal, allowed to encroach upon the profession of a carpenter. Though his skill is as essential to the cultivator as that of the carpenter or the Chamar, he has no share in the agricultural produce. It would appear that there was no blacksmith class in the agricultural community that first peopled this Sub-Division, and that iron ores being abundant in it, the first settlers used to exchange them with their civilized neighbours for implements which they required for the purposes of cultivation.

There are no bricklayers or masons in this Sub-Division. The knowledge of the people does not reach beyond the art of moulding bricks. Persons who require their services have to indent for them on Bhaugulpore or Monghyr. Such people must be very few when Zemindars owning extensive estates, and deriving an annual income of Rs. 150,000, are content to reside in thatched mud houses.

There is a good deal of peculiarity also in the food of the people. Throughout Bengal, the lower orders, and generally the higher also, live solely upon rice, while those in Behar and the North-West subsist principally upon wheat and jow. A failure of those crops is followed in the respective provinces by famine and wide-spread misery. But in this Sub-Division, the above articles are not always within the reach of the poor, who can indulge in them only as occasional luxuries. But by way of compensation, Providence seems to have largely multiplied the staple productions of the Sub-Division. They are the Jonara, Marna, Gondlee, Kownee, Kheree, Bazra, Seesoa, Koddo, Chceena, &c. With the exception of the last three which are reaped in Aghran, the rest are Bhadoi crops. The names of most of these cereals are unknown in other parts of the country. Though not so agreeable to the taste as rice, wheat, or jow, they do not appear to be less nourishing, if we may judge

FOOD OF THE
PEOPLE.

from the robust constitution of the people who live upon them. As they are almost wholly consumed in the Sub-Division, there being hardly any demand for them in other districts, their prices are generally free from the fluctuations to which the superior cereals are subject owing to exportation. Their consumption does not, however, last more than four or five months.

Besides the above, the people largely consume the Mohua flower, of which mention has already been made. The flowers, after being dried, are preserved throughout the year, and eaten either singly or mixed with other things. The lower orders also make bread out of the mango seeds; and not unoften are seen to resort to fruits of the *Sál* tree for food.

Fishes are scarcely procurable, but both meat and milk are extremely cheap. An ordinary
PRICE OF MEAT
AND MILK. goat will cost 8 or 9 annas, while a Rupee will buy 32 seers of milk. The lower orders not being rich enough to pay for the one or the other, resort to all kinds of flesh,—a roasted mouse being even considered a delicacy.

The people are almost purely agricultural. From the Thakoor of Latchinpore whose income
AGRICULTURE. exceeds 150,000 a year, and whose extensive forests, if properly managed, may yield as much more, to the meanest peasant who ekes out a miserable existence by the sweat of his brow, all are more or less engaged in agriculture. Yet there are large fields lying uncultivated, capable of yielding a plentiful harvest. The rich have *neej-jote* lands which they cultivate partly by means of their own ploughs and bullocks, and partly those of their tenants who are in duty bound to neglect their own fields in order to attend to their landlord's call.

It would be interesting as well as instructive to collect the maxims that are current among the people embodying the result of observation and experience with regard to astronomical phenomena in connection with agriculture.

With the exception of lac and silk cocoons, together with a few iron utensils, manufactured in Jeypore and Chándán, the trade is almost wholly confined to agricultural products. It is no wonder therefore that great importance is attached to every thing connected with the cultivation of the soil, and that the principal implement of agriculture, viz., the

PLOUGH DEIFIED.

plough, is deified and worshipped under the name of Harti Gosáin. In many houses there may be observed a ploughshare half buried in one of the corners, and painted like the stones that often stand as the emblem of a Hindu deity. In his peculiar department, the Harti Gosáin is held to be as powerful for good and evil as any other divinity the people adore, but whether he is included among the thirty-six crores of gods recognized in the Hindu religion, I am not prepared to say.

After the above, the reader will not be surprized to hear that the occasion of transplanting paddy is observed as a national festival. On the day in question, the women

TRANSPLANTING PADDY OBSERVED AS A NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

bedaub their forehead with *sindoor*, besmear their bodies with oil, bind their hair in the newest fashion, and are dressed in their best attire,—the *sindoor* and mustard oil, which are deemed luxuries among the poor, being supplied to them by their employers. Thus equipped, they sing merrily at the top of their voice, while their hands are busily engaged in transplanting. If their employers happen to be a zemindar, the women are accompanied by a band of musicians who play during the operation. After the transplanting is over, they return to the Zemindar's Cutchery, and there separating into different parties of four or five each, dance and sing in their best style. But their voices are drowned by the beating of tomtoms while their dancing is generally kept in the back-ground by the musicians who jump and kick the ground to delight themselves, if not any body else in the world.

The day on which new rice is taken is observed also as a national festival. But as this is celebrated likewise

NEW RICE AS
ABOVE.

in Bengal under the title of Nobanno, it needs no detailed description here.

EDUCATION.

English Education is almost unknown throughout the Sub-Division. Even the rich people do not consider it necessary to impart it to their sons. Persian is studied, as if the people still live under a Mahomedan Government. In all the great families, the children are generally well up in shooting and sword exercises. Fabulous stories are often heard regarding their skill as marksmen. A Zemindar deriving even an income of Rs. 1,000 a year would consider it essential to his dignity to keep an elephant, with which he would issue out to kill the tigers, leopards, and bears that might turn up in his estates. The feed of an elephant of course costs little or nothing in a Sub-Division abounding in jungles, while the expense of purchasing the animal is contributed by the tenants who consider themselves in duty bound to starve in order to maintain their landlord's extravagance and luxury.

SANTALS.

There are several villages exclusively inhabited by the Santals, who generally love to reside in isolated places near the hills and far from their Hindu neighbours. Their customs do not often accord with the latter's religious prejudices. Thus, for instance, a Santal hardly ever keeps a bullock, preferring to cultivate his lands by means of a cow which the Hindu regards as the incarnation of one of their favorite goddesses. If you ask a Santal why he does not marry, he would often stare at you, and probably ask in return "why should I marry, when my elder brother has got a wife." A guest in a Santal village is entertained at the expense of the whole village.

A Santal is often credited by his ignorant neighbours with supernatural powers. Having once assessed a Santal, who was reputed to be a sorcerer, for the Income Tax, my Amlahs and chaprasis implored me for the sake of my life as well as their own to let him off. When I refused to do so, they, with terror depicted in their countenance, assured me he could simply, by touching a

THEIR REPUTA-
TION AS SORCERERS.

palm-tree with his finger, make the fruits fall to the ground.

If such belief prevails among respectable people, having some sort of education, what may not the ignorant rustics be led to do by a man pretending to a knowledge of the occult sciences. The leaders of the late Santal insurrection, it is known, pretended to derive their mission from heaven.

Once when travelling a road lying over hills and through jungles infested with wild beasts, my bearers informed me, as one of the articles of their faith, that a four-footed animal never dared molest a Santal or even touch the crop over which he had spread his spell. This impression was so general that Zemindars generally invited the Santals to their estates whenever they wanted to clear or cultivate forests abounding in ferocious animals. I wished to put this at once to the test by letting one of my Amlahs' horses loose upon the Santal's paddy fields. My bearers were not, however, prepared for so sudden a trial, and therefore with some hesitation replied that the charm was not probably proof against a horse's voracious appetite.

During the Santals' disputes with their Mahajuns, the Deputy Magistrate of Banka decided many cases in the former's favor. The Santals, who were collected in large numbers outside, raised on the spot a subscription of two pice per head, and then laying down the money before him in open court, insisted on his accepting it as a token of their regard.

Such ignorance is not, however, confined to the Santals. A late Magistrate of Bhaugulpore in the course of his tour through the Sub-Division, was followed by a litigious suitor, who, offering him a domestic fowl, asked him in return to order the obstinate Deputy Magistrate of Banka to decide some pending cases in his favor.

In the course of my cold weather tour, a respectable and well-informed Zemindar, pointing to Nerapahar, a hill about two miles from

THEIR IGNORANCE AND SIMPLICITY.

NOT CONFINED TO THE SANTALS.

STORY OF A HERMIT.

Bhittia, told me the following story which he implicitly believed as Gospel. "In one of the secret caverns of that hill, there lives a hermit or Gosain who keeps himself carefully concealed from human sight. I do not mean to say that he belongs to the Satya or even to the Dwápar Yuga, but is assuredly of this Kalli or Iron Age. During the hot weather, when every spring in the hill is dried up, he occasionally visits the plains. On one of these occasions, when washing some roots in the river, he was observed by a Brahman, who mistaking him, from his long curled and knotted hair, to be a beast of prey, cried loudly for help. Presently the hermit approached, and enjoining silence by a wave of his hand, gave him one of the roots to eat, which tasted exactly like sugar. When parting, the Gosain commanded him to keep the fact of his interview a profound secret, and asked him to visit him again on his way back. This last the Brahman forgot to do. On his return home, he was surprised to observe that his touch was sufficient to cure patients, attacked with cholera, which had then broken out in his native village. Being unable to resist the importunities of his friends, he in an evil hour communicated to them the cause of this miracle, when lo! he was himself seized with cholera and died the next day.

"The Gosain was also seen by a Santal who went to cut Bamboo on the hill. Suddenly the former was seen to issue out of a cave, and strike a slap on his face, saying—'Sirrah! how dare you cut Bamboo in front of my dwelling.' The Santal, on his return home, related the circumstance to his friends, but did not survive the next day."

"There is," continued my informant, "a mysterious well

A MYSTERIOUS
WELL.

on the top of the hill often visible to thirsty people, but which does not appear to parties going on purpose to find it out."

The legends and ballads current in the Sub-Division have elsewhere been published.¹⁵ As they throw much light on the manners

LEGENDS AND
BALLADS.

¹⁵ Vide Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal, Vol. XL. Part I (1871,) pp. 138-151.

and customs of the Mahomedan period to which they relate, two more ballads which are extensively sung throughout the Sub-Division, may be noticed here.

HINDU ROBINHOOD. The first ballad which relates to Dayáram, the Robin-hood of Hindu song, opens with a description of the boat carrying the empress of Delhi. Dyaram's spouse Goonjur wants to have the diamonds and pearls adorning the person of the empress. Dyaram singly attacks the boat, and having put the attendants to the sword, despoils the empress of all her jewellery, but spares her life. On returning to his native village of Goondee, he presents the pearl-necklace to his wife, the bangles to his mother, the comb to his sister, and the coat or Kanchole to his mistress. When the empress at last reaches Delhi, she demands vengeance on her despoiler, but none of the imperial soldiers would undertake the capture of so renounced a brigand, though the emperor offers to reward such service with the appointment of Kotwal of Delhi and the bestowal of Goondee as Jagir. At last Jaffir Khan, a native of Muniapore, who is an intimate friend of Dyaram, accepts the offer. Having invited Dyaram to his tent, and rendered him insensible with drink, Jaffir carries him in chains to Delhi. The emperor is however disposed to set him at liberty in case the jewellery he has plundered is returned. Dyaram's mother consents to the proposal, but he tells the emperor to distrust the dictates of maternal affection, and offers instead to plunder the city of Delhi for the emperor's benefit, provided he is allowed to return one-fourth of the spoil. The incensed monarch orders his instant execution, but the empress interferes. At the instigation of Jaffir, Dyaram is however made to fight successively with an elephant and a tiger, both of which he kills. Set at liberty, he is coming home when Jaffir falls at his feet, and as a mark of reconciliation, invites him to a feast. This the generous hearted brigand attends in spite of his mother's warning, and even drinks the contents of the glass, offered by his perfidious friend, against the prohibition of his mistress, who has accompanied him. When he tries

to shake off the effects of the poison thus administered to him, Jaffir plunges his poniard into his breast. Stopping the bleeding with one hand, Dyaram wields his sword with the other, among Jaffir's followers, and deals death to 120. When he falls at last covered with wounds, he commands his mistress to go to his son Ronooa, and asks him to avenge his death. Ronooa marches on Muniapore, and having put Jaffir and all that bear his name to the sword, conveys his father's body to an Island in the Jumna. There he kindles the funeral pile; his mother throws herself into the fire, and is consumed with her husband's body.

The other ballad runs as follows :—Two women of ignoble origin, calling themselves Heernee and Beernee, who joined great beauty to uncommon strength of body, travelled far and wide, offering to share their bed with him who vanquished them in wrestling. Their sex having precluded them from a direct trial of strength with males, they carried a powerful buffalo, and required the male champion to bore its nose, and pass a string through the hole. Their beauty tempted many wrestlers to attempt the feat, but without success, till they came to the house of Posan Khalifa, a Hindu, who is the hero of the ballad. Posan's parents would by no means allow him to accept the challenge, but on pretence of going to bathe, he came out of the house, threw the buffalo by sheer force on the ground, bored its nose with his little finger, which acted as a needle, and passed a thick string through the hole. The beautiful amazons of course paid the penalty of defeat, but were subsequently united to him in holy wedlock, when they destroyed his caste by making him take forbidden flesh, which they had secretly mixed with his dishes.

The pilgrims to the great idol at Deoghur generally pass through this Sub-Division. From religious motives the majority prefer walking on foot to travelling by the Railway. There are two routes, one by Katoorea and Chamian, another *via* Banka, Jamdale, and Jeyporee.

PILGRIMS TO
DEOGHUR.

With the Ganges water in earthen pots, carried in Bamboo baskets thrown in slings across their shoulder, the pilgrims dance and sing in imitation of the gunja-smoking and Dhutura-eating god over whom they are going to pour the holy water, which is often brought from great distances, sometimes as far even as Hurdwar.

When the pilgrims reach Banka, they are intercepted by *tom-tom*-beaters in accordance with the good old custom founded on the common saying that the pilgrim's arrival at Banka is announced to Vaidyanath at Deoghur by *tom tom* beaten by Bhairava, his attendant. The pilgrims, often regardless of their age and sex, dance to the sound of tomtoms, and at the end reward the musicians with trifling gifts, such payments being considered as an essential part of their religious duties.

During the principal festivals, and especially at the time of the Sivarātra, the concourse of pilgrims is so great that it is difficult to walk on the roads without inconvenience during the day, or to find any accommodation in the Bazaar during the night. People residing near the road-side can hardly sleep at night owing to the loud singing kept up by the pilgrims, partly from religious motives, and partly as a precaution against thieves. For the exercise of their lungs, helps to keep them awake under the trees, where they are obliged to shift for themselves for the night in the absence of accommodation within the Bazaars. While actually travelling, they chant various scraps of songs, mostly expressive of the evils attending a pilgrimage to Deoghur. These songs which have long been extant, and relate to the misdoings of the

OLD SONGS
EXTANT.

people of the Sub-Division along the pilgrim's route, are often in pairs, and sung by opposite parties meeting one another on the road. A party returning from Deoghur, sing :—"Thefts are frequent at Jeypore,—it being well known that the Darogah there is himself a thief,"—to which the pilgrims, proceeding to Deoghur, reply : "We chew the tobacco, and throw the stuff from our mouth, then catch hold of the tuft of hair on the Darogah's head."

One sings :—" Do not go to the Pemda's tank at Deoghur, for you are sure to lose your Lota, if you do," to which the reply is, "if Byjnáth be propitious, I will get two Lotas in place of the one I lose." Again :—"at Jamdaha, the Bania's wife (who keeps shop) sits with her charms unveiled to the gaze of the importunate pilgrim, and as the pilgrim involuntarily turns his eyes from the scale to her beautiful face, the fair one gives him only half of what he pays for." "The pilgrims are plundered at every Bazaar by Banias, (tradesmen, provisioners, &c.), the Feringee (English) plunder them at Atháranallá (Puri), and the Pándá (priest) plunders them at Deoghur." "The pilgrim who does not sing when travelling shall have to suffer bastinado at his wife's hands."

There is a very old and large masonry well at Tutá Pathar, from which the pilgrims quench their thirst when proceeding from Jamdaha to Jeypore. It has been excavated in the rocky soil, which has given name to the place—"Tutá" meaning "broken," and "Pathar" signifying "stone." It is said that a pilgrim fell in Dharná before Byjnáth at

STORY ABOUT AN
OLD WELL.

Deoghur, and prayed for the gift of a son who might inherit his estates in this world, and procure him salvation in the next. The idol commanded him to sink a well in the jungles extending from Jamdaha to Kadhara where the pilgrims could not get a drop of water to drink. He accordingly commenced the well, but though he spent nearly the whole of his fortune in this enterprize, he could not reach the level of the water. Dispirited and dejected, he returned home and refused any sustenance. On the third day of his fast, an ascetic appeared and told him to cheer up, as the well was nearly half-filled with water. He returned to Tutá Pathar, and was surprized to find confirmation of the report. From that day the general level of water throughout the tract has attained an elevation equal to the height of the water in the well. It is unnecessary to say that the ascetic was no other than Byjnáth himself in human shape.

VAIDYANATH.

LEGENDS CON-
NECTED WITH THE
ORIGIN OF THE
SHRINE.

Now to come to the great idol itself, which is supposed to be as old as the Rámáyan. According to the Deoghur Máhátmyam, the legend connected with the establishment of the idol at the place, runs as follows: Rávana, the king of Ceylon, having reduced the inferior gods to the condition of slaves of his household, was anxious to sanctify his capital with the presence of Shiva whom he worshipped. So he went up to Mount Kailás, and preferred his prayer. Extremely unwilling to go, but not knowing how to deny so devoted a votary, Shiva consented to be carried on Rávana's shoulders, provided he was not put on the ground in the course of the journey. Rávana acquiesced, and with Shiva on his shoulder, proceeded at a pace surprising even for the giants of that age. The envious gods, with a view to prevent the accomplishment of the project, held a council and sent Varuna, the Hindu Neptune, to fill his bladder with urine. When Rávana arrived about 2 miles north of Deoghur at a place, called Harlájuri (so called from a pair of Haritaki trees growing on the spot¹⁶) he felt a violent desire to ease himself. Vishnu in the shape of a Brahman happening at that moment to appear in view, Rávana transferred his burden to the other's shoulder, but unfortunately Rávana's urinal discharge, instead of lasting for a minute or two, as he had led the pretended Brahman to expect, continued to flow for seven days and seven nights. At the end of that period, he strolled to the place where the Brahman had left the god, and asked him to mount his shoulder once more. Shiva refused to do so. Rávana entreated, fell at his feet, and even wept, but all to no purpose. He then tried to take the god by force, but he had struck roots in the ground, and it was impossible to raise him. Furious with rage and disappointment, Rávana struck a tremendous blow on Shiva's head, which caused the Ganges to rush forth from the neither world. The place where this occurred is called

16. Harlá (in Hindi) is the *terminalia chebula*, and *juri* means a pair.

the Shiva Gangá, a tank north of the temple, as the basin which received the urine of Rávana, is called Shiva Ságara, being the lake towards the west, whose water is considered the purest in Deoghur!! The unequal elevation at the top of the stone emblem of Byjnáth is still pointed out by the Pándás as the effect of Rávana's blow on his head.

Rávana is said to have once more returned from Ceylon to take Shiva, but with no better success. The god asked him to bring the water of all the sacred rivers and pour the same on him in order to allay the pain, caused by the tremendous blow on his head, and by the poison in his throat. Before departing on his errand, Rávana employed a cowherd named Byju to pour milk and water on the god's head. Having no vessel to carry milk and water in, he used to suck the one from the cow and fetch the other in his mouth. The god was so well pleased with this worship and devotion that he asked him to name a reward. Byju wished to have his name conjoined with that of the deity, and accordingly the Shiva at Deoghur was thenceforth called Byjnáth, or Byjunáth from "Byju" (the cowherd) and "Nath" signifying "lord,"—altogether the "Lord of Byju."

According to another account, Byju, at the end of a day's hard work, was about to lift his food to his mouth, when happening to recollect that he had not that morning made the usual offerings to the god, went,—impure as he was with the boiled rice sticking to his hand,—with some water in his mouth. This act of devotion delighted the god so much that thenceforward he chose to accept worship under his votary's name.

These legends, it will be observed, differ considerably from the one given by Dr. Hunter in his "Annals of Rural Bengal." (Third Edition, at pages 192-3.) This is probably due to the different sources from which the several accounts are derived. It is worthy of remark that the three large stones at the western entrance of the Holy City, which according to Dr. Hunter were worshipped by the Santals, are said by the Pándás to have been erected by their ancestors in connection with the

swinging festival, and are still used for that purpose. Similar structures, built by Hindoos for similar purposes, may be observed in different parts of the country.

RAUSBEHARRY BOSE,
Late Deputy Magistrate of Banka,

[The fullest and most accurate account of the shrine at Deoghar may be found in the 1st Vol. of this Magazine in two Articles from the pen of a distinguished native author, entitled "A Visit to Baidyanath." Babu Bose confirms that account and adds some interesting particulars such as the notices of the pilgrims.—EDITOR.]

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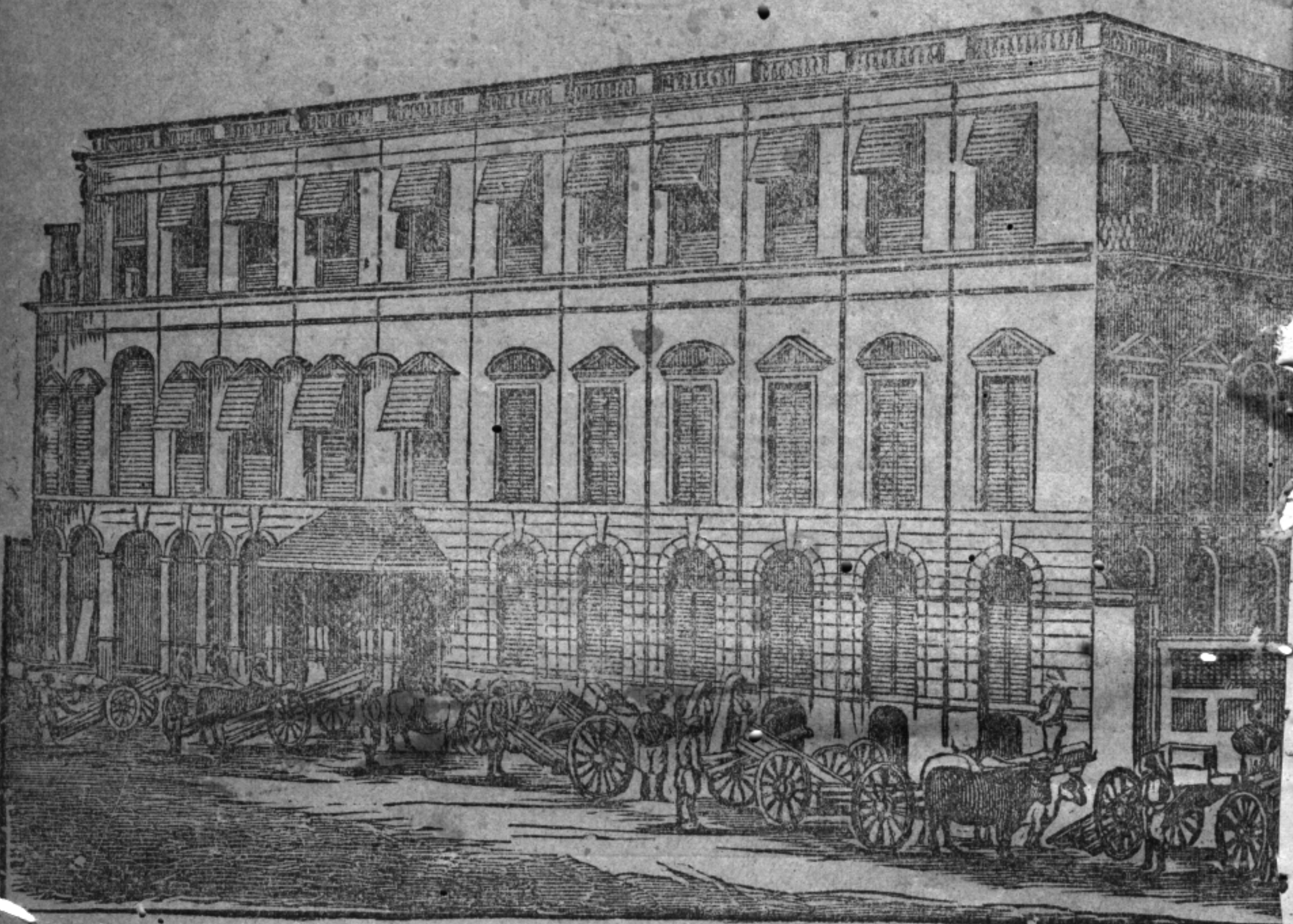
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